THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

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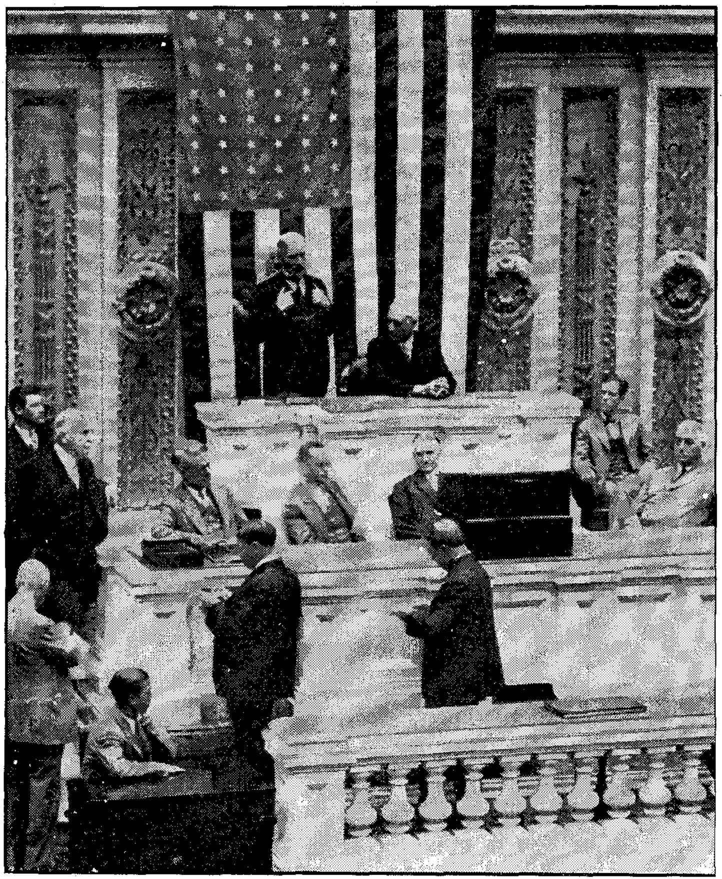
THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FIGHT FOR PEACE

"THE SYMBOL OF A GREAT PAGE IN HISTORY," is a typical press characterization of the MacDonald visit to our shores, with his camp-fire talks with President Hoover, his fervent plea for peace in the American Senate Chamber at Washington, the outburst of acclaim for the man and his mission from American press and people, and the dispatch from London of the invitation to France, Italy, and Japan to join the English-speaking Powers in a naval parley in London in January. The first meeting of Anglo-American government heads on American soil, the first visit to the United States of any Prime Minister while holding office, the return call after President Wilson's visit to Great Britain, as it is variously characterized, Mr. MacDonald's appearance in Washington is taken here as proof that the Atlantic Ocean no longer cuts off the United States from intimate personal contact with Europe. Once more, observes the Newark *News*, "Washington is something more than the capital of a self-isolated United States." "The old prejudice against sending American cabinet officers abroad is disappearing, just as is the hesitancy of continental Europe to send Premiers to America to promote good-will," remarks David Lawrence in one of his Washington dispatches. And several editors find significant the extension to America of that personal intercourse between heads of governments which has been such a feature of post-war diplomacy in Europe.



International Newsreel photograph

A BRITISH PRIME MINISTER FACES CONGRESS

Standing in front of the Stars and Stripes, on the rostrum of the House of Representatives, is Ramsay MacDonald, the first British Premier to appear in the halls of the Congress of the United States.

There are various ways in which the international political world interprets the significance of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald's visit to Washington, writes Paul Scott Mower from Paris to the Chicago *Daily News:*

> "First, as a symbol of the new preeminence of the United States in world affairs; second, as making a new step toward naval and general limitation of armaments; third, as a move in the British desire for an Anglo-American entente based on a new definition of 'freedom of the seas'; fourth, as a move in the British policy of consolidating the Empire by a sort of customs union; and, fifth, as a move in the British labor policy of cutting loose from continental Europe."

The multitudinous personal tributes to Ramsay MacDonald can not, of course, be quoted at length, nor are they easily summarized. They voice, for instance, in the words of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "the sense of friendly kinship of this tall, loose-framed, white-haired laird of Lossiemouth." The warmth of his welcome was due in part, as the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* suggests, to the fact that "more perhaps than any other living Englishman he is a sort of man Americans readily understand and believe in; his own experiences with life, with defeat and victory, his point of view and his courage in the service of what might be called desperate causes, combine to make him singularly like those rare Americans whose brave ideals survive and direct the most powerful undercurrents of American life." Above all, declares the Miami *News*, he was "enthusiastically welcomed as a courageous knight of a cause on whose success hang the hopes of the human race of escape from that last stand of savagery, war."

To the favorable impression created by Mr. MacDonald's record and personality, was added the effect of his brief utterances to the American public. In his response to Mayor Walker's welcome to New York City, Mr. MacDonald told of his mission of peace, of his belief that there is a desire in the hearts of the American people "to bless the world by a common understanding" with the people of Great Britain, "so that we together, you and we together, should give an example to the whole of the world of how to pursue peace earnestly and sincerely." Speaking to the Washington newspaper correspondents at the British

Embassy on the same evening, Mr. MacDonald asserted that his main purpose was "to try to make misunderstanding impossible." He wanted it thoroughly understood that "there is no idea of alliances." He made this plea:

"We have all taken risks in the making of war and in the going into wars. Isn't it time, my friends, that we should take some risks to secure peace?"

A distinct step toward the success of the Hoover-MacDonald program, says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, was taken "in putting Congress into a receptive and friendly attitude" through Mr. MacDonald's appearance in both Houses, and his address to the Senate which won the acclaim of important members of that branch of the United States treaty-making power. To the Senators he emphasized the difference made in the peace situation by the signing of the Kellogg peace pact:

"You signed it; we signed it; other nations signed it. Did they mean, when they put their names, or the names of their representatives, at the bottom of that pact—did they mean it to be merely an expression on paper, or did they mean it to be a guiding idea in policy? We mean it to be a guiding idea in policy."

This was followed up by what the speaker called a solemn declaration in the presence of representatives of the two governments that "there can be no war" between the United States and Great Britain. He repeated, as on other occasions before American audiences, his insistence that there can be no "exclusive alliance between the two peoples." And as for parity—

"Parity? Take it, without reserve, heaped up and flowing over. That was the only condition under which competitive armaments could be stopt, and we could create a public psychology which could pursue the fruitful and successful avenues of peaceful cooperation.

"That is one of the results of this visit. Another result of the visit is that we have come to understand each other."

Times-Wide World photograph

STANDING TOGETHER FOR PEACE

Prime Minister MacDonald and President Hoover on the White House porch before motoring to the President's camp.

It was in this atmosphere of good-will created by Prime Minister MacDonald's presence in Washington that our State Department made public the British note of October 7 inviting the governments of France, Italy, and Japan to participate in a five-Power conference dealing with naval disarmament, to be held in London at the beginning of the third week of January, 1930. The note of invitation began with the statement that the conversations between United States and Great Britain "have now reached a stage at which it is possible to say that there is no point outstanding of such serious importance as to prevent an agreement." Provisional agreement is said to have been reached on the following points—to quote in part:

"1. The conversations have been one of the results of the treaty for the renunciation of war signed at Paris in 1928, which brought about a realinement of our national attitudes on the subject of security, in consequence of the provision that war should not be used as an instrument of national policy in the relations of nations one to another. Therefore the peace pact has been regarded as the starting-point of agreement.

"2. It has been agreed to adopt the principle of parity in each of the several categories, and that such parity shall be reached by December 31, 1936.

"3. The question of battle-ship strength was also touched upon during the conversations, and it has been agreed in these conversations that subject to the assent of other signatory Powers it would be desirable to reconsider the battle-ship replacement programs provided for in the Washington treaty of 1922 with the view of diminishing the amount of replacement construction implied under that treaty.

"4. Since both the Government of the United States and His Majesty's Government adhere to the attitude that they have publicly adopted in regard to the desirability of securing the total abolition of the submarine, this matter hardly gave rise to discussion. They recognize, however, that no final settlement on this subject can be reached except in conference with the other naval Powers."

The advisability of further informal discussions between the nations before the proposed conference is touched on, and the point is emphasized that "His Majesty's Government have discovered no inclination in any quarter to set up new machinery for dealing with the naval disarmament question. On the contrary, it is hoped that by this means a text can be elaborated which will facilitate the task of the League of Nations Preparatory Commission and of the subsequent general disarmament conference."

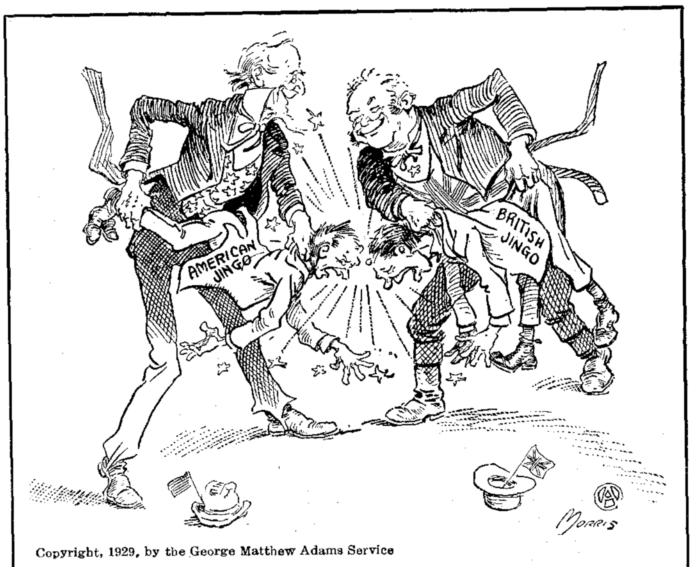
In this invitation it seems to the New York *World's* Paris correspondent that "the recommendation to abolish submarines stuck out like a sore thumb." The French public is said to read the reference to submarines "as little short of an Anglo-American agreement to force their abolition, thus leaving them not only joint masters of the seas, but also of all coast lines." But this correspondent, Mr. Arno Dosch-Fleurot, thinks that both Paris and Rome will accept, with reservations covering their respective national view-points. The general terms used in the invitation, notes Theodore C. Wallen, Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, leaves the way open "for exclusion of the submarine question, if objected to by France or Italy, or of the capital ship problem, if desired by Japan." This interesting view of the situation is taken by Mark Sullivan in a *Herald Tribune* Washington dispatch:

"To begin with, Great Britain and the United States, as respects each other, are at the point where the boundary between United States and Canada has been for a hundred years. From the public utterances of Mr. MacDonald, it is safe to say that he and, of course, President Hoover, would be happily willing to have the Atlantic Ocean boundary between their nations as free from naval armament as are the Great Lakes between the United States and Canada.

"Great Britain, however, must take account of several other boundaries. One is the channel boundary between herself and France. If France were willing to minimize naval armament as between herself and Britain, France in turn would be obliged to bear in mind yet another boundary—namely, the one between herself and Italy. Furthermore, Great Britain is obliged to take account of the Pacific Ocean boundary between her dominion, Australia, and Japan.

"The whole thing is an arch, with each nation dependent on the other. The distance any one nation can go in reduction is limited by the distance one or several of the others are willing to go. All are tied together. The limit to the distance the conference as a whole may go is the degree of the fear or the belligerency entertained by the most suspicious one of the five.

"From now on everything hangs upon the mood in which all of the five enter the conference and conduct it. If France, Italy, and Japan should adopt the mood that America and Britain already have, the outcome of the conference could be a greater reduction than is indicated by the figures already mentioned for the United States and Britain."



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IF WAR COULD BE CONFINED TO WAR MAKERS
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

That agreement by France and Italy presents a difficult problem which must be solved if the London conference succeeds, is a point which receives much editorial attention from papers like the Baltimore *Sun*, Washington *Post*, and Manchester *Union*. The New York *World*, declaring that "a great hope lies behind these invitations," and trusting "that the willingness already shown in Washington and London to surrender old jealousies and fears will be matched by a similar willingness in Paris, Rome, and Tokyo," realizes that Hoover and MacDonald "still have to find a way by which Britain can maintain supremacy at sea over France and Italy from the English Channel to the Indian Ocean without upsetting equality with America in the Atlantic and Pacific." We are still, therefore, a long way from a definite five-Power treaty, so it seems to *The World* that the thing to do now is to make certain that "come what may, the ground already gained shall not be lost." And this, as *The World* sees it, is what has been gained:

"1. The unequivocal acceptance by all British statesmen and the overwhelming majority of the British public of the proposal to substitute Anglo-American naval equality for British naval supremacy.

"2. The renunciation by Americans of all ambition to use their wealth to achieve more than equality.

"3. The demonstrations that the general doctrine of equality is capable of being translated into specific schedules covering all classes of ships.

"4. The gradual emergence of the doctrine that the size of the British Navy will henceforth be determined not by the size of the American Navy but by the size of European and Asiatic navies. Stated in another way, this means that while America maintains 'parity' with Britain, the level at which parity must be maintained will be determined by Britain on the basis of her conception of her needs relative to Powers other than the United States."

Finally, it must be acknowledged that while the mass of press opinion in this country and England congratulates Hoover and MacDonald, and seems to support the policies outlined by their various official and unofficial utterances, there is also an occasional protest. We are reminded by the Brooklyn *Citizen*, for instance, that there is "a very strong sentiment in our own country against any further naval sacrifices in order to oblige the British." And in a London dispatch to the New York *World* appears a quotation from a letter signed by three officials of the British Navy League concluding:

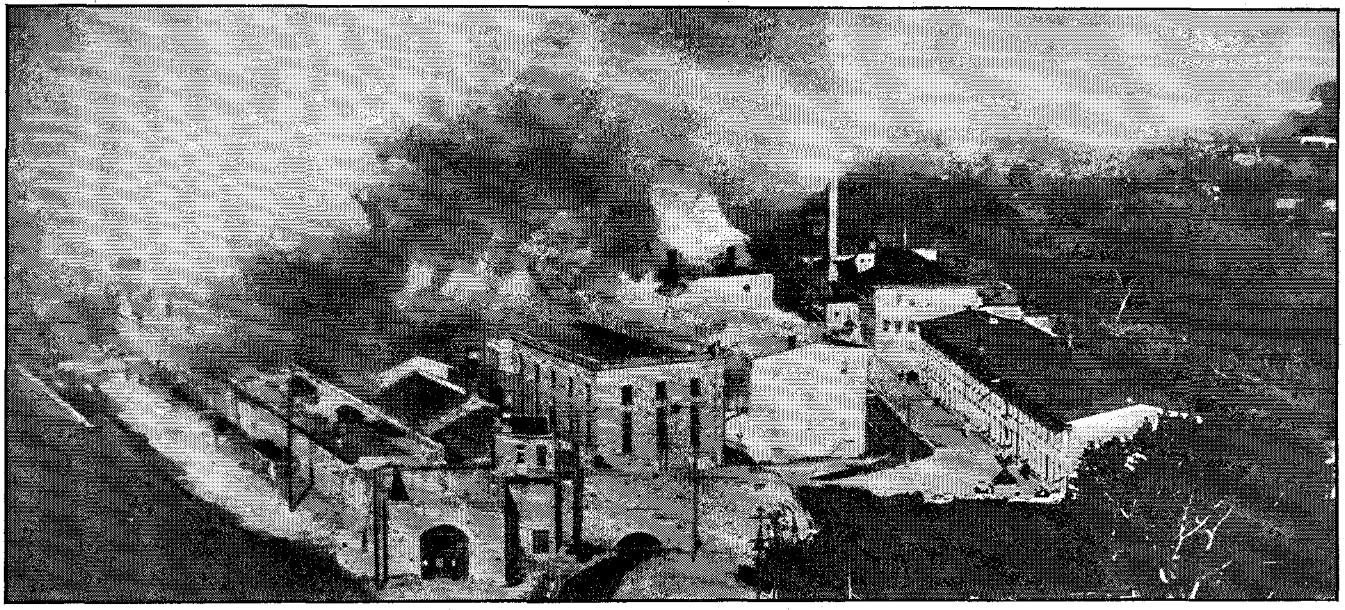
"It can not be too plainly stated that the time has not yet come when the British coat can be cut to American cloth.

"For storms from which our garment shelters us don't threaten American shoulders, and the experience of generations has taught us how swiftly and how unexpectedly clouds of war may obscure the blue skies of a peaceful horizon."

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. Does Rudy Vallee prefer blondes or brunettes? (p. 50).
2. How did a fly break banks in Florida? (p. 30).
3. Who is described as Germany's greatest statesman since Bismarck? (p. 16).
4. What monarch totes his harem to war in a black Maria? (p. 51).
5. What may the "mechanized" age do to art? (p. 21).
6. What substance best transmits ultra-violet sun-rays? (p. 34).
7. What are the dates set for the evacuation of the Rhineland by British and French troops? (p. 16).
8. Do the Chinese control their own churches? (p. 23).
9. When and why did Arnold Rothstein kick a $60,000 roll of bills under a rug? (p. 61).
10. What is alleged the favorite form of "week-ending" at Yale? (p. 21).
11. What is the danger-point of blood-pressure? (p. 36).
12. What current play suggests the Loeb-Leopold case? (p. 18).
13. Is youth given to toting hip flasks as much now as formerly? (p. 22).
14. Are rats or lions more dangerous to humanity? (p. 36).
15. What peculiar complaint did doctors make during the first two years of Prohibition? (p. 23).
16. How many curiosity seekers jostled with State troopers at the Coolidge-Trumbull "quiet little wedding"? (p. 38).
17. How did the Guild Theater defeat Boston's ban on a play? (p. 19).
18. What does Jane Addams believe to be the first need in enforcing Prohibition? (p. 22).
19. Where and when is the five-Power naval conference to be held? (p. 17).
20. Should the Bible be expurgated for Sunday-school children? (p. 24).
21. What new German discovery accounts for fat or thin persons? (p. 34).
22. Name two favorable and two unfavorable factors in the business situation? (p. 74).
23. What prison was recently the scene of America's bloodiest prison mutiny? (p. 8).
24. What Southern Governor says: "We can not build a prosperous citizenship on low wages"? (p. 12).
25. Who was Mozart's most famous librettist? (p. 20).



International Newsreel photograph

WHILE TERRORISM RAGED AT CANON CITY

Airplane view of Colorado State Penitentiary during the worst of prison mutinies.

THE BLOODIEST PRISON MUTINY

TWELVE DEAD—seven murdered guards and five suicide convicts—plus a dozen wounded victims, is the ghastly toll of "the flaming hell" created by a quintet of desperate mutineers at the Colorado State Penitentiary, Canon City, and lurid details reported in the press reveal "a brutal and vicious technique which leaves the nation gasping." As the Minneapolis *Tribune* says, "compared with this prison mutiny which saw bound guards slain in cold blood and tossed from a cell-block window, and which witnessed desperate mutineers choosing suicide rather than capture, the previous penitentiary riots of the year have been models of order, gentleness, and brotherly love." This is the fourth prison outbreak in less than four months, in whose westward wake the death toll runs, Dannemora, 3, and Auburn, 2, in New York State, and Leavenworth, Kansas, 1. Tear bombs, dynamite, and machine-guns were brought into play at Canon City to quell the mutineers, besides fire-department apparatus to quench the incendiary flames of burning cell-houses and chapel. The Denver *Post* sizes up the situation by declaring that two things are wrong:

> "The first is bad men who ought to have been hanged long ago instead of being imprisoned. The second is idleness. Neither of these is the fault of the warden. The blame is upon the State. After what happened at the penitentiary, Thursday and Friday, there should be a better understanding of the type of outlaws with whom this State has to deal. And anybody who sympathizes with them can feel pity for a rattlesnake.
>
> "Idleness breeds trouble inside the penitentiary as well as outside. The idea of locking up 1,000 criminals and maintaining them in a state of laziness outrages common sense. Most of these prisoners have been sentenced to hard labor. For their own good as well as for the good of the State, they should be usefully employed. Hundreds of them used to work on the roads. There are hundreds who still could be used in building highways, thereby earning their board and keep and saving the taxpayers hundreds of thousands of dollars a year.
>
> "If men sent to the penitentiary can be reformed, fine. But their reformation can not be accomplished through idleness.
>
> "Convicts who are kept at work are less likely to be scheming and plotting to smuggle guns into the prison to try to shoot their way out."

Peculiar "horrors" of this mutiny, according to credible reports, center on its leader, "Danny" Daniels, thirty-nine years old, a former member of a gang of notorious Oklahoma outlaws, who single-handed, two years earlier, shot two police officers and stood off the entire force at Colorado Springs before he was captured. All four desperado associates of this ring-leader had previously escaped from prisons at one time or another. Their armament, supposed to have been smuggled in, is said to have consisted of two revolvers, sharpened butcher-knives, and one rifle, seized from the first guard shot down in the men's hall when the riot was precipitated. Fires were set to several buildings by confederates, but it seems clear that the mutiny was far from general among the prisoners. The ring-leaders seized cell-house No. 3 as their fortress, and held seven guards there as hostages to bargain with for escape. Sending and throwing out bodies of murdered guards was Daniels's method of trying to enforce his demand on the warden for two or three automobiles for escape. This the warden repeatedly refused, while reenforcing the siege of the mutineers. At the end of seventeen hours of day-and-night terrorism, convicts from the cell-house came out with raised hands to signalize surrender. An eye-witness convict testifies that Daniels shot the five guards successively, and when he told his pals that the jig was all up, at their request he shot all four of them and then himself. That the ring-leader held out hope of a general escape of prisoners appears to have been incidental to his plot.

"Penal administration gets a tremendous jolt," comments the Birmingham *News*, whose editorial represents the trend of many papers, in saying:

> "Something fundamentally wrong, surely, there must be, when things like this are possible. Nothing so desperately criminal as what has come to pass in this Canon City case may readily be recollected. Unmistakably, the hideous tale is a thrust not only at regularly constituted authority but at the whole social fabric as well. Paradoxical tho it may seem to be, the shocking incident is not without its redeeming features. The chaplain's heroism [in planting dynamite under fire] lights up the brutal scene significantly. Fidelity of guards within the prison walls merits unstinted praise. Refusal of the vast majority of prisoners there to unite with leaders of the murderous 'ring' is noteworthy."

What is obvious, says the Hartford *Courant*, is—

> "That penal practises in the United States are far from effective, whether from too much discipline, or too little; from too much 'coddling,' or not enough. The earlier prison riots this year have already caused authorities to reexamine the situation. The murderous outbreak at Canon City provides both an argument for such an inquiry and data for it."

Isolation of "lifers" and the "most dangerous" convicts as the best practicable answer to such outbreaks is advocated by the Springfield *Union* and numerous papers, including the New Haven *Register*, which adds: "This being done, why not add the decision that no one sentenced to such term can ever be pardoned or paroled except upon the discovery of new evidence that would tend to disprove the guilt of the convict in the first place." The Savannah *News* observes that "evidently there is a new prison psychology" behind this story "so terrible that it obscures the strange unrest in prisons nowadays":

"Whether it is based on greater leniency, greater effort to reform prisoners, whether such effort merely tantalizes prisoners and makes them brood on the sweets of liberty, which are shown them and then denied to them, or whether there actually is an increase in severity in some prisons, the outside world does not seem to know, for the prison world has no counterpart in freedom. Men who have not been locked in for long terms can only seek to imagine, and can not fully understand, the psychological changes which men in prison undergo. If men can not understand what driving force led the Canon City prisoners into such an absurd, if tragic, attempt to regain their liberty, then they can not understand what goes on in prisoners' minds, how hopelessness leads to desperation, and that in turn to outbreaks which are doomed to failure, but which at least give the imprisoned man an outlet for his pent-up emotions."

Summarily the Cincinnati *Times-Star* says:

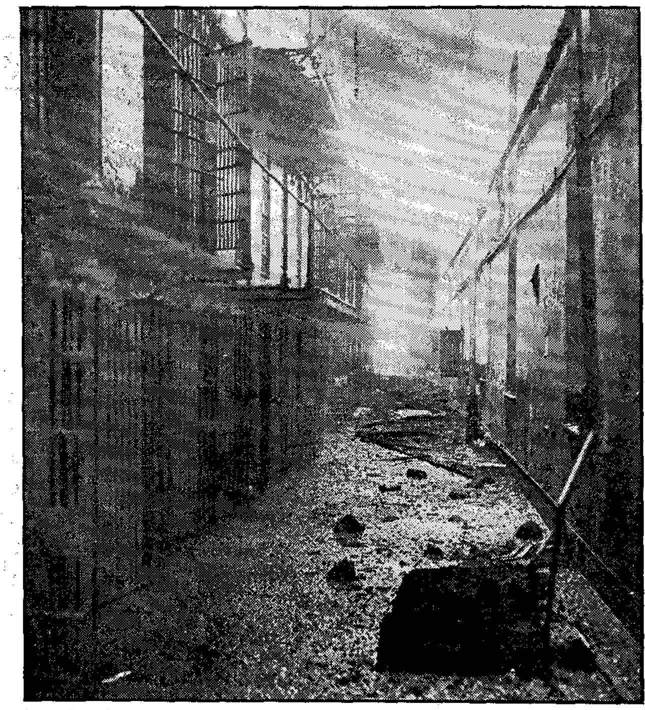
"The five criminals who led the mutiny carried to a logical end the belief that they had the right to do as they pleased, regardless of consequences and of others. It is the creed of Bedlam, and they could not get away with it. We draw no moral, except that more killers should be snuffed out forthwith, instead of being merely put out of sight in a place where they can plot deadly mischief."

Idleness, lack of recreation facilities, and brutal repressive policies at the Canon City penitentiary were reported officially to the Governor five years ago, and improvements, except the idleness, are said to have followed. Papers in many States make this mutiny a case for urging home-State authorities to correct conditions without delay. Yet, as we read in the Buffalo *Courier-Express*, only fresh emphasis has been given to the prison problem:

"The average criminal would not live if the hope of escape was not continually with him in prison. Plotting of escapes would go on whether or not there was segregation of hardened criminals, as at Dannemora, or insufficient housing, as asserted of Auburn, or poor food, as asserted of Leavenworth.

"If conditions in our jails and prisons could be thrown on the screen, where everybody could see, the public would call for reforms to begin where reform so far has left off.

"But with all this said and granted, adequate housing and decent food will not solve the prison problem. The human side as well as the physical side of our prisons needs investigation. Prison management should be a profession. It is, except in too infrequent cases, a political job. If this country were not constitutionally withheld from bestowing titles, we should like to see a proper honor devised for any man who so manages a penitentiary that he returns to society better men than society commits to his care."



Acme Newspicture

CELL-HOUSE SHAMBLES

Where "Danny" Daniels killed prison guards, pals, and himself.

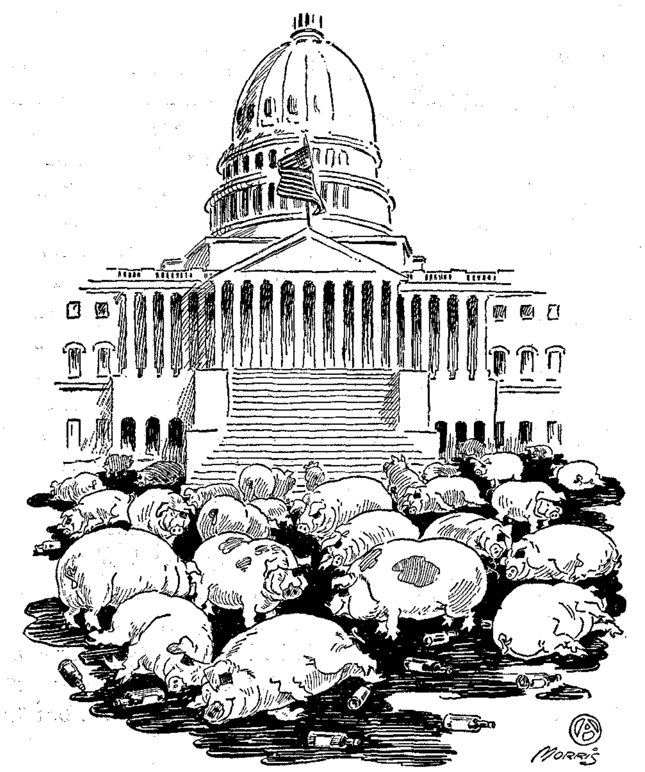
UNSHIPPING THE SHIPPING BOARD

TAKE THE SHIP OF STATE out of the shipping business, clamor some of the representatives of the press as they pore over the McCarl report of the colossal losses sustained by the Government in the sale of ships owned in name by the Merchant Fleet Corporation. Whether these losses were unavoidable in the purpose to dispose of the vessels as rapidly as possible, and under the best terms then obtainable, or whether they were due to crass stupidity or worse will be determined by the investigation by the Department of Justice ordered by President Hoover. In his statement ordering the investigation, President Hoover, we read, makes note of the fact that the Controller's report "relates to transactions mostly several years ago and all of them prior to this Administration. It is my understanding," he says, however, "that there is no charge of misfeasance, but in any event I have requested the Attorney-General to study the Controller's report and determine if there has been any violation of the law. It is only fair to the board and the employees that this should be done."

In the meantime what everybody has known is reduced to figures in the sensational report to Congress of J. R. McCarl, Controller-General of the United States. No lives are reported lost, but the figures of the ships shoaled on the bargain counter seem harrowing enough to some of the watchful eyes of the press. Besides saying that in some instances vessels were sold at "exceedingly low prices" to "irresponsible companies," the report declares that one successful bidder was given "materially advantageous terms," asserts that notes in some instances were sold far below their face value, and also that securities were sold without competitive bids. It is stated that 321 vessels were sold for a total of $43,962,308, for which the actual cash received to date totals $15,413,919, while the construction costs were $408,062,898. As to two of these vessels (tankers), the report says they were sold for $8,437,500. "Upon non-payment four were repossest at marshal's sales, which procedure cost the Fleet Corporation $13,439.70. The other was sold in the same manner and bought in by another company for cash in the amount of $248,823.50. This amount, and $50,000, representing interest paid on notes of the original purchase, is the only cash realized by the Fleet Corporation on this transaction."

The balance sheet of the United States Shipping Board and the United States Shipping Board Merchant Fleet Corporation as of June 30, 1928, we read, "shows accounts receivable, $55,326,005.44, less reserve for doubtful or uncollectible accounts $31,562,174.58; or, in other words, approximately 60 per cent. of the amount of the accounts receivable is set up for a reserve of doubtful accounts." The report, concludes Mr. McCarl, would seem to "demonstrate the futility of conducting government business through the medium of a quasi-public organization whose transactions are not subjected to the close scrutiny of the regular government audit, and whose needs for funds may be satisfied other than by the customary methods of a formal requisition on the treasury and adequate accounting therefor."

Well, what of it? Undoubtedly arguments may be made in behalf of the Shipping Board's policies, observes the New York *Times*. "But one point seems to be in no doubt—that government operation and ownership of steamships has been a costly experiment. The United States needs an adequate merchant marine, but can not have it so long as the Government is in competition with private owners." Dealing, as it does, with past history, the report is not particularly important in itself, says the Washington *Post*. "It is important, however, as showing how impossible it is for the Government to function as a business man, and as emphasizing the imperative need of getting rid of government-owned vessels." "The Government ought to go out of the shipping business without any delay, and ought to do it completely and finally, and at almost any sacrifice," insists the New York *Journal of Commerce*, while the Philadelphia *Record* declares that "McCarl's picture of Uncle Sam as a shipping operator ought to put the kibosh forever on the idea of government ownership and operation of business enterprises." With a touch of bitterness, the Richmond *News-Leader* says that "nobody knows how much money has been thrown away and, apparently, nobody wants to know. The disposition of Congress and of successive administrations seems to have been to forget the whole experiment in ship-building as one of the worst failures of democracy."



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DRIVE THEM OUT!

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

But at the Shipping Board, writes Wilbur Forrest, Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, it was stated that just after the World War the Government sold many of its ships at the inflated war prices, with but small down payments. "But the bottom dropt out of the shipping prices, with the result that the private purchasers were unable to meet their obligations. It was up to the Shipping Board either to foreclose and take back the vessels, or else reduce the obligations of the purchasers; the board, acting under the terms of the law, decided it should reduce the indebtedness of the purchasers, so as to keep the vessels on the seas flying the American flag."

LOBBIES ON THE GRILL

A MERCILESS ORDEAL BY GRILL, probably to be followed by legislation that will make life for them never again the same uncensored, carefree drama it has been in the past—this is the fate in store, as our press observers see it, for those gentlemen called lobbyists, who pursue their somewhat mysterious activities not only in the lobbies of the houses of Congress, but also at those social gatherings in our nation's capital where Senators and Congressmen are to be met in their moments of relaxation. That there is to be no make-believe about this ordeal, editors and correspondents point out, is guaranteed by the personnel of Senator Caraway's investigating committee, in the terms of the unanimous resolution authorizing it, and in the psychological atmosphere created by the Shearer case. In addition to its chairman, Senator Thaddeus H. Caraway, Democrat, of Arkansas, the investigators—a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee—are: Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, also a Democrat; Senators William E. Borah of Idaho and John J. Blaine of Wisconsin, both insurgent Republicans; and Arthur R. Robinson of Indiana, regular Republican. Senator Caraway is the author of a bill requiring that all lobbyists shall be registered and their expenditures made public—a bill which passed the Senate last year but failed in the House. Senator Walsh conducted most of the Senatorial questioning in the naval reserve oil scandal, and Senator Borah led the 1924 investigation of campaign expenditures. Command of the investigation by representatives of the Democratic-Insurgent "coalition," remarks a Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* (Dem.), "makes it almost sure that some of the projects sponsored by the Old Guard will come under the scrutiny of the committee, and this thought was carried out when Mr. Caraway announced that one of the first subjects he wished to consider is the extent of lobbying in favor of the Administration tariff bill."

But the investigation will not limit itself to any one lobby or group of lobbies. "We can not and will not make fish of some and fowl of others," declares Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, who, as head of the Judiciary Committee, appointed the investigators. And the Washington correspondents report a general belief that all the professional lobbyists will be commanded to "put their cards on the table." "No group will be safe from the probe," says James L. Wright in a dispatch to the Milwaukee *Journal*, and others mention the "mysterious proceedings of the Republican members of the Finance Committee on the tariff on manganese," and "the delay in Congress in disposing of the Muscle Shoals question" as matters to which the lobby trail may lead. A New York *World* correspondent mentions wet and dry lobbies, big and little Navy lobbies, tariff lobbies, and even the "social lobby," as certain to engage the attention of the five probing Senators. Then, in addition, "as we understand it, the resolution to investigate lobbyists is wide enough to include the following organizations whose activities the American Legion wants investigated," says the Providence *News:*

> "The National Council for the Prevention of War; The Federal Council of the Churches in Christ; The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; The American Civil Liberties Union; The League of Industrial Democracy; The National Students' Forum; The War Registers' League; The Young Workers' League; The Young Pioneers; The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism.
>
> "We must confess that, altho our mail brings us loads of propaganda every day, we never even heard of some of the foregoing. But if they are lobbying at Washington, they ought to be investigated. Indeed, unless we miss our guess, most of them will welcome an investigation, especially those which are most obscure; these crave the limelight.
>
> "At least two of these designated organizations, however, include many persons of very high standing in the nation, and it is unlikely that investigation will reveal anything sinister in their activities. Still they, too, must be investigated, just as, no doubt, the Navy League will be."

The number of professional lobbyists at the national capital, the Boston *Globe* reminds us, is variously estimated, the American Federation of Labor placing it at 2,000, while Professor Munro, in his book "The Invisible Government," finds 650 permanently established. Senator Caraway says that the city of Washington "swarms with associations and organizations that have nothing to sell but an idea," and that "they filch money from patriotic organizations, from women's organizations, and from people who believe that legislation can be controlled in Washington, and the money is put into their own pockets." In other words, comments the Newark *Evening News*, lobbyists of the type here described are a new variety of "confidence men." But "there is not, essentially, anything corrupt about lobbies," as the Macon *Telegraph* reminds us; "the corruption comes from the methods lobbyists pursue."

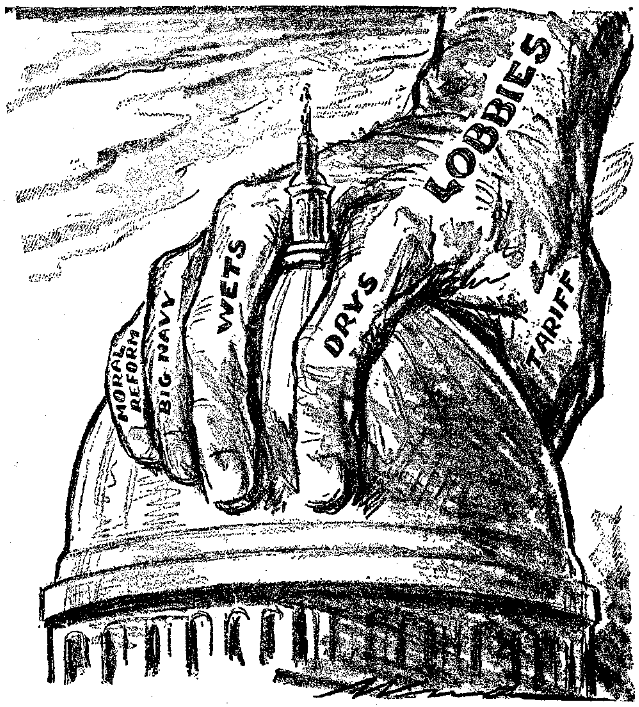
The resolution under which the investigating committee was appointed was approved by the Senate without debate or even a roll-call. It reads:

> "Whereas it is charged that lobbyists, located in and around Washington, filch from the American public more money under a false claim that they can influence legislation than the legislative branch of this government costs the taxpayer; and
>
> "Whereas the lobbyists seek by all means to capitalize for themselves every interest and every sentiment of the American public, which can be made to yield an unclean dollar for their greedy pockets; now therefore be it
>
> "Resolved that the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate or a subcommittee thereof to be appointed by the chairman is empowered and instructed to inquire into the activities of these lobbying associations and lobbyists;
>
> "To ascertain of what their activities consist, how much and from what source they obtain their revenue;
>
> "How much of these moneys they expend and for what purposes, and in what manner;
>
> "What effort they put forth to affect legislation."

But not all forms of lobbying are necessarily reprehensible, the Portland *Oregonian* reminds us:

> "Lobbying may be legitimate or illegitimate. All depends on its motive and on the manner in which it is conducted, if we use the term to describe efforts to influence legislation or action of the executive departments. Action of the Federal Government affects in some way almost every occupation and people of every shade of opinion. For that reason one after another of the great national organizations have established headquarters in Washington, in order that they may be on the scene of action. Notable examples are the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Federation of Labor, and the Daughters of the American Revolution. Such bodies promote principles or causes and specific means of advancing them by legislative or executive action. They lobby in the open by presenting memorials to Congress or by appearing before committees, by publications and public meetings which result in pressure from the people on officials in favor of their cause. As units they have nothing to gain in a monetary way, tho groups of their members may profit, but that is true of the farm organizations also, which have agents constantly at the capital.
>
> "Lobbyists who promote legislation whereby certain industries or branches of business would profit financially are in another class. They want the Government to do something for their special benefit, and they use the arts of suasion to convince Congress that what they ask is for the public good. The automobile industry asks liberal appropriations for public highways in order that it may sell more cars, but it can not be contradicted when it urges that highways are a benefit to the nation. When other industries seek a higher tariff on their products, they base their claim on the general principle of protection, but they plainly work for their own benefit, and should be required to press their claim openly before a committee, and to show it to be demanded by the protective policy. That is a lawful and proper way to influence legislation, for the opportunity is open to refute the arguments made for the duty.
>
> "The vicious form of lobbying is that which is done secretly for selfish private interests, which seek to enrich themselves at public expense, or to gain a special privilege, or to gain an advantage over competitors. This type of lobbying is done by men of the sleuth, gumshoe, oily, whispering type. They make deals for Congressmen to vote for one another's pet paragraph in a tariff bill. They fix things so that competition for a valuable contract shall be a sham, and that the favored one shall surely win. They arrange 'loans' from interested parties to officials who are in a financial pinch. They give tips on the stock market, and carry the stock that is sure to rise until it has risen, when an official cashes in a profit for which he has not risked a dollar."

"The situation is bad enough, in all reason. It needs sunlight and plenty of air," says the Boston *Globe;* and a majority of our papers seem to agree that the investigation is needed. When the committee's work is done and its remedial recommendations enacted into law, remarks Mr. Hearst's New York *American*, "the American people will have good cause to be grateful to it for ridding the Federal Government of one of the most dangerous and disgraceful pests which ever imperilled its work or blemished its character." "There is no doubt that small and aggressive minorities, knowing what they want and how to get it, have received vast favors in legislation and administration in past years," comments the Dayton *Journal*, which dares to hope that as a result of this investigation, "invisible Government will be rooted out of American public affairs." It will be necessary, points out the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "to send not only for lobbyists themselves, but also for their employers; and it will be desirable to investigate the relationships both of employers and employed with members of Congress." "Full publicity for lobbyists' connections and activities will do much to allay public apprehension," thinks the South Bend *Tribune;* and the Washington *Post* remarks that the committee "is in a position to put a damper upon mendacity, blackmail, fraud, impudence, buttonholing, hypocrisy, bigotry, and other offenses that make modern lobbyists an intolerable pest to Congress and Washington."



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THE CLUTCH!

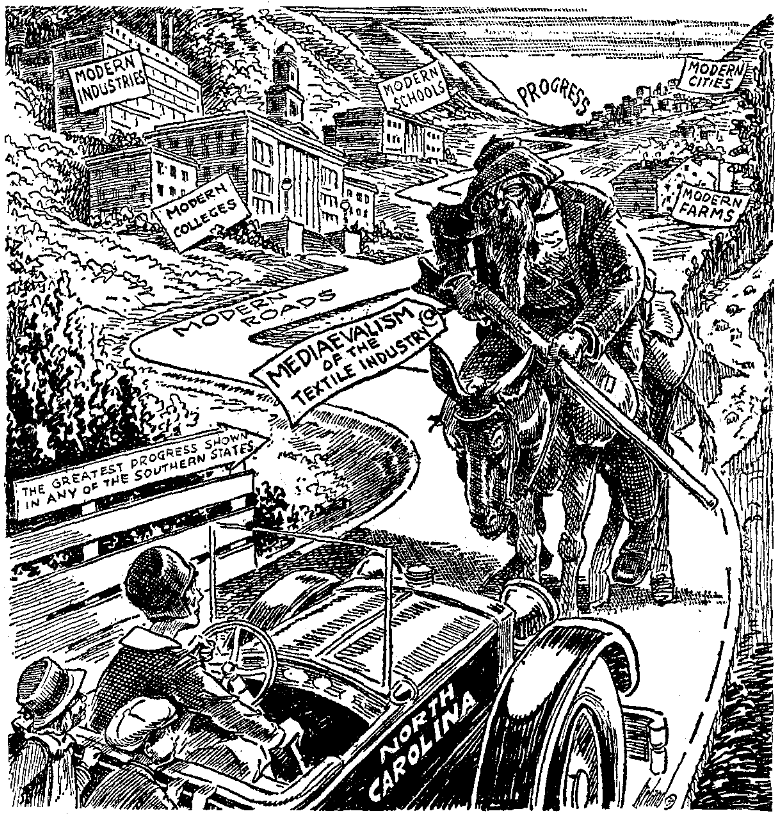
—Weed in the New York *Evening World.*

But there are papers that doubt if much real good will come of the investigation. "There has been lobbying time without end, and it is well-nigh impossible to believe that one more law added to all the existing laws will serve to break up the practise," remarks the Baltimore *Evening Sun.* "Just what is a lobbyist?" asks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and it adds: "Where draw the line between paid agents seeking to influence legislation, who work under cover, and the accredited representatives of established industrial and farm organizations, who openly present facts as they understand them?"

THE WEEDS IN GOV. GARDNER'S GARDEN

THE IMPOSSIBILITY of building good citizenship on poor wages and long hours is the discovery that fixes the approving glance of the press, North and South alike, upon Gov. Max Gardner, of North Carolina. The Governor sees all the difficulties that lie in the path toward his ideal, and he enumerates them frankly, but believes firmly that here lies the cure for the labor troubles that have been afflicting his State. His home press, too, seem to be behind him. The Asheville *Citizen* urges cooperation with the Governor, who "could not do a bigger thing for the South at this time than to enlist general support for a program approximating that outlined." The Asheville *Times* similarly believes performance of such "statesmanship will make the textile industry, North and South, his debtor."

Governor Gardner's statement appeared in an interview for the New York *Times*, whose correspondent summarized the chief ingredients of the proposed cure as "higher wages, shorter hours, abolition of the mill village and company housing system, and closer cooperation among capital, labor, and the State." The Governor repudiated only the "abolition" of the company system, and gave to the Associated Press this supplementary statement:



NORTH CAROLINA'S MENACE

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

"My own views on the questions of hours, wages, and tenements, which at the proper time I shall recommend to the next General Assembly, are as follows:

"First, I am in favor of the 55-hour law in industry in North Carolina. Second, I am in favor of rigid enforcement of this law, with strict penalty for its violation. Third, I favor the discontinuance of night work for women under eighteen years of age. As to mill tenements, I stated that if textile employees paid a full price as rental for the mill houses, then their wages would correspond favorably with wages paid in New England, where, excepting Massachusetts, the 55-hour law is generally in operation."

The chorus of praise picks up such declarations by Governor Gardner in the *Times* interview as these:

"We can not build a prosperous citizenship on low wages. . . . We can not build an efficient citizenship on extremely long hours. . . . It may be that before we can finally solve the wage question in North Carolina, it will be necessary to work it out in joint conference and study with other manufacturing States of the Southeast. . . . First is the right of capital and industry to protection. Along with it goes the right of the laborer to protection. Quite as important is the right of the individual to work for whom he will and on conditions satisfactory to him, and, further, his right to work unmolested and unharmed. . . . We do not want docile citizens or docile employees. . . . What we want is orderly, restrained struggle for change. . . . If the Communists have selected North Carolina as an experiment station for the cultivation of their alien and un-American doctrines. they have made a fundamental mistake. . . . North Carolina is a conservative. progressive State, and will spend much more thought in remedying the ills which she knows she has than running to those foreign to her thought and to the genius of her people."

The Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer* declares that "if the backward mills should not voluntarily join in the movement for betterment of conditions, they might as well face the proposition that they will be brought in under force of circumstances." The Raleigh *News and Observer* joins the Gastonia *Gazette* in strong condemnation of repression and violence on either side and equally strong pleas for recognition of the "right of men to join a union and to seek to bargain collectively if they wish to do so." The former quotes the latter approvingly:

"Conditions in many Southern mills and mill villages are what they should be. In others they are not so good. In some they are damnable. But even those where workers are contented with their lot are not immune from unionization as long as there are communities in which oppression and miserable living conditions still prevail.

"Labor has a right to organize, and this right must be recognized by those in the higher positions. They have a right to combine their efforts to combat unnecessarily evil conditions, and this right will assert itself. There must be a reckoning with the deserts of humanity in a nation founded upon principles of freedom and equality."

In view of the latest fatalities at Marion, where the sheriff and his deputies shot five striker-pickets, the Wilmington (N. C.) *News* calls on Governor Gardner to prove that law is really supreme, and further says:

"Communists are charged with the responsibility at Gastonia, but they are exonerated at Marion, for labor troubles there are in the hands of a regularly affiliated union.

"If the law is supreme, there must be some new definition for the word. To all appearances the law along the textile front has been anything but supreme, as violence upon violence has followed with rapidity that leaves the distant observer bewildered.

"There are two phases of this struggle that challenge attention. One is economic, the other social. The time has come for action."

The Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* emphasizes the same feature of the situation as the central point in the controversy, and insists that "until public men in Governor Gardner's position perceive its importance, and act accordingly, there can be no satisfactory adjustment of the South's labor problem." But the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* takes exception to Governor Gardner's statement that "it is the money wage which is the usual subject of controversy," thus:

"There can be no such thing as an absolute living wage for all sections of the country and for all classes of people. Instead of a living wage there should be an effort everywhere to reach a wage that will give the wage-earners their share of happiness. Why not a contentment wage in place of a living wage?"

TOPICS IN BRIEF

The most obvious links between town and country are golf courses.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

If some men had money to burn they would want to borrow a match.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Away down South in the land of cotton, the crop is good but the price is rotten.—*Kay Features.*

The mind of a single-track kind should carry a tail light to avoid rear-end collisions.—*Grand Rapids Press.*

Wonder if Henry Ford has added a red flannel shirt to his collection of Americana?—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

The attempt to dry up Washington will not extend to the tariff debates on the floor of the Senate.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

A consignment of typewriters crossing the Quebec border was found to contain whisky and various cordials. Apparently the potable typewriters we hear so much about.—*Detroit News.*

These strong and silent men remind us at times that the same qualities are found in the onion.—*Atlantic City Press.*

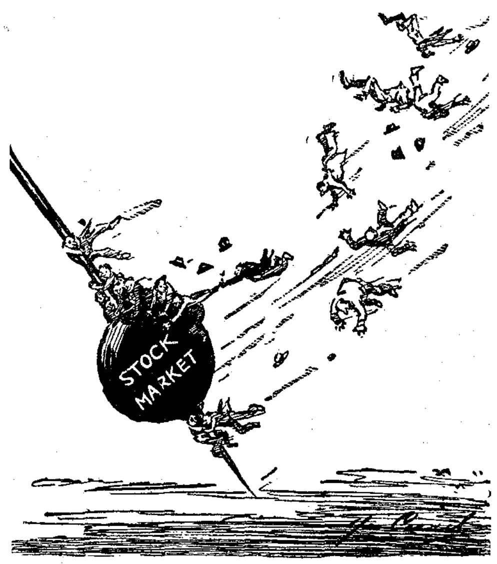
Wars of the tenth century have one advantage over wars of the twentieth century—they are all paid for.—*New York Times.*

Senator Smoot says his tariff bill will contribute to the prosperity of the American people, but he doesn't reveal their names.—*Dallas News.*

We hear nothing more about Mr. Hoover's plan to reform Southern patronage. It must have been a flash in the political pie pan.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

A London jazz band is to appear in a talking-picture. The trouble is that even in a talking-picture a jazz band sounds just like a jazz band.—*The Humorist.*

"Americans," says a foreign lecturer, "discuss an annoyance endlessly, but never do anything about it." For that reason, foreign lecturers are comparatively safe.—*Detroit News.*



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THE PENDULUM!

—Cassel in the Birmingham *Age-Herald.*

A well-known cross-country runner has turned football referee. It's often the other way round.—*The Passing Show.*

"What is the accepted method of catching a sailfish?" inquires The Literary Digest. Cut off his wind.—*Tampa Tribune.*

Maybe the result would be better if reformers were chosen in a competitive examination instead of appointing themselves.—*Milwaukee Leader.*

Senator Blease states that Washington is honeycombed with opium dens. Now we know where the political dope comes from.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Mellowing a little with age, Mussolini has given up several cabinet seats, and had a political rival sentenced to only thirty years in prison.—*Detroit News.*

Professor Einstein says the American girls are the most beautiful in the world, which is a great deal easier to understand than his last theory.—*New York Evening Post.*

Wilbur C. Whitehead says there are only two real auction-bridge experts in the country, and it doesn't seem fair that we should always draw one of them as a partner.—*New York Evening Post.*

There's no sound more doleful than the autumnal winds sighing through the trees at midnight, unless it is that of the postman sliding the mail under the door on the first of the month.—*Kay Features.*

And again, there is the flexible tariff position sometimes known as the wabble.—*Dallas News.*

Every time the Chinese take a look at the Manchurian Railroad they see Red.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Poland spent over 85 million zloti on its exposition. That's zloti money.—*Windsor Border Cities Star.*

Some of the ship-building people seem to think that Mr. Shearer was properly named.—*Detroit Free Press.*

But the way we get it, a Quaker is undertaking to show a Scotchman how he can save money on his Navy.—*Dallas News.*

A poet says he gets up and writes verses when he finds he can't sleep. Insomnia is a terrible thing.—*The Passing Show.*

A Methodist bishop says jazz music is conducive to a good life, and one must admit that it makes many want to send the players to heaven.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

The camel can go eight days without drinking, but the donkey can go eight years without grazing.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Water-power is a source of almost unlimited wealth. Especially when the water is used in the stock.—*Dubuque American Tribune.*

In their efforts to devise a fool-proof airplane, the aeronautical experts might well consider the tariff. It never comes down.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Remains of a prehistoric human reveal that he had a human skull and a monkey jaw. What a vote-getter he must have been.—*San Diego Union.*

"Prohibition is effective except in the dregs at the bottom and the scum at the top," says a dry official. Something like home brew.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

Now the Federal Farm Board announces that it will study the potato problem. It certainly ought to know that the real solution to the potato problem is gravy.—*San Diego Union.*

It is said that money goes further than it did. Maybe it will get so that it will go as far as next pay day.—*New York Times.*

Because editors "mysteriously vanish," a reign of terror is reported in Cuba. It sounds more like a reign of golf.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Anyhow, psychiatry has made it possible for murderers to be cured of insanity immediately after acquittal.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

Noah's Ark having made a hit in the silent drama, the Tower of Babel ought to be great for the talkies.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

One way for Commander Eckener to discourage smoking on the *Graf* would be for him to equip his Zeppelin with those dash-board cigar-lighters.—*Judge.*

Since Nanking reports there will be no war with Russia, the recent order for 200,000 gas-masks must be for use at the conference.—*Korea Topics in Brief.*

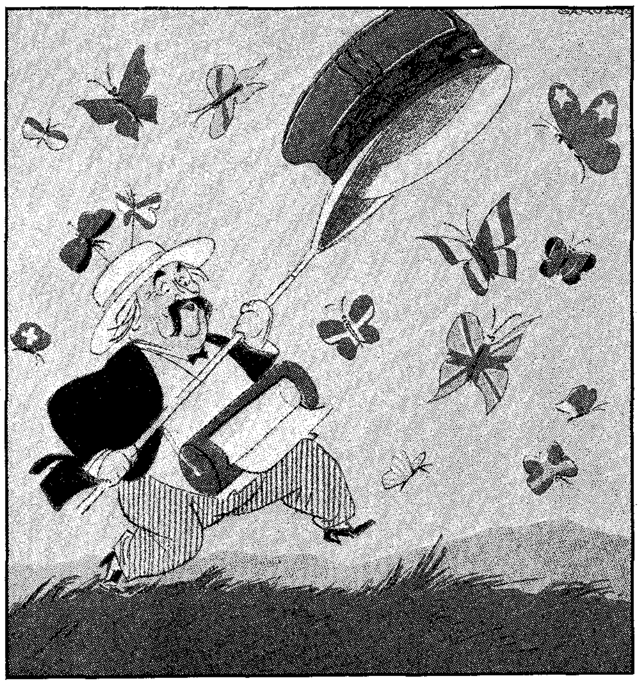
The intimation that if Mussolini ever moved to this country he would be a Republican was entirely removed last week when the news came that he resigned seven jobs at once.—*Elizabethtown (Ky.) News.*

Just to reassure the American lecturer who is in this country conducting a campaign against the lipstick, I can tell him that young men have been setting their faces against it for years.—*The Passing Show.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

WHAT IS THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE?

IT IS A SAFE PROPOSITION to give whole-hearted indorsement to the idea of a United States of Europe, for the simple reason that nobody knows just what is meant by it. This is the thought of some European observers, who remind us that, in submitting his proposal for a United States of Europe at Geneva, Mr. Briand brought an old idea back to daylight, but offered no project for its realization. Of course it is generally understood that Mr. Briand expects his proposal to be kept in mind by the governments concerned with the object of gradually reaching a practical framework of a federated Europe. As some Europeans see it, such a union would render the best service by forming a solid barrier against the overwhelming tide of American prosperity and resources. But so high a personage in the affairs of Europe as Germany's late Foreign Minister Stresemann gave a signed statement to an American publication, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, shortly before his death, in which he declared he would never countenance German participation in any European combination directed against the United States. As quoted in Philadelphia press dispatches his statement reads:



THE BUTTERFLY CHASER

Briand: "Just a minute and I'll have 'em all together!"

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

> "A closer union of the European States along the lines of a rationalization of economic conditions seems to me to be not only desirable but in the domain of commerce and industry even dictated by world economic interests.
>
> "Every American who has ever traveled through shattered Europe and has seen for himself the chaos of customs regulations, of currencies and weight units, the manifold obstacles to commerce and industry, will share my opinion.
>
> "However, I wish to emphasize on this occasion, as I have repeatedly done before, that I would not be a party to a combination of any kind that would be directed against any other continent or against the United States of America. An economic union, not against, but with the rest of the world; that is what I mean."

A vast number of Europeans believe the great purpose of the United States of Europe should be to convert quarrelsome and envious competitors into a happy family of nations. There are twenty ways and more of interpreting the idea of the United States of Europe, remarks Sisley Huddleston in the London *New Statesman*, and he goes on to say:

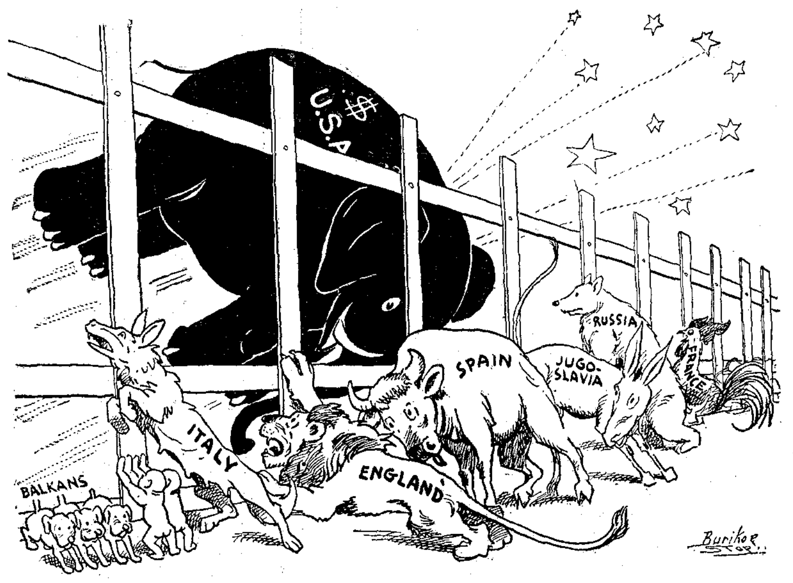
> "There are those who insist that it should confine itself to the economic sphere. There are others who are afraid of it in its economic aspect, and will not think of anything but a political federation. Some would merely call a tariff 'holiday.' Others would actually lower the European tariff. A few would consider whether, in the United States of Europe, tariffs could not be swept away altogether. But, on the other hand, there are those who look on tariffs as the domestic concern of the country which adopts them; and would rule tariffs, which correspond to national needs, out of the purview of whatever were the executive council of the United States of Europe. Again, there are those who think that production is the principal problem of Europe, and who would organize Europe (as it is already being organized) in cartels. This conception seems to certain objectors to give excessive powers to the producers; and in practise great producing nations might crush the smaller producing nations. If stress is laid on finance as the link between the various countries of Europe, similar advocacy and opposition are found."

It is then noted by Mr. Huddleston that some think the most important consideration for the formation of the United States of Europe is political development. There is talk of a European Parliament, and of a European Government, we are told, but what powers will a federal organism possess, asks this distinguished European authority. If it possesses none, then it will be farcical, and he continues:

> "If it possesses some, then those powers will be subtracted from each national sovereignty; and everybody knows that national sovereignty must not be touched. It is because national sovereignty must not be touched that the League of Nations is not more successful. It is facile enough to urge that there is no such thing as national sovereignty, that like individual liberty it is purely relative, and is conditioned by legal and moral obligations toward particular countries and toward the world in general. No matter; national sovereignty is held to quite as determinedly in 1929 as in 1919, and the super-State is as much as ever a bogey.
>
> "All this, I admit, does not sound especially helpful; and if Europe were in agreement about the United States of Europe, it might well be that the creation of the European bloc would provoke the creation of other Continental blocs, Asiatic and American, to say nothing of the bloc of the British Empire, of which something has lately been heard. It is, however, unnecessary to consider these reactions, for the European bloc is not likely to be created at any date we can envisage. Yet these discussions may serve to educate the public. They may even provoke diplomatic thought. Tho it is nothing more than an idea or an ideal, the United States of Europe already seem to place the *entente cordiale* in proper perspective. If, with or without special machinery, it is our desire to form an association of nations, it is obvious that we must stand up on an equal footing with each other, and not be divided up into little groups. Tho the United States of Europe is not realized, and may not be realized for a number of generations—or ever—yet the fact that we even discuss it as a possibly desirable goal cuts sharply against the whole practise of alliances and ententes."

To say that the *entente cordiale* is dead seems to astonish some, Mr. Huddleston advises us, but how can it be alive in a Europe which has agreed not to break up into armed camps, and not to revert to the old principle of a balance of power? There is no need to denounce the *entente cordiale*, for it expired years ago, in his judgment, and certainly, he tells us, it did not survive the Locarno pact, which placed England in exactly the same relation to Germany as to France. Both those who plead for the continuance of the *entente cordiale* and those who ask that it should be abolished are hopelessly out of date, for this writer avers:

> "There is no such thing. At least, I do not know of such a thing, and if there are secret diplomatic arrangements between France and England, I should like to learn about them. We fall into the habit of using terms that have no substantial meaning, and we should be puzzled if called upon to explain them. At the end of the last century, France and England cordially detested each other, and England and Germany were almost prepared to conclude an alliance. But the wheel turned; England and Germany were openly rivals, commercially and navally. Delcassé's proposals for an Anglo-French understanding in respect of Morocco and Egypt were, however, rejected. Not until King Edward visited Paris in 1903 did the *entente cordiale* come into sight. In 1904 a comprehensive agreement, giving France a free hand in Morocco and England a free hand in Egypt, and settling other claims in various parts of the world, was drawn up. This was the *entente cordiale*, which was mistakenly regarded by the pacifists as a peace move.
>
> "In point of fact, the exclusion of Germany provoked (diplomatically speaking) German intervention in Morocco, and led to incidents which forced France and Great Britain into military consultations. The *entente cordiale*, whatever was intended or foreseen, was a preparation for the Great War. So much was this the case that at least one prominent French statesman strove for a Franco-German rapprochement, which would have shattered the *entente cordiale*, in the hope of preserving peace. In 1914 the *entente cordiale* automatically became a definite alliance. After the war, it was natural enough, and indeed unavoidable, that France and England, in spite of their quarrels, should, during the peace-making period, stand together as against Germany. But as the necessity and the intention of ranging France and England against Germany disappeared, what could be left of the *entente cordiale?*"



AN ITALIAN WARNING CRY

"Get together, animals of Europe! You must stop the American mammoth!"

—*Il 420* (Florence).

For several years, we are then assured, everything that has been said of the European reconciliation has implied the lapse of the *entente cordiale*. The so-called liquidation of the war, it is argued, must carry with it the liquidation of the special prewar and war associations. If *entente cordiale* is employed merely as a convenient phrase for the affirmation of Franco-British friendship, of very much the same character as Anglo-German friendship, then it is plain there is nothing to be said against it, except that it is rather misleading. But if it is suggested that there is some diplomatic document which calls on France and England to act together, or even unwritten or tacit military naval understandings, then the use of the term is positively mischievous. Mr. Huddleston proceeds:

> "There can not be anything unfriendly either to France or to England in restating these somewhat obvious truths. The *entente cordiale*, in the old sense, is unquestionably obsolete; and it is hard to understand the pained comments of French, as well as English, newspapers. Moreover, quite apart from the diplomatic facts, every time we speak of the United States of Europe, we are assuming that *ententes cordiales* are anachronisms."

GERMAN-RUSSIAN FRICTION

LIFE'S NOT EASY if you try to be on good terms with Soviet Russia, think some French observers who are not particularly unhappy to find their belief confirmed by Germany's experience with the Bolsheviks. One instance of German-Russian friction, we find noted is that *Isviestia*, an official Soviet organ, lately published a fierce attack on the German Government. Germany is accused, says the Paris *Figaro*, of having taken a hand in China against Russia in the Chinese-Russian mix-up. She is also accused, it appears, of having violated German-Russian agreements by issuing industrial loans in foreign lands, which the Russians consider to be a violation of German-Russian accords. Finally, we are told, the German Government is alleged by *Isviestia* to have given political support to the Socialists in Germany rather than to the German Communists. Such an official journalistic charge could not go without notice in Germany. And one retort, that of the *Koelnische Zeitung*, reads in part as follows:

> "We must stress the fact that the attack of *Isviestia* is not an isolated case, and that in recent months there have been various unfriendly displays by Russia toward Germany. The demonstrations organized in Russia, against the Government of the Reich at the time of the sanguinary troubles of the first of May, have not been forgotten here in Germany. We remember also that the pretended victims of that occasion were received in Russia as heroes and taken care of at the State's expense.
>
> "New acts of animosity toward Germany were recorded on the anniversary of the adoption of the Weimar Constitution. So it seems that in Russia they have forgotten that the first set condition of a German-Soviet rapprochement was not only recognition of the principle of equality, but also of the principle of non-interference in the domestic affairs of the respective countries. But this article in *Isviestia* is without doubt, at least up to now, the most striking act of hostility committed by Russia.
>
> "We still hope that an honest explanation will suffice to put a stop to this irritating habit. We do not believe that there will be a crisis in German-Russian relations, but it will be quite as bad to have these relations in a disturbed condition. All the efforts of those who properly estimate the rapprochement between the two countries should be devoted to preventing that trouble from becoming a crisis."

No commentaries beyond this text, observes the Paris *Figaro*, could reveal more clearly the absolute impossibility of any kind of an understanding with the Bolsheviks, and also the illusions that are still cherished in Germany on this subject. The aim of the Reich, we are told, is to have Russia as an economic outlet and also as a political counterbalance in Germany's fight against the Treaty of Versailles. Meanwhile Associated Press cable dispatches from Lewes, England, advise us that Great Britain and Russia have agreed to an exchange of ambassadors, thus paving the way for full resumption of trade and commercial relations between the two countries. We learn further that the agreement, which is subject to the approval of the British Parliament, was reached in a secret meeting at Lewes, between Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, and Russia's Ambassador at Paris, Valerian Dovgalevski.

STRESEMANN THE PEACEMAKER

"MANY A STORY could I tell you, many a picture could I paint to you of that quiet, steady, heroic man, standing surrounded by enmity, not only abroad, but at home, determined to play a perfectly straight game, determined to carry into practise the proverb that he who does not respect himself, is respected by nobody else." These words were spoken of Gustav Stresemann, Germany's late Foreign Minister, by Prime Minister MacDonald in his address before the United States Senate on cooperation for peace when he came to the point of mentioning "two great men who have helped on this work." First of all he named Mr. Briand, that "gay, genial, happy, humorous, eloquent man, whose whole life has been devoted to the promotion of the cause of peace, and an old friend of mine, to praise whom, alas, at this moment is to lay a wreath upon his tomb—Gustav Stresemann." Frequently we find Dr. Stresemann called "the greatest statesman Germany has produced since Bismarck," and the Socialist German *Vorwaerts* declares that Germany "can not produce another man who enjoys an equal measure of respect abroad, and who, at the same time, can command the same following at home for the continuation of our foreign policies along present lines."

Underwood & Underwood photograph

"GERMANY'S GREATEST STATESMAN SINCE BISMARCK"

The late Foreign Minister Gustav Stresemann and Mrs. Stresemann, who, with two sons, survive Germany's peacemaker in Europe.

Incidentally, the press inform us that President von Hindenburg commissioned Dr. Julius Curtius, Minister of Economic Affairs, to assume the direction of the Foreign Office until a permanent successor to Dr. Stresemann has been agreed upon. Dr. Curtius, we are informed, is an old party friend of the late Foreign Minister, was a member of the German delegation to the recent Hague conference, and has given Dr. Stresemann's foreign policies his active support both as a member of the Cabinet and also as one of the most influential leaders of the People's party. Any departure from the Stresemann foreign policies, it is conceded by the Berlin *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, a leading agrarian anti-Government organ, would be perilous, as it would involve the disavowal of commitments to which Germany was definitely pledged, and would therefore necessitate a new orientation in the Reich's foreign relations.

For five years France's Premier, Aristide Briand, toiled in closest cooperation with Dr. Stresemann, and he is quoted in Paris dispatches as saying of him:

> "Dr. Stresemann worked valiantly and courageously for the realization of our mutual policy of rapprochement among European States. He held to that policy even when it was strongly opposed in some quarters of Germany. As a result of his efforts at home, a more pacific spirit was developed. It became possible for Germany to enter into the Locarno treaties and to sign the Kellogg pact.
>
> "Altho Stresemann exercised this tremendous influence at home, I don't anticipate a change in the foreign policy of the German Government as a result of his death. Germany is now accustomed to follow his international ideas, and having the habit, she will, in my opinion, continue to follow them, even tho he is no longer at the helm."

Three periods marked the career of Gustav Stresemann, we read in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Before the war he was one of Germany's foremost economists and industrialists. During the war, as leader of the National Liberal party, he was a vigorous Nationalist, and one of the foremost in compassing the fall of Bethmann-Hollweg. Since the war, he was the head of the German People's party, and directed the policies which led to the acceptance of the Dawes plan and the making of the pact of Locarno. We read then:

> "He was born in Berlin on May 10, 1878, the son of a chocolate manufacturer, and was educated at the Universities of Berlin and Leipzig, specializing in political economy and studies relating to industry and commerce. His first engagement after completing his courses was as assistant secretary of the Association of German Chocolate Manufacturers. From this, at the age of twenty-five, he proceeded to the secretaryship of the District Association of the League of Industrials, in Dresden, and thereafter for a number of years was identified with the economic and political life of the Kingdom of Saxony. He organized the Saxon Provincial Union of the League of Industrials, a concern which now includes about 7,000 industrial establishments and 600,000 workmen.
>
> "He organized unions of the same kind in Wurttemberg, Thuringia, and Silesia, and dominated the Union of Industrials in Berlin. He was the founder and first president of the German-Canadian and German-Austrian-Hungarian Economic Association; was vice-president of the German-Bulgarian League in Berlin, and was one of the organizers of the German Fleet League. A year before the World War, in cooperation with Herr Balin, of the Hamburg-American Steamship Line, he founded the German-American Economic Association, which, but for the outbreak of the war, would have been expanded into a world-wide organization. The war turned him from industry to politics."

His success at the Hague conference, we are further reminded, in obtaining the promise of evacuation of the Rhineland by the British before Christmas, 1929, and by the French before June 30, 1930, together with the settlement of the Reparations question, justified Stresemann's policy of conciliation, and provided the "crowning triumphs" of his career.

MUSSOLINI'S NEW AMBITIONS

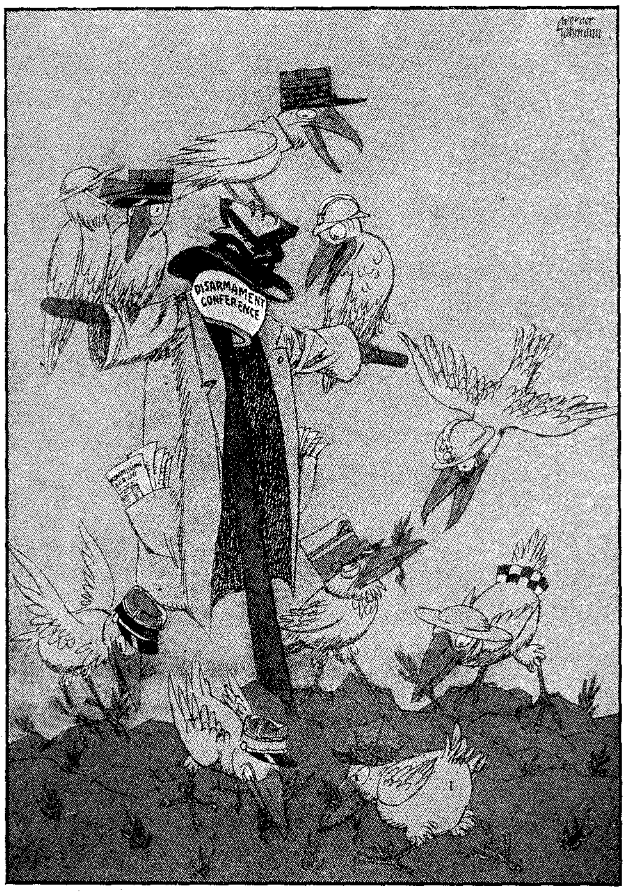
OUTSIDE LOOKING IN on the Italy that is Mussolini's, some German editors foresee that Il Duce is going to be a hard man to deal with at the five-Power naval conference, to be held in London next January. The fact that France seems a bit miffed at Britain's new flirtation with America, Germans think, loosens the Anglo-French entente and gives Mussolini a more important standing in international affairs. Also, they say, it permits him to be as saucy as he likes toward France. It is all very well for inspired Paris newspapers to shout "Hurrah!" about the sisterly relations of Latin Italy and Latin France, but, we are told, such enthusiasm does not get Mussolini for a second. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* declares that Mussolini is not going to play second fiddle to France in London next January, or any other month. The envoys of the Powers are to be told that the Mediterranean is Italy's lake, whether the French Foreign Office likes the news or not, declares this Hamburg daily, which adds:

> "More than ever in these days must we be on our guard against taking the utterances of the Italian press at their face value. Neither the fury against England nor the sudden affection for the French sister are in the least degree genuine.
>
> "And it is eminently characteristic that the whole weight of the scorn of the Rome *Giornale d'Italia* is directed against the *Journal de Genève*. The Swiss daily dared to mention the isolation of Italy. If the statement is somewhat exaggerated the fact remains that Italy to-day is in a position which France is doing her best to keep her in.
>
> "At any rate, it is significant that the French press sing songs of delight at the existence of Latin sisterhood, and that the Italian press remain unaware of the hand of English friendship stretched forth now in spite of the fight at the Hague conference. 'That bitterness is not so readily forgotten,' says the *Giornale d'Italia.* 'The Hague conference had results not so easily lost sight of, and possibilities are involved of most serious things to come.' We must remember that Rome expected that at least the Conservative press of England would remain true to Fascism. The disillusion here was painful. With the exception of the London *Morning Post* all seemed to desert! . . .
>
> "The real occasion of all this is carefully concealed: the abrupt termination of the Anglo-French cordial understanding. This event caused tremendous relief in Rome. Dealing with the Quai d'Orsay alone henceforth, it will be easy to fight to a finish. 'There are still a few fundamental issues to settle between France and Italy,' declares the *Giornale d'Italia* grimly in the teeth of the enthusiastic observations of the French dailies."

The inference that Mussolini will exact a heavy price from France for Italy's support of that country at the coming London conference seems sound to the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung.* This newspaper also points out that if the Mediterranean is to be made an Italian lake, the Anglo-Saxon Powers would be more useful to Mussolini in achieving this aim than France. Nevertheless, the *Koelnische Zeitung* declares that this does not give us a key to Mussolini's frame of mind. According to this Cologne journal the bottom fact is that Mussolini believes France must yield leadership at the naval conference to Italy and to Fascism. Fascism alone, the argument is, can save Italy and France and the South of Europe from the Anglo-Saxon maw. If France does not yield, does not see her salvation in Fascism, she is lost, and this newspaper continues:

> "After Fascism has established its power on adamantine foundations at home, it looks abroad to perform its international mission in the world theater. Fascism believes that it alone is in a position to save the Southern lands from decay and collapse. And as Fascism saved Italy so now will it save Europe. Italy alone, in the domain of the people's power, in the social, continental, colonial and above all the moral spheres, has new truths to proclaim and words of international justice to make good. Salvation resides only in a general adoption of Fascism by the decadent nations of Europe and that under Fascist leadership. Outside of Fascism there is no safety. As for a United States of Europe as outlined by Briand or any other internationalist, they are will-o'-the-wisps. And France, from Mussolini's standpoint, is least of all competent to preach any new order among the nations.
>
> "Such is the Fascist mood on the eve of the new international conference. As for conferences, it urges that history is full of conferences and councils. As for international agreements and treaties, they must not be regarded as gravestones."

But Fascism is neither hated nor feared by the Socialist Berlin *Vorwaerts,* which sneers at its "bellicose bullying." This Italy of "new and strange cries against democracy" adds this official organ of the German Social Democratic party, will "speak words of peace and then work for war" at the naval conference. A newspaper described as representing the solidly respectable business element in Berlin, the *Vossische Zeitung,* expresses the fear that the English-speaking peoples do not grasp the grave nature of the Franco-Italian situation as it stands with reference to Anglo-American confidences. We read:



A GERMAN JAB AT THE CONFERENCE

The peace scarecrow has no terrors for the little militarist birds.

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

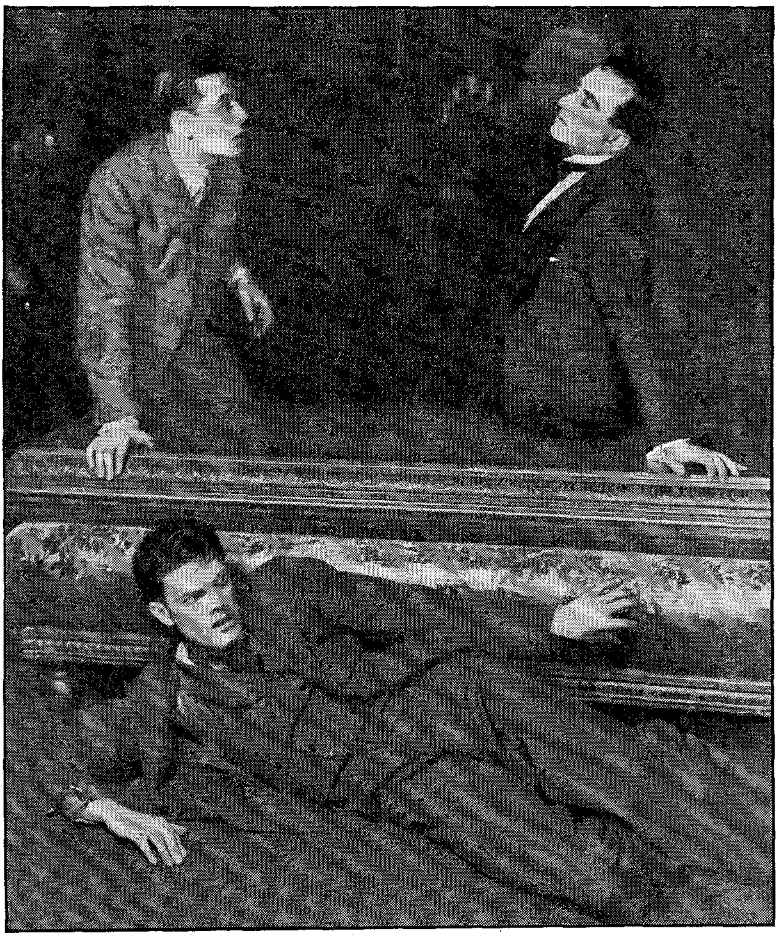
> "Serious indeed for France is the attitude of Italy. Franco-Italian relations to-day are in the same state they were five years ago. The tension they manifested in the interval has somewhat relaxed, but the problems have not been brought a step nearer solution.
>
> "What Italy has attained in the interval—and the sum is not small—she has to thank British support for.
>
> "Fascism has an almost finger-printed delicacy of feeling for the details of a situation. Through the close friendship of the former British Foreign Minister Chamberlain for the Quai d'Orsay, his own policy was for a time frustrated. This was a favorable interval during which France could exploit things to reach an understanding with Italy.
>
> "Just now the situation is more difficult. For beyond all doubt the position of Mussolini in international affairs grows more influential as the threads binding London and Paris loosen. The Italian press has lately been once more incited against France, and it sets forth Fascist demands."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

BEGINNING WITH MURDER

BLOODY-MINDED SEEM THE PURVEYORS for the autumn theater. Why this should be, none of our critics of the play seem to know, tho Mr. Atkinson of the New York *Times* ventures the thought that it is a sort of preparation for the "celestial masterpieces" yet to come. "Seldom has the crime wave at the beginning of a season been more tidal than during these past few weeks," remarks John Mason Brown of the New York *Evening Post*, "when almost every other opening has invited audiences to forget their usual standards of right living and spend a delightfully uncomfortable two hours and a half in the contemplation of crime for crime's sake." Mr. Brown calls a roll which he thinks is enough to convince us that "murder as a stage property has all but lost its tragic significance, and taken on an amusement value of which the Greeks, who liked their murders well enough, were completely ignorant." Thus:



ENGLAND SENDS THIS ONE

The modernist poet in "Rope's End" (upper right-hand figure), played by Ernest Milton, denounces the two Oxford thrill-murderers. The corpse is in the cassone lately used as the table to feast the dead man's family.

"In 'Soldiers and Women,' for example, you can journey to far-off Baluchistan to see Violet Hemming creep into a darkened room and shoot down a British officer. In 'Murder on the Second Floor' you can follow, in the course of a play within a play, the routine characters of an English boarding-house as they become involved in dope peddling and red-handed slaughter. In Philip Dunning's mixture of satire and melodrama, known as 'Sweet Land of Liberty,' you can listen to the angry barking of gangsters' guns as they riddle the bodies of a Federal agent and the one virtuous man the play includes.

"In 'Scarlet Pages,' tho you are deprived of seeing the way in which the illegitimate daughter of a famous woman lawyer kills her foster father, you are not spared the unblushing and ugly details of the murder. In 'Remote Control' you can sit in a radio station and observe the ghastly manner in which Chicago's Ghost Gang interrupts the air program of the world's best announcer. And in 'Subway Express' you can take the most thrilling underground ride that the B. M. T. or the Interborough will ever offer you, and become a witness to as ingenious and horrific a murder as this murder-loving town has seen in many seasons."

Strong as the appetite of this autumn's audience is for crime, Mr. Brown discerns in it a demand upon the criminals "that their motives must be higher" than just that morbid interest in crime itself that the audience displays. This demand, indeed, goes further than any esthetic consideration, so much so that "when a taut, tingling, and truly intelligent thriller such as Patrick Hamilton's 'Rope's End' finds itself in the midst of the lesser murder plays now current in this town, you will find a great howl of horror is set up because there is no motive behind its villainy—at least no ordinary, normal motive."

"The thing which persuades its two neurotic Oxford students to kill a boy, hide his body in a chest, invite his father and some friends to a party in their apartment, and serve supper off that very casket, inside of which the corpse is crammed, is not a normal passion. It is, as Mr. Hamilton acknowledges with a bow to De Quincey and his famous essay 'On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts,' an esthetic one. It is nothing more or less than killing 'for the sake of danger and for the sake of killing.' It is a 'passionless, motiveless, faultless,' and, as the murderers vainly hope, a 'clueless' crime.

"It asks us, who are happy to be miserable before murder plays of a different sort, to delight in the hideous objectivity of a crime committed as a fine art.

"The story 'Rope's End' tells, as can not be disputed, is an unpleasant one. But so, of course, are the stories of all murder plays. It resembles the Loeb-Leopold case (tho Mr. Hamilton denies having known of it until after the play was written) to such an extent that it is doubly uncomfortable. But comfort, naturally enough, is the least of the things which Mr. Hamilton as the author of an avowed thriller has hoped to provide.

"'Rope's End' has other faults from the point of view of the moralists. It is so well written, so witty in its dialog, so filled with easy and cultivated speech, and people who are not workaday criminals, that it is impossible to look upon it merely as a sample of that trapdoor foolishness out of which most mystery murders are concocted.

"For another thing, the production Lee Shubert has brought over from England is acted with such consummate skill by Sebastian Shaw and Ivan Brandt as the two Oxford students, and Ernest Milton (except when he takes to shouting in his last act) as the decadent poet who traps them, that it defies you to maintain that spirit of objectivity in which the crime itself was committed.

"It compels you to become a part of its Macaber and sinister doings, sharing, tho not sympathizing, with the agony of its nerve-racked murderers as they come nearer and nearer to detection, and are finally turned over to justice.

"De Quincey, you remember, playfully suggested in his famous essay that we look upon a murder—when it was once committed, and there was nothing we could do to undo it or aid in tripping up the culprit—as an art. 'What's the use of any more virtue?' he wrote. 'Enough time has been given to morality; now comes the turn of taste and the fine arts.'

"He asked us to waive moral worries and to consider crime with a coldly professional and critical eye—in fact, to take the attitude that Aristotle took when he spoke of a 'perfect thief.'"

Mr. Hamilton's play "follows De Quincey's precepts closely." Thus:

"To begin with, its murder is committed before the first curtain goes up, so that, from the De Quinceyian view-point, morality and sympathy can be dispensed with and the mere technique of the crime considered as an intellectual problem. Likewise, the murder in 'Rope's End' is the product of sensitive tho unhinged minds, and the 'subject chosen' is not only a good man and a private character but also in the best of health. The murder, too, is free from the 'copious effusion of blood,' the 'gaudy display' to which De Quincey objected.

"'Rope's End' is unpleasant by intention. But whether it is more disgusting than most of its kind is a question which Mr. Hamilton puts in his preface to the English edition of his play.

"'Rope's End,' says he, 'endeavors to obtain its thrills without the employment of what has been to me disgusting in the truest sense of the word—namely physical and visual tortures upon the stage. To me, in the ordinary thriller and the Grand Guignolism of this decade, the incessant round of throat-slicings, eye-gougings, thumb-screwings, floggings, burnings, brain-twistings, charred bodies, and the like, is merely aimless and sickening. Indeed, this sort of thing can only derive from pure unimaginativeness or real unpleasantness of mind.'

"And there the choice becomes, needless to say, a matter of individual taste for those who do or do not like their murders straight in the theater."

We all remember and still marvel at the amount of macaroni eaten years ago in "The Music Master." Stage food, whether real or only simulated, sets the audience off from the main track of the play to think of this meal coming so soon after the actor's dinner. The problem comes up again in "Rope's End," and the *Evening Post's* reporter tells us something to relieve the mind from the horror of the play:

"The all-English cast which is presenting the play here was directed in London by Reginald Denham, who believes in faithfulness of representation in all things. If a script calls for chicken eating he insists that the actors eat chicken.

"In spite of their protestations that at 9:11 P. M., the hour at which supper is served in 'Rope's End,' they are still in a state of semi-satiety, he firmly ordered his cast to follow Mr. Hamilton's instructions to the letter. The management would furnish fresh, palatable food which they must consume.

"The first revolt came from Ernest Milton, head man in the cast. *Rupert Cadell*, the character he portrays, announces blithely that he is mad about salmon, that he can never get enough of it. It so happens that Milton's detestation of salmon in any form almost amounts to a phobia. He has not touched it for twenty years, and he informed Mr. Denham that he preferred going into another play rather than suffer nightly nausea. A hasty conference was held with a Piccadilly caterer, who agreed to supply for every performance tasty snacks of mackerel tricked out pinkly as salmon. When the play came here Mr. Milton speedily made the same arrangement with a Forty-fourth Street restaurateur. The other players are required to eat sandwiches, which they do."

THE GUILD'S VICTORY OVER BOSTON

ONE OF THOSE STRATEGIC RETREATS that end in victory seems to fall to the credit of the New York Theater Guild in its bout with Boston censorship. Boston's Mayor put the quencher on O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," booked to be played there. Instead of fighting the case in the courts, the Guild moved to Quincy, a few miles out, where Bostonians, so inclined, could easily reach the play by train, motor, or bus. The Mayor of Quincy saw no guile in the O'Neill opus and the two towns started it off with fireworks. If the Guild, however, came bringing, as it might be supposed to consider, a "monumental masterpiece," and Boston's Mayor repulsed it as "an affront to public decency," the Boston *Transcript's* famous critic, Mr. H. T. Parker, summons a classical episode to prove both wrong:

DEATH IN THE SUBWAY

The dead man tested by the stethoscope. A stage event occurring during "the most thrilling underground ride the B. M. T. or the Interborough will ever offer you."

"A considerable distance in space and time separates Main Street in Quincy of an actual Massachusetts from the Plains of Troy in a legendary Asia. As far removed is the current strife of the assailants and the defenders of Eugene O'Neill's play, 'Strange Interlude,' from the Homeric combats of Trojan and Grecian heroes. Yet the outcome of that prehistoric day and of last evening in the Quincy Theater was identical. In either instance the doughty warriors had contended over a fantom. The possession of Helen of Sparta, abducted by Paris of Troy, was the ostensible cause of the Trojan War. Around her Hector and the sons of Priam, Achilles, and Agamemnon's host, fought, bled, and died—for a sorceress's sprite; while the actual and radiant Helen lay under spell in Egypt.

"Similarly with the more ardent souls, tongues and pens of the present quarrel. Through a whole fortnight, on the one side hardly less than on the other, they have railed, brawled, attacked, and championed a non-existent play—to wit, 'Strange Interlude,' as they imagined it. Last evening, for the first time in this neighborhood, a contingent of the acting company of the Theater Guild disclosed the version for the stage drawn from the printed text by Philip Moeller as a producer and Mr. O'Neill as author, together working amicably. It is within the truth to say that the consequence, as at Troy, was general disillusion. For 'Strange Interlude,' as piece of the theater, is neither a monumental masterpiece nor an affront to public decency."

When all was over, Boston had a chance to see itself in the cold light of Mr. Parker's reason:

"There is no fathoming the minds of those who read a play in print or watch it in performance with every faculty concentrated upon the discovery and the proclamation of possible obscenities. That exercise is best left to such of the reverend clergy and other regulators of public morals as from time to time pursue it—zestfully. Easier to understand are those official censors wont to express moral indignation in terms of personal or political advantage. In the City Hall of Boston the curious have studied them with profit. Equally out of the court of reason fall those who rail at a play that they have neither read nor watched, condemning it by hearsay, or to be in current fashion. No more within that court may stand the sensation-mongers, taking sides for or against a play only that they may exploit it until it is time to go on to the next hysteria. Regretfully also must be barred those who cling to the ways, in print and in the theater, of an elder and vanishing generation to whom new freedoms are laxities, new candors, vulgarities, new questionings, depravities. They have walled themselves against the time-spirit. They forget that in others, it cries for release.

"Exclude all such and it is hard to discover any reasonable moral objection to 'Strange Interlude' as stage-piece. Mr. O'Neill's play searches out the dark workings of human minds, the secret places in human hearts; but such exploration is the custom and the prerogative of masterful imaginative playwrights. Mr. O'Neill's personages are fated by and of themselves. He submits them to no orthodox code of morals, no prescriptions of assumed or established authority. Again he is within his right. In his own acrid fashion, he speaks in the frank words of this present day. It is Canute-like to deny him and it an ingrained speech. Win out it must—and in the quick interchanges of the theater. No: the so-called moral objection to 'Strange Interlude' is an objection to the imagined course of imaginary characters. It is urged by such as find those courses repellent or at odds with what they consider authority; who resent the impulses, ideas, decisions, passions dictating them. All of which is to say that a censorship ordained reasonably enough as a protection of the innocent against pornography, becomes a censorship of ideas and substance plied against books and plays by those who mistrust them. Or else degenerates into mere hysterical shrieking. Against such a censorship whoever regards freedom will insistently fight. No more, in the long run, will any intelligent community tolerate it."

THE COVER—Mr. Ferris again claims the cover, this time with his colorful picture of the "Landing of William Penn" in 1682, founding the colony of Pennsylvania. Royalists, Indians, trappers, sailors, and sober Quakers form the ensemble, with a noble ship of the time in the background. For further details we turn to the artist's note:

"Penn and his immediate friends came up (from Chester) in an open boat or barge; and because of the peculiar fitness as 'a landing place of the low and sandy beach' at the mouth of the once beautiful and rural Dock Creek, they then came to the shore by the side of Guest's new house, then in a state of building, the same known in primitive annals as 'the Blue Anchor Tavern.'

"The whole scene was animating and cheering. On the shore were gathered, to cheer his arrival, most of the inhabitants who had preceded him. The busy builders who had been occupied at the construction of Guest's new house, and at the connecting link of 'Budd's long Row' forsook their labors to join in the general greetings.

"Indians were in the throng, and could be seen paddling their canoes down the smooth waters of the creek. Penn's first knowledge of the province came through his trusteeship of the William Byllinge estate in West New Jersey. In its settlement he became so well acquainted with the region that he was induced to accept it as an equivalent for a claim against the Crown. Some friends had settled and built on the western side of the Delaware before Penn came or Philadelphia was laid out; Thomas Fairman had a house at the Treaty Tree in Shackamaxon, Stevenson had another near the Swedish log church and blockhouse in Southwark, and there were others.

"It may be that our concern for the woes of the Plymouth settlers may have made us forget that the trials of the Quakers and other colonists were not less. Thirty died of smallpox on the *Welcome*, and many more during the winter. At Jamestown, in the Autumn of 1609, there were five hundred alive; by June sixty only had survived."

OPERA, LOVE, JEALOUSY, AND TEETH

WHEN THE OPERA SEASON OPENS New Yorkers will hear again Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and, if they listen attentively to the words, will hear the composition of an eccentric Italian who was librettist also for Mozart's "Mariage de Figaro" and "Cosi Fan Tutti." He was Lorenzo da Ponte, who lived long in New York and closed his eyes here. His "Memoirs," recently published in English, are "full of malicious anecdotes, told with a slightly fantastic humor." *The New Statesman* (London) so characterizes them, and gives a fair specimen in proof. The incident occurred in Vienna in 1781

"At this time all my work was interrupted by a strange and painful adventure which is worth recalling among the most extraordinary events of my life. A base fellow, an Italian, who was not good-looking, agreeable, young or rich, had fallen desperately in love with a beautiful girl at whose house I was living. She, however, not only did not like him, but hated and scorned him as much as any young woman ever could the ugliest man. One day when he had been worrying her to know the cause of her hatred, she replied, 'Firstly, because you're uglier than the devil, and secondly, because I love Da Ponte.' And to drive it home, she began praising me as tho I had really been a young Adonis. I had not spoken to this young girl half-a-dozen times in my life, nor had I any reason to think she loved me, because she knew I loved another woman who lived in the same house. . . . The consequences of this pleasantry, however, were to me most disastrous. It was the cause of my losing all my teeth at the age of thirty-four, it made a year of my life wholly wretched, and very nearly terminated it altogether."

The writer in *The New Statesman* completes the tale, which perhaps was Da Ponte's invention:

"What happened was that the Italian gave him a bottle of liquid for his toothache which turned out to be *aqua fortis*, and only the chance intrusion of his wardrobe woman at the moment when he was washing his gums with this medicine prevented him from being fatally poisoned. Da Ponte relates a sequel to this story. Eight years later, his attention was attracted by a crowd of people in the street, and approaching he saw 'a big, heavy man fallen on his face, covered with his own blood, his face disfigured, injured, and crusht, and lying near him on the ground four large teeth which looked as if they were but just struck out of his mouth.' He recognized in this man the Italian 'who eight years before had caused me to lose mine.' Adventures like this occur in every chapter of the book, as pungent and as incredible."

Since Da Ponte is favored to live as long as Mozart survives, a few more glimpses of him are not amiss:

"He seems to have been quarrelsome, alternately mean and generous, and unlucky in his encounters. As a poet he had little more than a fashionable talent. Most of the librettos which he wrote for Mozart, Alfieri, and others were adapted from existing plays. He even produced a version of '*The Comedy of Errors*.' One gets a glimpse of him in Vienna working on three operas at the same time (for Mozart he was writing '*Don Giovanni*'). He says to a friend:

"'At night I shall write for Mozart, and I shall regard it as reading Dante's Inferno; in the morning I shall write for Martin, and that will be like reading Petrach; in the evening for Salieri, and that will be my Tasso.'

"His good fortune, however, did not last long. His patron, Joseph II, died, and Da Ponte was banished by his successor. The reason for this has never been explained; possibly he published a libel against the new emperor. After a few years spent in Italy and England, he sailed for America, and kept himself alive there by selling books and taking pupils."

WEEK-ENDING FROM COLLEGE

YALENSIAN "WEEK-ENDS" have of late been the subject of much criticism. It has even been charged that students go to Yale more for junketings, from Friday to Monday, in New York and Long Island than for serious attacks on academic subjects. Some part of the charge seems to be true from the tenor of President Angell's opening address to the students on the first day of the college term. As the newspapers have reported him, President Angell has a pretty ironic wit:

"The generation to which you, young men, belong is notoriously restless, and does not feel that it is really enjoying itself unless it is going somewhere at high speed, the destination often a matter of relatively small consequence. It will be only two or three years before the airplane will be taking our week-enders to points at present impossibly remote. Palm Beach is quite likely to be a rival with New York for undergraduate patronage.

"One of the few chances which you really have to make intimate friendship with your classmates is during the relative leisure of the week-end, and the men who systematically withdraw from New Haven at that time are not only depriving themselves of this very genuine source of value in their college experience, but they are subjecting themselves to fatigue and excitement, which bring them back jaded and unfit to do their college work on Monday.

"Our university authorities have given frequent and serious consideration to this problem, and there has more than once been urged the wisdom of establishing the habit of required registration in New Haven once or twice on Sunday.

"The objections to this will suggest themselves readily. At the same time, I think that the undergraduates should realize that, if this practise is not curbed, the university may be driven to take some action in the matter. The natural and normal cure for it is the building up of a responsible student opinion which will create a binding tradition that the Yale man is at Yale for the interest and value of the Yale life, and not merely for the purpose of using it as a commuting station between New York and Boston, to say nothing of Northampton and Poughkeepsie."

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

YALE'S IRONIC PRESIDENT

James Rowland Angell, who fears Yale students may soon be week-ending at Palm Beach, via airplane, by present signs.

President Angell, representing the Faculty's cogitations, does not content himself with saying so much, and letting the matter work itself out. Realizing that the development of class-system has given decreasing opportunity for intercourse of a social nature among the college body, the following corrective is to be attempted:

"We are going to try creating residential groups of about 200 men, ultimately representing each college class, and with the ablest and most attractive faculty members on the house staff that we can command.

"We believe that sentiment may quickly become attached to houses based on friendship for fellow-members, based also on the beauty and attractiveness of the buildings, on athletic and other rivalries with other houses, and as a hospitable haven to which to return as alumni. We see in the possible development of such houses a system which may take over and absorb into itself most of the values which inhered in the class spirit of an earlier generation.

"The problem of the fraternities will require careful thought, and there may be curiosity as to how the members of the house will be selected.

"We trust that there will be no necessity for anything but voluntary selection, tho we should wish to establish certain negative relations which would bring it to pass that no one type of man should monopolize a particular house.

"While the elective system and the great size of our classes are the most commonly alleged causes of the breakdown of class spirit, I am disposed to think that another element even more serious is that of the week-end exodus, which takes men away from New Haven for a couple of days or more, time after time throughout the year."

ACTOR SPEECH OR SPEAKIE?—Drama critics who decry the speech of the speakies, should turn their guns on their own speakers—the legitimate stage—thinks a contributor to The Conning Tower (New York *World*):

"Because these gentlemen, at the play, sit practically on the proscenium arch—or less than a tomato's throw from the stage—they ignore the auditory miseries of us drama fiends in row K and further back, who consider it so much velvet when we catch any word at all from up front; and they seem to imply, in poaching on the cinema's territory, that all is well among the vowels and consonants of their own, their native art. I say them nay! To this day it is still a colossal oral feat to make out what most of our celebrated actors are muttering among themselves upon the stages of Broadway; and the player whose enunciation carries to the far reaches of the back row would seem almost to be giving away secrets. Alas, it is such picayunities which mar the evening and turn one's thoughts, willy-nilly, toward murder, as much as any moronism in dialog, plot, or characterization. If it be not plain to me, what care I how good it be? Let the drama oracles tidy up their own Augean glass stables first; and later turn an attentive besom to the most inchoate feature of the infant art."

WHEN ART IS AS DEAD AS THE DODO—That is a time to which we are verging, in the opinion of George Moore, the Irish novelist. Already we are there so far as subjects for his own art are concerned, and his next book, now finished, will take us back to ancient Greece in the story of "Aphrodite in Aulis." Giving air to his view on this theme to an interviewer in *The Sunday Times* (London) he says:

"I am unable to express my opinion as to the merits of 'Aphrodite in Aulis,' but I can tell you why I abandoned modern life—it seems too highly mechanized for art. A man walking or riding a horse is more human than a man driving a motor-car; a pack-horse on the downs is more human than a lorry. Somebody (I have forgotten his name for the moment) has prophesied that in two hundred years the world will have become so thoroughly mechanized that there will be no more art, music, or literature; in a word, that the Age of Art will be as dead as the dodo. This is but a prophecy. I wonder if prophets will exist in two hundred years' time. Air-planes are machines, and therefore outside the domain of art. Music has become mechanical, too. Wireless spreads all over the world. Before two hundred years have passed there will be but three cities in England—London, Birmingham, and Manchester—the countryside will have disappeared."

"And that is why you chose the age of Pericles for your new book?" queried the interviewer—

"I am not sure. I translated a Greek story, 'Daphnis and Chloe,' and the translation pleased me. That may have led me unconsciously to write 'Aphrodite.' But I may be wrong; no man knows the whole of himself."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

PROHIBITION AS SEEN FROM HULL HOUSE

DISARMAMENT IS THE FIRST NEED in the Prohibition field, believes Jane Addams, of Hull House fame, who by the very nature of her work may be considered a competent judge of the workings of this great experiment in social endeavor. Her observations are given as from the side lines, as she watches the ebb and flow of the battle, and, if at times they are a bit disconcerting, she is at least convinced that to give up now in the effort to make the experiment work, or even to modify seriously the Eighteenth Amendment, would be to obtain not even a negative result, and would mean that we never could be clear as to the real effect of national Prohibition. She has seen blood and money squandered in the name of intoxicants, mothers and children driven to the street by drink-crazed fathers and husbands, youth broken on the wheel of alcoholic misfortune, and homes emptied of all the sanctities and turned into little more than refuges of last resort. On the other hand, she notes that in pre-Volstead days happiness and release from reality were associated with drinking, and much of the social life for men centered around drinking together. But there is no doubt, she says, that more wholesome outlets are gradually being substituted in spite of the fact that many young men are very eager to demonstrate their superiority to law, and consider this demonstration an enterprise in sport.

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"WHAT PROHIBITION NEEDS, FIRST OF ALL, IS DISARMAMENT"

Says Miss Jane Addams, famous social welfare worker, who has observed its operation from the vantage point at Hull House, Chicago. One of the worst features of the pre-Prohibition dance-halls, she says, was drunkenness, but a search of 4,500 people at a dance-hall a few months ago revealed that only three were carrying flasks. "The entire dance-hall situation has been affected by Prohibition."

Miss Addams has established her reputation the world over as a social welfare worker, and she is regarded as an authority in interpreting American life. When, therefore, she has a word to say on Prohibition in the great capital of the Middle West, where press reports frequently regale us with lurid stories of bootleggers' battles, and where often, it has been charged, the police connive with the criminal element, her voice is worthy of attention. Additional importance is lent to her testimony by the reexamination of law-enforcement methods now under way. Miss Addams speaks to us through *The Survey Graphic* (New York). She tells us of the saloons in the old days, many of them centers of crime and under political control; of the dance-halls, in which liquor was the chief lure, and where other dangers were ever present, and observes:

"The carelessness of the city toward such social conditions was the more astounding in that we all know that public dance-halls offered then as now the only opportunity open to thousands of young men for meeting the girls whom they will later marry. Nature, always anxious that human beings shall reveal themselves to each other, at no time makes the impulse so imperative as at that period when youth is dreaming of love and marriage. The imaginative powers, the sense that life possesses variety and color, are realized most easily in moments of pleasure and comradeship, and it is then that individual differences and variations are disclosed. All day long the young people work in factories, where every effort is made that they should conform to a common standard; as they walk upon the streets they make painful exertions to appear in the prevailing mode of dress and to keep conventions. Only in moments of recreation does their sense of individuality expand; they are then able to reveal, as at no other time, that hidden self which is so important to each of us.

"The owners of the dance-halls were themselves sometimes touched by the helplessness of these young people who came to them in such numbers, and asked for help. In turn, the Juvenile Protective Association, at the request of individual dance-halls, appointed social workers, who, with the aid of specially designated policemen, endeavored to watch conditions in the halls. Not until after Prohibition was established in 1919, however, was it possible to do this for all the public dance-halls within the city-wide association of dance-halls. Every boy and man who pays an entrance fee is examined by an officer for a flask; if a flask is found, it is taken away from him, and in his presence the contents are poured down the sewer. At one of the large dance-halls, a few months ago, in one evening, out of forty-five hundred people examined, only three were found carrying flasks. Such a regulation, of course, would have been impossible unless the sale of liquor had been made illegal. The entire dance-hall situation has been affected by it. Since there is no profit to be made from selling liquor, most of the public dances conducted by private organizations have been discontinued, public dancing is more and more conducted in large halls by professional dance-hall promoters."

One of the worst features of the pre-Prohibition dance-halls was drunkenness among men patrons and girls, whose condition, says Miss Addams, was used by the myrmidons of vice for grosser evils, for which opportunity was ever present and is not now entirely abated. But if alcohol was associated with these vices, Miss Addams tells us, it was also associated with homely and wholesome things. For instance:

"A certain type of treating had a social value which has disappeared, and doubtless large family parties have been less frequent, with the lure of drink and the consequent element of hilarity removed. Callers were often regaled with beer brought from the corner saloon, often illegally sold to a child who was hurriedly sent to get it for the visitor. Impecunious neighbors, it was said, sometimes called for the sake of the beer hospitality, and neighborliness has doubtless declined in those houses in which drink has disappeared. The Italians consider a wedding at which there is no wine for drinking the health of the bride to be an absolutely unnatural affair, and the substitute of 'soft drinks' to be most unsatisfactory. Nevertheless, Bowen Hall, belonging to Hull House, is used almost every week-end for a large Italian wedding party, altho no alcoholic drinks are allowed there."

It is hard, says Miss Addams, to exaggerate what excessive drinking did in the way of disturbing domestic relations, and yet "in any discussion of the economic effects of Prohibition it is always difficult to generalize, because years of general prosperity followed the war." But, she tells us:

"During those first two years, beginning with 1919, we were all elated by the marked decrease in so-called 'disorderly conduct.' A large section of the City House of Correction was closed, and the so-called 'tremens ward' of the county hospital. It was said by temperance enthusiasts that the doctors complained that they did not have enough cases of delirium tremens for clinical purposes. The local drink-cure establishment closed for lack of patrons. Our neighborhood registered a general lack of street disorders and also of family quarrels, which had so often put a mother and little children into the streets, turned out by a drunken father, sometimes in the middle of the night. From our first years at Hull House, we had had such forlorn families seeking refuge behind our brick walls.

"In those halcyon days of the early Prohibition period factory managers said that industrial accidents were doubtless fewer, but their statement was more emphatic in regard to the increased efficiency of the workers, and especially the elimination of 'blue Monday.' The personnel department in many concerns had long refused to take on even an occasional drinker for any responsible position involving the use of valuable machinery, but they stated that under these conditions their task of selection had become much easier. Our own experience, corroborated by the teachers in all the local schools, confirmed the reports throughout the country, that the increased prosperity of the parents kept the children in school, and that many more of them were sent to high school."

Turning to the astonishing rise of the bootlegging industry, associated with murder, hi-jacking and reprisal and carried on under arms, Miss Addams says "bootleg liquor is integrated with vice and crime quite as liquor always has been." It is the lure in roadhouses and places of more unhallowed name; it gives rise to the motor-car bandit; it is inextricably involved with the development of the automobile. Many youngsters take to the flask simply as a piece of bravado; but "there is a general impression that this braggadocio movement is spending itself, and that a reaction has set in among the young people."

THE OPEN DOOR

By Grace Coolidge

(Written on the fifth anniversary of
the death of Calvin Coolidge, Jr.)

YOU, my son,
Have shown me God.
Your kiss upon my cheek
Has made me feel the gentle touch
Of Him who leads us on.
The memory of your smile, when young,
Reveals His face,
As mellowing years come on apace.
And when you went before,
You left the gates of Heaven ajar
That I might glimpse,
Approaching from afar,
The glories of His grace.
Hold, son, my hand,
Guide me along the path,
That, coming,
I may stumble not
Nor roam,
Nor fail to show the way
Which leads us—Home.

—*Copyright, 1929, by Good Housekeeping Magazine.*

What then? In one month, Miss Addams recites, a committee of investigation broke up the sale of cocain, opium, and other drugs in violation of the law, at a cost not exceeding $1,000, and she asserts that if such a situation could be changed through an aroused public opinion, certainly the present one, connected with the illicit sale of liquor, can also be changed. However, she says:

"Whatever the final decision, one thing I am quite clear about, that what the Prohibition situation needs, first of all, is disarmament. If this necessitates Federal control of the sale of firearms, so much the better; but whatever is necessary for the final results, the Federal agents should promptly be taught some other methods than those of gunmen. It is their business to bring lawbreakers into court and not to punish on the spot. That the police of the Irish Free State, established immediately after the evacuation of the English troops, and after Ireland's civil war, could go unarmed in the midst of a population still carrying concealed weapons, encourages me to believe that brave and conscientious men may be found to make arrests without firearms, as the English police have done for so many years. There is an obvious need for a tireless intellectual effort, as well as for a sympathetic interpretation of the situation.

"Out of my own experience I am convinced that our experiment in the United States is being watched all over the world, both by the few people who believe that the governmental Prohibition of the indiscriminate use of alcohol marks an upward trend in civilization, and by those who crave for their own country the economic advantages which Prohibition entails, believing that the increased speed and mechanization of life, not only in transportation but in our daily living, requires the protection it affords."

CHURCH CONTROL FOR CHINESE—Chinese Congregationalists are to have the conduct of their own churches, under a decision of the American Board of that denomination, which thus becomes the first, we are told, to transfer control into native hands. Dr. Herbert C. Rugg, of the Congregational National Council, is quoted thus:

"The transfer of the control of all mission activities to the Chinese is in accordance with the declared policy of the American Board for all its missions, and has been the goal for the work in North China since it was started in 1860. The arrangement for entire Chinese control is also said to be in accordance with the findings of the International Missionary Council at its meeting in Jerusalem last year.

"The missionaries under their new status are to serve on a basis of complete equality with their Chinese associates. They are expected to become members of a local Chinese church, and will receive their assignments from the Chinese board. All questions of location, transfer, furlough, and resignation are to be settled by the Chinese board in consultation with the missionary concerned. The missionaries are to receive their first appointments to China and to return after a furlough, only upon invitation from the Chinese board. Their direct allegiance while in China is to be to the Chinese churches, because experience teaches 'the importance of avoiding dual control.'

"The American missionaries who will be under the Chinese board number 117. They comprise twenty-five ordained men, five men physicians, one woman physician, eleven other men, thirty-six wives, and thirty-nine single women. The Chinese force comprises fourteen ordained men, 291 teachers, and 266 evangelistic workers, including eighty-seven women."

CENSORING THE BIBLE FOR CHILDREN

A SPADE'S A SPADE, but the National Sunday School Union of England, dispatches tell us, has issued an expurgated copy of the Bible for the use of children and young people, and thereby, says one commentator, given vast encouragement to the reading of an unexpurgated edition. The story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, say the press reports, has been rewritten, the story of the Prodigal Son has been softened, and the account of the woman taken in adultery has been entirely eliminated from this new edition. This blue-penciling of the Bible finds little approval on this side of the Atlantic. It is possible that the expurgations will be found generally intelligent and discriminating, comments the Detroit *Free Press*, but they will hardly be found universally satisfactory. In deciding what is proper and useful, we are told, personal background, prejudice and training affect the opinion of the individual materially. "Those who believe in the verbal inspiration of the Bible can not consistently countenance the omission of a line or the disappearance or alteration of a word." And, says *The Free Press:*

> "Aside from all that, there is room for questioning seriously the practical good sense of censorship of the holy text. Children of tender years can be guided individually in selecting parts of the Book to read. Those who are more mature are certain to gain knowledge regarding the seamy side of life in one way or another, and the best way for them to get it is to have it come in a matter-of-fact, decent way without sniggerings and whisperings, or conversations behind doors or in corners. By expurgating it, the Sunday School Union conveys a suggestion that the Bible is salacious in spots, which it never is."

It is discouraging to the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* that "Bible tinkering, so prevalent in America, has spread to England." In this country, we are told, the tinkering usually takes the form of rewriting the Scriptures in the idiom of a Broadway revue. In England, however, it is proposed to tamper with the heart of the text. And where is it all to end? asks *The Commercial Appeal.* In its own opinion:

> "Unless the revisionists cease, Bible Christianity will find itself in perilous straits. The inner strength of Protestantism among English-speaking peoples has resided for 300 years in the integrity of the King James version. This text is a common racial heritage. In the tradition were nurtured Milton, Bunyan, Wesley, Penn, and Williams.
>
> "'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,' has comforted millions. 'Yahweh rules me, I lack nothing' is no text to carry into the valley of the shadow of death."

In expurgating the story of the woman taken in adultery, the English editors have edited the vitality out of the message which Jesus intended to bring to the world, thinks the Baltimore *Sun*, and it says:

> "That shamefaced exit is one of the most perfect episodes in all the Four Gospels. Is it too much to conclude that the reason for leaving out a story which contains the gist of Jesus' gospel of tolerance, forbearance, and forgiveness is not merely that adultery is mentioned? May not that chapter particularly irritate the censors because it gives concise and classic evidence of Jesus' way of disposing of censorious and stony-faced people who are so eternally zealous to cast the beam out of their brothers' eyes without previous optical treatment for themselves?"

Certain passages might be omitted from the oral Sunday-school lesson, but it is not necessary that they be withdrawn or rewritten, observes the Indianapolis *News*, which reminds us that "most denominations predicate their creeds on the belief that the Bible is inspired." Thus, it says, "any organization treads on dangerous ground when it begins a job of editing." But this expurgation may have at least one salutary effect, points out the Boston *Globe*, saying:

> "Latterly, the Bible has not been read nearly as much as would be well. Perhaps there will be a considerable number of people who will be moved by curiosity to get hold of a Bible, provided they are assured that it has not been expurgated. Those who do so can not but find the experience of reading it profitable."

A PRIME MINISTER AS A PROPHET

TURNED PREACHER FOR THE MOMENT, Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada recently advised a convocation of Presbyterian clergymen at Ottawa not to be diverted by "sideshows" but to concern themselves with the eternal verities. "I have," he said, as he is quoted in *The Reformed Church Messenger*, "a growing conviction of the place the Church and religion hold in the life of the nation and the world, but especially of the influence of the rural church and the country preacher." But, he goes on:

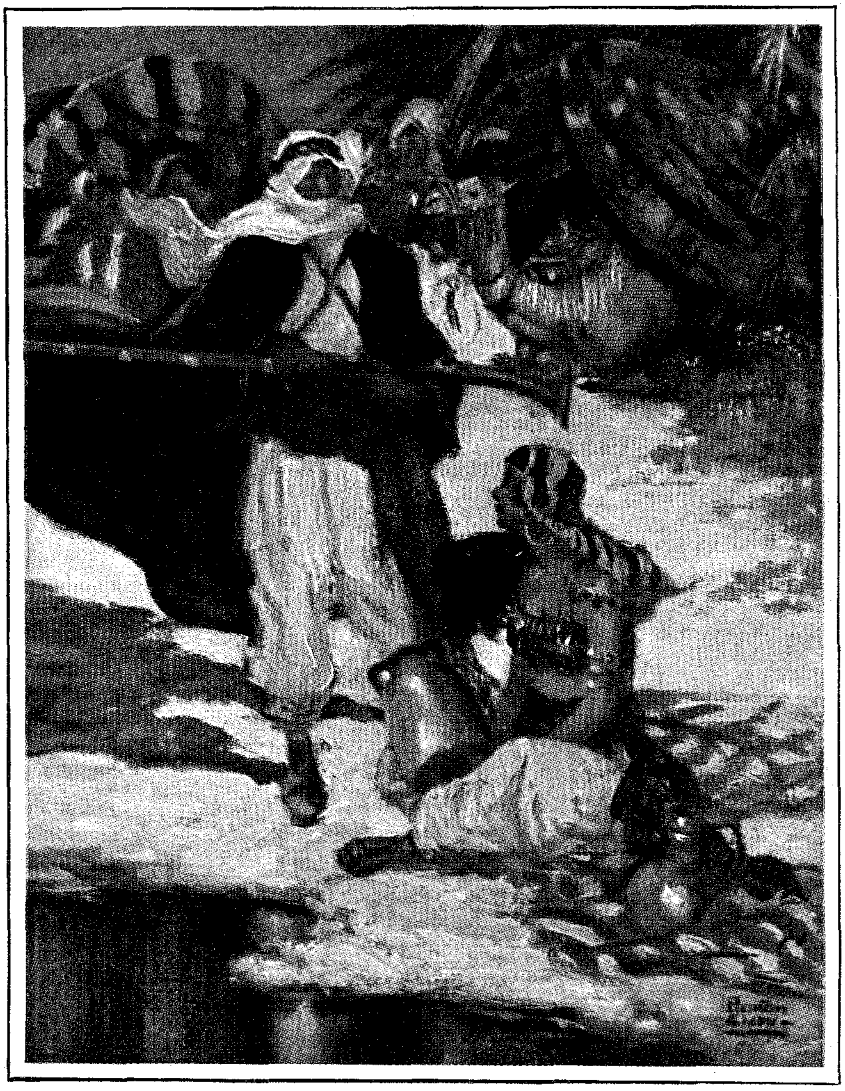
> "I frequently view with cynicism, contempt, and even grief, the advertisements I see outside some churches, trying to compete with the movies, because I feel that the people who are drawn by that sort of thing go away with as little permanent profit as those attending some other forms of entertainment. Let the Church get down to realities; back to her true mission of spiritual things. And if the Church does that, then the application of religion will take care of itself. If I were a preacher I would preach on this text every Sunday of my life: 'Let this mind be in you which is also in Christ Jesus'—that mind which is concerned with intellectual and spiritual things."

This plea doubtless contains much sound sense, comments *The Reformed Church Messenger;* but it is not so sure that the application of religion will take care of itself "when the messengers of the Most High lack either the purpose, the courage, or the definiteness to 'get down to brass tacks' and give contemporary illustrations or applications of the lofty principles of the gospel they proclaim." Rather, it says:

> "We hope that Premier King's appeal is not for that sort of 'simple gospel' which is too simple to convict of sin the politicians, proponents of big business, and other sinners who have an ax to grind and do not want religion to interfere with their dividends. Sometimes it is an inexorable duty for the representative of the living Christ to say: 'Thou art the man!' It is so easy for great masses of men to give assent to the principles of the Christian gospel with scarcely any recognition at all of how some of their own practises are condemned by such principles. The more complex life becomes, the more necessary is the practical application of the teachings we profess to accept. Not one of us is immune to the necessity for such a heart-searching discipline. We are seeking, for example, an adequate conception of 'Christian Patriotism' because that is one of the practical ways in our own generation to discover if we 'have the mind which is also in Christ Jesus.' Applied Christianity is truly the need of the hour."

CHURCH MERGERS GAINING GROUND—The movement for fewer and better churches by means of consolidation seems to be spreading to the cities of Ohio from the rural and village territory, in which it has been gaining ground for some ten or fifteen years, observes *The Christian Century* (Undenominational). The latest instance is the authorization for the merger of two Methodist churches in Columbus, and we read further:

> "Two other mergers have been consummated in Columbus in the past year and a half—two Episcopal churches uniting to form the new St. Stephen's Church, and Plymouth Congregational and First Christian Church coming together in the Federated Christian Congregational Church. At Lima a Christian and a Congregational Church have united, and at Barberton the Reformed (U. S.) and Presbyterian congregations have formed a federated church. A handsome new church building recently dedicated at Tiffin was made possible by the union of two Reformed churches. In both urban and rural territory the Ohio Council of Churches, which has been active in promoting local consolidation, lists nearly 100 united churches, and it is constantly receiving calls for advice and guidance in dealing with new merger proposals. Rev. B. F. Lamb, executive secretary of the Ohio council and president of the National Association of Church Council Secretaries, created something of a sensation several years ago by publicly asserting that Columbus would be better served by forty or fifty strong churches, distributed over the city like the public schools, adequately equipped and provided with staffs of specialized workers, than by its present 200 churches; a corresponding readjustment of church facilities would be equally beneficial in practically any other city, he urged."



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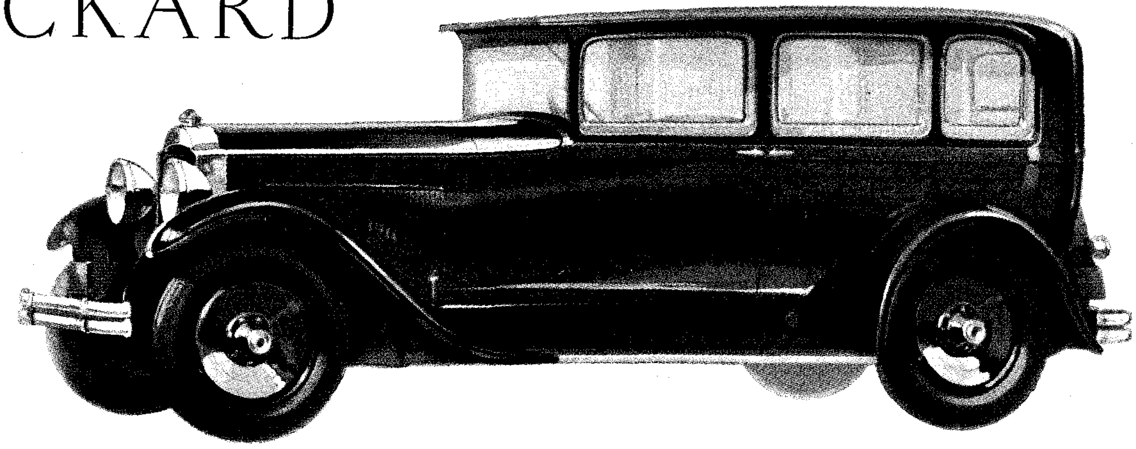


CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

THIS poem should be intoned; there is no other way of managing it without punctuation marks. It can be made to sound like a bell tolling. It is in *The Yale Review* (Autumn).

IMMORTAL AUTUMN

By Archibald MacLeish

I speak this poem now with grave and level voice
In praise of autumn of the far horn winding fall
I praise the flower barren fields the clouds the tall
Unanswering branches where the wind makes sullen noise

I praise the fall it is the human season
now
No more the foreign sun does meddle at our earth
Enforce the green and thaw the frozen soil to birth
Nor winter yet weigh all with silence the pine bough

But now in autumn with the black and outcast crows
Share we the spacious world the whispering year is gone
There is more room to live now the once secret dawn
Comes late by daylight and the dark unguarded goes

Between the mutinous brave burning of the leaves
And winter's covering of our hearts with his deep snow
We are alone there are no evening birds we know
The naked moon the tame stars circle at our eaves

It is the human season on this sterile air
Do words outcarry breath the sound goes on and on
I hear a dead man's cry from autumn long since gone
I cry to you beyond upon this bitter air

This ghost house gives a pleasant shiver in *The Virginia Quarterly Review:*

THE HOUSE BY THE MARSH

By Hervey Allen

No, there is never anybody there,
Only a battered memory in its face
Remains like wisdom in a platitude,
Hardly worth while to trace.
Yet on one night of highest altitude
Canopus always comes to satisfy
Himself with watchdog stare
And bloodshot eye
That there is never anybody there.

It seems—perhaps—they might come back again,
Who left this grim house staring at the marsh,
Listening to sucking tides day after day
Listening to clucking marsh hens and the harsh,
Drear wind of autumn—or the calm
Drone of the trade wind, and the psalm
Of moonlight ripples on the fen—
It seems as if they must come back again.

What more than pain would their lost ecstasies
Now be to them if exiled from this ground!
Who left behind mysterious memories
And open doors in rooms without a sound.
Here they lay breast to breast and skull to skull,
Striving to prove the garments of their bones
Were not so dead, and not so very dull.
Will they now stay in bed all night with stones?
Whether they come or not I cannot say—
There is a sunken grave.
Someone is waiting till I go away,
Meanwhile the shadows wave—

Like mouths of nothing in this solitude,
The moon of dry hydrangeas makes old lace;
The old house weathers in one attitude,
The fretwork staggering across its face.
And this, the night of his high altitude,
That star will climb the zodiacal stair
To satisfy himself with bloodshot eye
For one short hour in the southern sky
That there is never anybody there.

Digging deep into memory may bring forth from each one the moment of life's initiation like this one who squares his shoulders in the English *Review* (London):

WHERE I TOOK HOLD OF LIFE

By R. P. T. Coffin

Wild roses have reclaimed the field
Where I took hold of life
And guided my first plough along
Like a silver knife.

The brown thrush sings without a break
Where I turned to a man,
And stepped out straight into the world
Behind a lurching span.

The clay was too uneven there
For him my father hired
To go with reins looped on his neck
And plough as he desired.

"Suppose you hold the handles, son,
And try to keep her straight."
The two halves of the universe
Rolled back and made a gate.

And I went through with desperate
Bare toes that scored the clay;
No woman yet has made my heart
Beat as it beat that day.

When I turned at last and saw
My furrow running true,
My head was higher by a hand,
So fast my thigh-bones grew.

The wild rose and the thrush may take
Their field and welcome now;
It made its man, and it may rest
For ever from the plough!

The latest number of *The New Adelphi* (London) has this poem by Katherine Mansfield showing her tendency to humanize natural phenomena:

A SUNSET

By Katherine Mansfield

A beam of light was shaken out of the sky
On to the brimming tide, and there it lay,
Palely tossing like a creature condemned to die
Who has loved the bright day.

Ah, who are these that wing through the shadowy air?
She cries, in agony. *Are they coming for me?*
The big waves croon to her: Hush now! There, now, there!
There is nothing to see.

But her white arms lift to cover her shining head,
And she presses close to the waves to make herself small.
On their listless knees the beam of light lies dead,
And the birds of shadow fall.

In a little booklet, "Life's Worth Living" (Philadelphia), Mr. Bancroft pays a tribute to a little St. Lawrence village that Canadian travelers will recall:

TADOUSAC

By Charles Bancroft

I've seen the Thousand Islands,
In the beauty of the dawn,
And sailed on Lake Ontario,
When shades of night were drawn;
I've wandered in Toronto,
Climbed the "Mount" at Montreal,
Run the great St. Lawrence rapids,
Where the waters swirl and fall.

I've slept up in the Chateau,
At Quebec; and known the thrill
Of rambling through the "old town"
And the fort up on the hill.
I've felt the sacred beauty
Of the splendor on Sag'nay;
The warmth of homespun blankets
That were made at Murray Bay.

But in my soul's a hunger
Once again for Tadousac;
The endless fascination
Of its quaintness draws me back.
I hear again the mission bell
That calls the folks to prayer,
And as I walk the city streets
My heart is with them there.

You might look far to get a better glimpse of loneliness than *The New Yorker* gives you here:

WITCH IN THE FOREST

By Genova Charlot

She lived there alone
A year and a day.
An orchid hunter
Who passed that way

Remembered long
Her hostile stare:
The tossed light on
Her sorrel hair

That leapt like flame
About her head.
Her feet were shod
(Or so he said)

In moccasin flowers.
But nobody heard
From the man who saw her,
One sensible word,

So nobody listened.
The day she was gone,
The spruces glistened,
The clearing shone,

And the spider, up
At the crack of dawn,
Finished another
Pentagon.

It may be the plethora of war books, war novels, that leads this contributor to the London *Mercury* to make merry over a dreaded war-engine:

BALLADE OF NOTABLE DECEASE

By H. S. Mackintosh

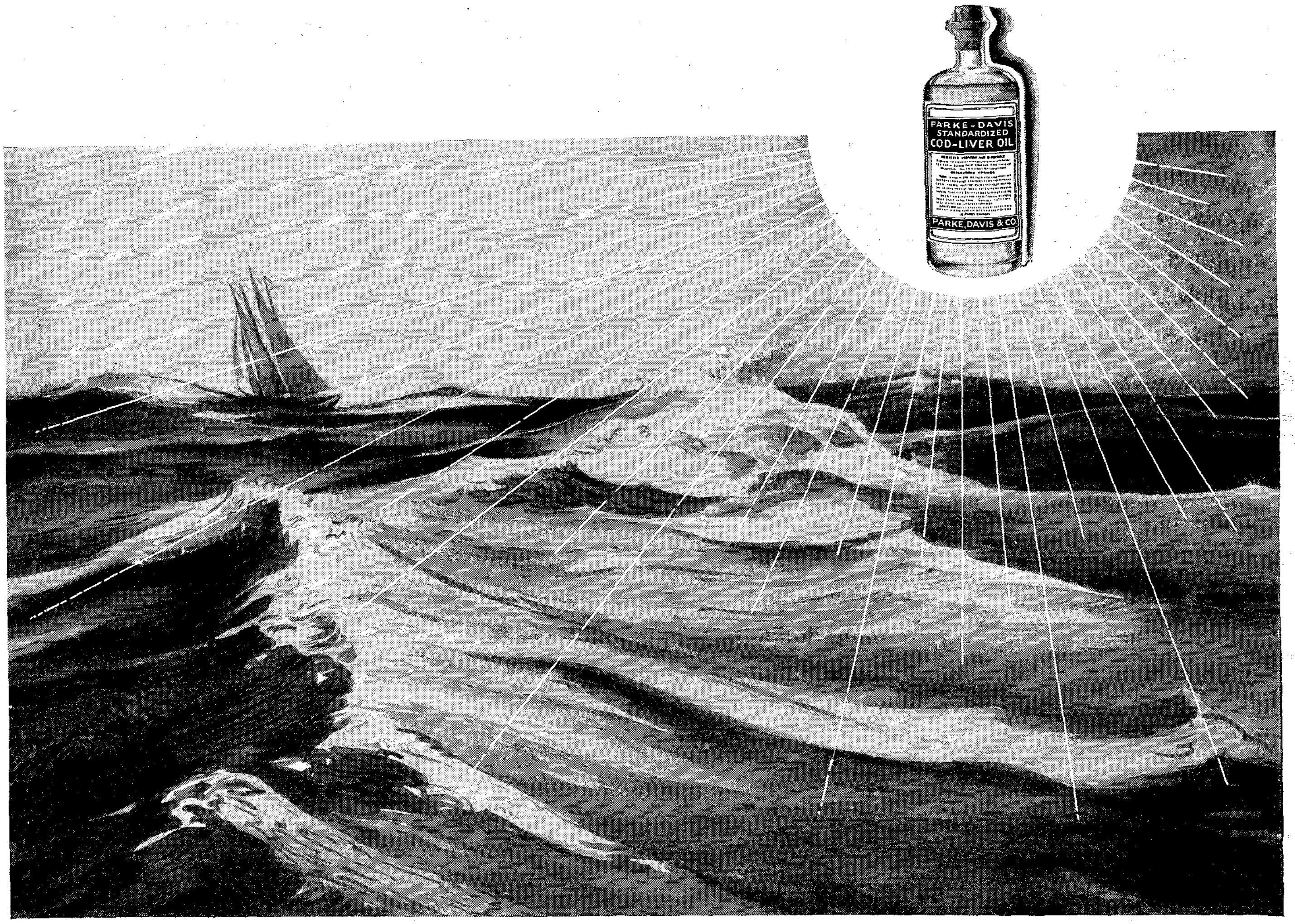
Some die of illnesses like gout or 'flu,
Others are blown to bits by shot and shell,
But such *expensive* deaths are vouched to few
Compared with that of her whose fate I tell,—
Who now adorns the Fields of Asphodel,
(Yes,—a connection, though of lowly rank,
Her glorious Finis makes my bosom swell,)—
My great-aunt's niece's governess was killed by a *Tank.*

One's relatives were slain at Waterloo,
Or trying to convert the Infidel;
The sires of others perished in the Zoo;
Old Goldstein died because he didn't sell
His shares before the Rubber Market fell;
Some of our forbears had to walk the plank:
—These instances are just a bagatelle,—
My great-aunt's niece's governess was killed by a *Tank.*

A snake of sorts made Egypt's Queen "napoo":
Wild dogs devoured the luckless Jezebel;
A Roman dame has just been sawn in two,
(—She mocked Il Duce in a villanelle);
A Polish girl, whose name I cannot spell,
Was strangled in her bath,—a silly prank!
I have a more illustrious parallel,—
My great-aunt's niece's governess was killed by a *Tank.*

Envoy.

You, Sir, who languish in a prison cell,
You will be hanged,—you have yourself to thank,
You told Lord R-th-rm-r- to "go to H—ll,"—
My great-aunt's niece's governess was killed by a *Tank.*



Vitamin Farms in the Icy Seas

How Cod-liver Oil brings health-giving "Sunshine" to dreary winter days

While you and your children are snug and warm indoors, hundreds of hardy fishermen are harvesting health-giving vitamins for you in the icy waters of the fishing banks.

These stormy, fenceless vitamin farms are the hiding place of the cod fish whose livers are full of the golden vitamin-rich oil which brings to you, in winter, the benefits of the summer sun.

It is a recognized fact that the power to resist disease—in both children and adults—is greatly increased by the daily use of high-grade cod-liver oil. And, with the exception of summer sunshine alone, the daily use of high-grade cod-liver oil gives your children the surest guarantee of strong, white teeth, and straight, sturdy bones.

When your physician prescribes cod-liver oil for you or for your children you naturally want to get cod-liver oil that is exceptionally rich in vitamins, and of the highest purity.

The vitamin test—Not all cod-liver oils are equally rich in vitamin content. That is why the oil in every bottle that bears the Parke, Davis & Company label is put through a rigid standardization test, in which the quantity of vitamins is definitely measured.

This test shows that Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is so rich in vitamins that each teaspoonful contains as much resistance-building Vitamin A as one pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much rickets-preventing Vitamin D as 7½ eggs.

The test of taste—Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is as nearly tasteless as a pure cod-liver oil can be. Many people are surprised to find how easy it is to take, and, what is most important, how readily their children take it. It is cod-liver oil at its best—from the laboratories of the largest makers of medicines in the world.

Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. He can supply it in two sizes—4-ounce and 16-ounce bottles.

Parke-Davis

STANDARDIZED

Cod-liver Oil

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

WHAT NEW ZEALAND LEARNED FROM ITS WORST QUAKE

THE WORST EARTHQUAKE in New Zealand's history, a worse disaster than that of 1855, has resulted in giving New Zealanders more interest in these natural upheavals. Last June's shocks killed more than a dozen people, dammed rivers, flattened hills, almost wiped out the town of Murchison, and gave city workers the scare of their lives. Before this, familiarity with such phenomena, of varying but rarely serious intensity, had accustomed the inhabitants to regard them as part of the ordinary routine of nature. So we learn from *The Dominion*, Wellington, New Zealand. Another result was more definite. Dr. C. E. Adams, the government astronomer and seismologist, advises that a seismological society be formed, according to *The New Zealand Free Lance*, another Wellington publication, which tells us:

International Newsreel photograph

JUST A BIT OF THE EARTHQUAKE'S WORK

"Such societies have already been established in Japan and California, where valuable and interesting work has been performed. Such bodies are composed of seismologists, architects, constructional engineers, and builders. Their interests include not only observation and recording, but even the provision of open space, the control of building regulations in earthquake zones, and also an organization to deal with the aftermath of a national disaster.

"An organization might be planned to cope with broken water-mains, gas-pipes, and electric-power lines. In the past Wellington has experienced earthquakes which have cracked its main conduits. The electric-power lines, if not properly handled, may injure people. How easily lines may come down was made evident around the Nelson district, where telegraph-wires fell in all directions."

New Zealand newspapers show that shocks were fairly general on South Island, particularly at Murchison. Conditions were bad at Nelson and even at Wellington, on North Island, there were tremors, altho there the people were more scared than hurt. At Murchison, however, families were wiped out and farms were engulfed when rivers were dammed. This eye-witness description was given by A. Bartlett, a Murchison barber, to *The Dominion:*

"The first earthquake we felt was a few minutes past one on Monday morning, June 17. It was a fairly solid shock, and three other light ones followed later. At 7:30 there was another very sharp shock, and the big quake occurred at 10:25. It was as if pandemonium had broken loose. All were thrown clean off their feet. Chimneys were screwed off and hurled out into the street; it seemed as if some giant had taken hold of Hodgson's building and was shaking it to pieces. I had just finished shaving a customer, who made a hurried exit. For myself, I felt there was no need to run. I tried to hold up a mirror which began to wobble; then all the contents of the shop fell about my ears. Trying to make my way toward the door was like trying to walk the decks of a ship in a choppy sea, only worse. At last I reached the door and hung on for a moment, fortunately, for my chimney was at that moment hurled out in front of the building. Then, with my hands and arms over my head, I struggled on to the road. Every one congregated in the school grounds, and then, realizing none of the houses were habitable, we rigged up a tent for spending the night out-of-doors. To make things a little less fearful, gramaphone selections were played, and a wireless set was brought into use. The latter was the only means of hearing what was going on outside Murchison. As evening approached, we lit huge fires for those persons who could not be provided with sleeping accommodations. Lying on the wet ground and feeling the earth moving underneath was an experience not to be forgotten. One felt that every explosion as it came would burst up with terrific force from under one's body. But toward morning, we began to appreciate the explosions, because we found that when an explosion occurred the actual shock was less severe. At odd times the explosions seemed to cease for ten minutes. Then we got very severe shakes. In the morning we were more reconciled to the earthquake and explosions, except the violent ones, and began to risk going into the houses getting requisites which were not thought of the day before.

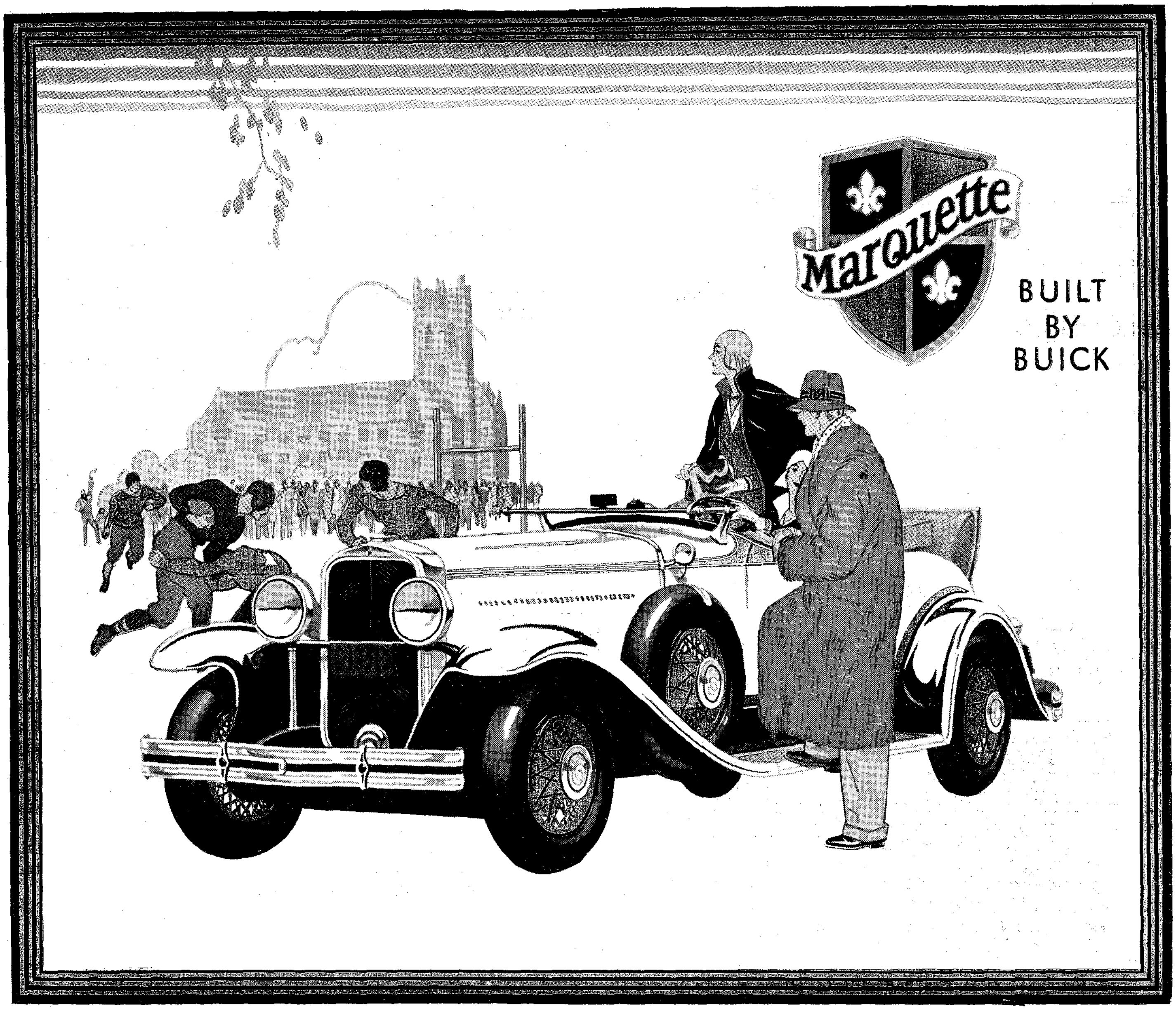
"But getting back to the 10:30 explosion on Monday morning, this took place in the hills on the west bank of Matakitaki River, about three and a half miles from Murchison. This explosion blew the whole hillside across the valley, blocking the river and extending to the range of hills on the eastern bank, a distance of over half a mile, and damming the Matakitaki River with débris. You can imagine how good we thought it was, wondering whether it was metal or water which would get us first."

Turning to a press association dispatch from Nelson, in *The Dominion*, we read further:

"In the Buller Valley an ever-increasing lake is being formed by the banked-up waters. Altho many buildings are still standing, most are untenable. S. Busch, whose wife, daughter, and son were killed when their house was engulfed by the falling hillside in the Matakitaki Valley, had a most horrifying experience. He was some distance from the house, working in the paddock, when he was the stricken spectator of the awful scene. Hearing a roar, he looked up to see thousands of tons of rocks and earth falling on his house, which was buried many feet deep."

More testimony, contained in still another press association message to *The Dominion*, runs thus:

"A graphic description of the experiences at Tarakohe was given by the members of the crew of the steamer *Orepuki*, which was alongside the Tarakohe wharf. The vessel wobbled about during the shake, and the wharf swayed to such an extent that the workmen had to lie down to prevent being thrown into the sea. A four-ton lift on the wharf was hurled into the water, and the steel girders of an unconstructed crane were strewn about. The swaying of the high cliffs and rocks in the vicinity of the cement works had a paralyzing effect on those who witnessed it. Every one on the wharf and in the works had a terrifying experience when the swaying cliffs near the power-



Speed · Sparkle · · · Grit and Pluck!

A great car at the getaway—off with a flashing sprint at the signal! . . . Quick on the throttle, sure on the brakes—a star performer in the give-and-take and stop-and-go of modern traffic. And not this sparkling performance alone—behind it power and stamina, grit and pluck to stand the hardest all-day grind, to take the steepest grade without a change of pace! ⚜ The smart, speedy Marquette draws admiring eyes everywhere it goes. Its faultlessly tailored Bodies by Fisher strike a sprightly new stride in style. Its handsome waterproof, dustproof, wearproof upholstery and its wonderful non-glare windshield are features no other car in the moderate-price class provides. Its marvelously smooth, flexible power plant is built with *larger piston displacement*—yet it actually operates with *greater economy.* ⚜ Buick ideals of supreme value are evident everywhere in the Marquette. It has been called the most complete car ever offered in the thousand dollar field—complete with every fine feature that makes a superior automobile. Splendid balance, smart beauty, pick-up and power, speed and economy—all the excellent qualities that Buick knows so well how to build are here to provide a greater measure of motoring pleasure and satisfaction. ⚜ See the Marquette—note its exceptional completeness. Compare it, item by item, with any car anywhere near its price. Then *drive* it—you'll say, with thousands of others, "Buick has built A Great Performer." ⚜ Call on a Buick-Marquette dealer today and discover how conveniently and economically you can buy a Marquette on the liberal GMAC plan.

Six body styles, $965 to $1035, f. o. b. factory, special equipment extra.

⚜

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

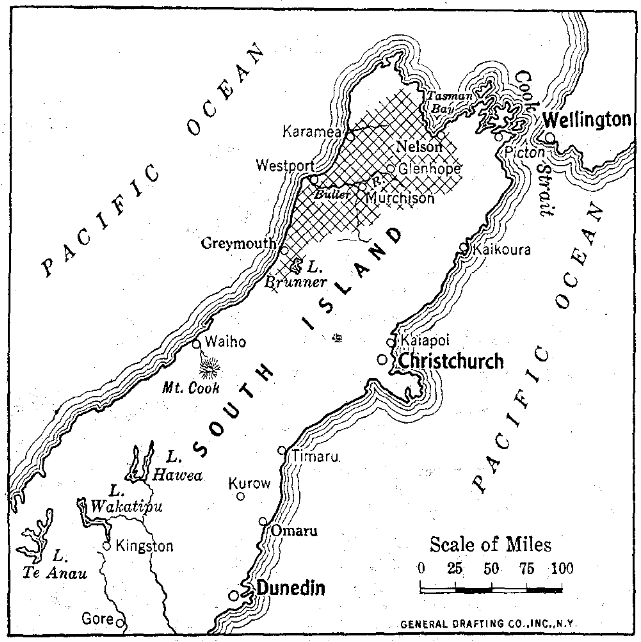
Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

⚜ WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM ⚜

house began to slip away, and thousands of tons of earth slid with a loud roar to the level ground below. Several people on the road around the cliffs had the unenviable experience of seeing the road and cliff part about four feet and join again, and then part, leaving a gaping fissure between the road and the cliff."

But Murchison, the worst-damaged spot, speedily began to "pick up the pieces." That some resentment was felt because of exaggerated accounts of the disaster may be judged from this Murchison dispatch to the Wellington *Evening Post:*



NEW ZEALAND'S EARTHQUAKE DISTRICT (SHADED)

"There can be no minimizing the extent of the damage, but many people—small blame to them—saw things which did not happen, but which when spread abroad gave an uncanny significance to the almost continuous subsequent tremors which shook the earth like a big jelly.

"What has driven most of the people away was the fear exprest by some that the Matakitaki River would burst the dam caused by the big slip.

"One has only to look at it to realize that the dam will never go out rapidly enough to cause the destructive effect which apprehensive folk feared. The dam is probably permanently there, and a new lake has been formed. Carrying acres of birch forest with it, the slide has dammed the stream with a mass of boulders. This natural dam is sixty feet high. Over one end the river has cut a shallow channel. The lake will back up no more, and the channel at the dam will either deepen and cut its way down or the barrier will strengthen itself by filling up on the inside. In neither case is there a menace.

"The new lake extends for more than five miles up the stream, bordered by the forest it has partly engulfed, and is placidly beautiful, but beneath it lie four good farms. It is formed to stay by exactly the same process, tho on a smaller scale, as the one at Waikaremoana."

Many and somewhat wild were the explanations of the disaster. Even volcanic eruptions were charged with being the cause of the cataclysm. In *The Evening Post*, however, we find a stout denial that anything of the sort was the cause. Says this account, which seems to be written by a geologist, or to be based on an interview with one:

"There is little, if any, evidence to show that the shake was due to anything more than a displacement along one of the numerous earth-faults which are to be found in the Murchison district. All of the evidence available at the present time points to the center of the earthquake as having been close to Murchison and not out to sea or elsewhere, as has been suggested in some quarters.

"The booming noises, something like muffled explosions, heard both before and at the time of the earthquake, and also subsequently, may at first sight seem to lend color to an explosion or volcano theory. But as a matter of fact, such noises in the Murchison district are not at all uncommon, and can be explained on geological grounds. These noises are familiar to miners as occurring when there is relief of pressure in the earth's crust owing to their borings, and they seem to occur also in places where there are faults. Near Murchison they have been heard and investigated on several previous occasions, especially by those who have connected them with so-called mud volcanoes and therefore the presence of oil. These noises obviously increased in intensity at the time of the earthquake, as would be expected when it is considered that they are caused by the grating of rock surfaces as stress is relieved."

WILL THE FRUIT-FLY RETURN?

THE MEDITERRANEAN FRUIT-FLY has gone from Florida. But has it gone to stay? The United States Department of Agriculture has been left "as muddled as a lost man wandering in a circle in the Everglades" by the disappearance, says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Evening Post.* First the pest "seriously damaged the Florida citrus crop, brought an embargo on the fruit, and thus indirectly caused several bank failures." The Federal Government used 5,000 men, and spent $4,290,000 fighting it. Now the fly has disappeared, as utterly as last winter's snow or coal supply, but the embargo stays, altho in modified form. Regarding this sudden withdrawal, which may mean extermination, and may mean merely that the fly has fled temporarily because of the rainy season, the *Evening Post* writer says:

"Not an infestation has been found since August 12. The Department does not expect to know finally before January, and perhaps not before April, whether the disappearance is extermination or temporary absence.

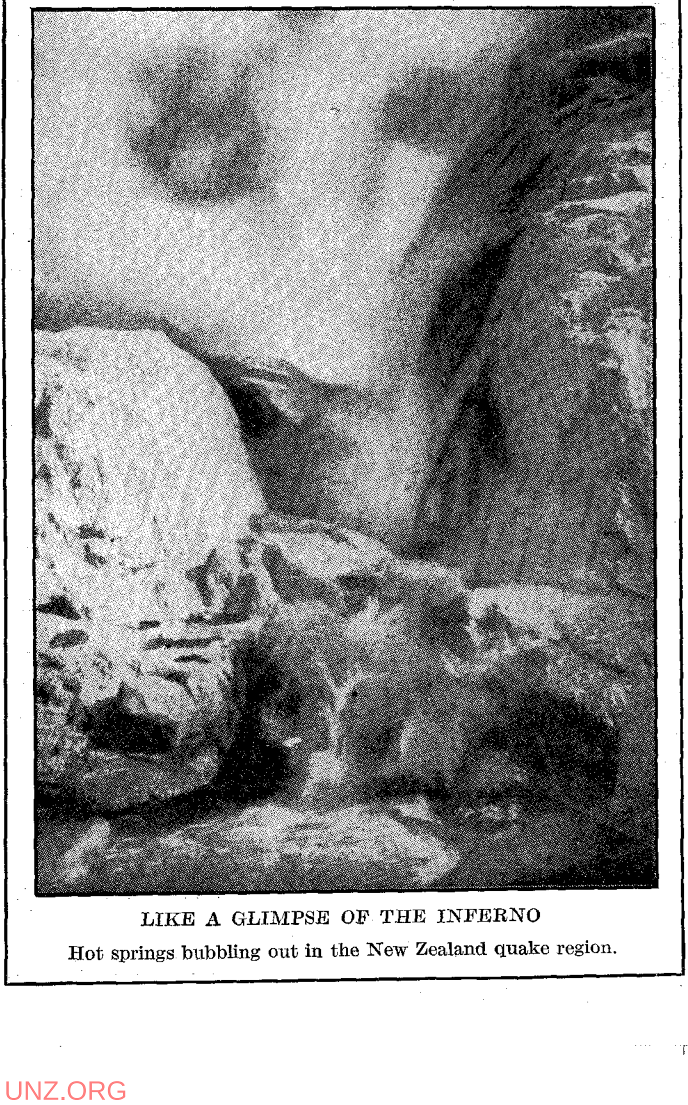
"Meanwhile its funds for the extermination are down to $900,000 as of September 1, and Dr. C. L. Marlatt, chief of the Bureau of Plant Quarantine and Control, is concerned about a further appropriation, and says the Department will practically have to close down its work unless support comes by October 15.

"Unless further infestations of the fly are found, the partial lifting of the embargo, which has been in effect for some weeks, will be continued and broadened, according to Dr. Marlatt.

"At present it works as follows: When an infestation is found, a one-mile strip around it is designated as the infested area and a nine-mile embargo area.

"There is no indication that the Department intends to let

(*Continued on page 34*)



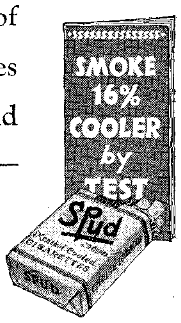
LIKE A GLIMPSE OF THE INFERNO

Hot springs bubbling out in the New Zealand quake region.

DOES YELLING MULTIPLY YOUR CIGARETTES?

ANOTHER TIME WHEN SPUD'S COOLER SMOKE WINS FRIENDS!

When your enthusiasm turns to red-blooded delirium . . . do you keep lighting cigarettes? That's when you should be lighting Spud . . . the cooler cigarette that soothes throat and vocal chords instead of taxing them further . . . the cigarette that gives unlimited and hearty tobacco enjoyment and yet sustains mouth-comfort in the bargain! This is because Spud's smoke (proven 16% cooler) heightens your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor . . . making Spud the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.



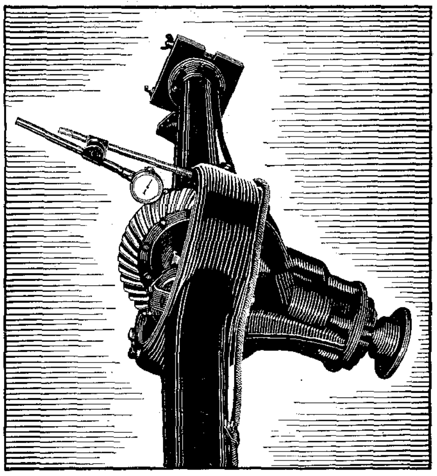
"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST". . . a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you . . . sent gladly on request.

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff . . . but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

CHRYSLER MOTORS

NOW SUPPLIES IN ALL PRICE CLASSES THE ADVANTAGES OF CHRYSLER ENGINEERING



Every tooth of every ring-gear and pinion in every Chrysler Motors car is carefully calibrated for pitch and dimension. Such unremitting attention to detail explains the superiority of Chrysler Motors performance.

FOR all the startling swiftness with which it has come about, the evolution of the Chrysler forces into the giant organization of Chrysler Motors has been both natural and inevitable.

Within five years, Chrysler has swept to a powerful position of leadership—by proving (each year more conclusively than the year before) the out-and-out supremacy of Chrysler engineering.

Witnessing that supremacy, it was only natural that motorists in each price field should desire the advantages of Chrysler engineering. And it was only natural that Chrysler, in answer to an insistent world-wide demand, should design and fabricate additional cars; should acquire additional plants and properties—and build up the vast federation now known as Chrysler Motors.

In view of the present tremendous scope of Chrysler Motors, it seems hard to believe that less than six years ago Chrysler cars did not exist.

In January, 1924, when the first Chrysler car was introduced, the whole industry expressed amazement. It said, "Walter P. Chrysler has built a fine piece of machinery, but how can he afford to sell so fine a car for so low a price?"

But he did sell it at the price—32,000 Chrysler cars the first year. The second year, an eager public bought over 100,000 Chryslers. The industry, now thoroughly aroused, said little, but tried frantically to emulate Chrysler's success in design and engineering.

Now nothing could stop or even slow up Chrysler. In the third year, 1926, Chrysler sales soared to 170,000. In 1927 the figure climbed to within a few cars of 200,000. Total sales of all Chrysler-built cars in 1928 reached 360,000! And this year still another great increase will be recorded.

All this simply goes to show how eagerly the public welcomes that spirit of progress which is always the Chrysler incentive in engineering. Chrysler vision, Chrysler genius, and the benefits of all this success are being applied to all Chrysler Motors products—so that today the advantages of Chrysler engineering may be had in cars meeting the requirements of any pocketbook.

CHRYSLER MOTORS
STANDARDIZED QUALITY

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

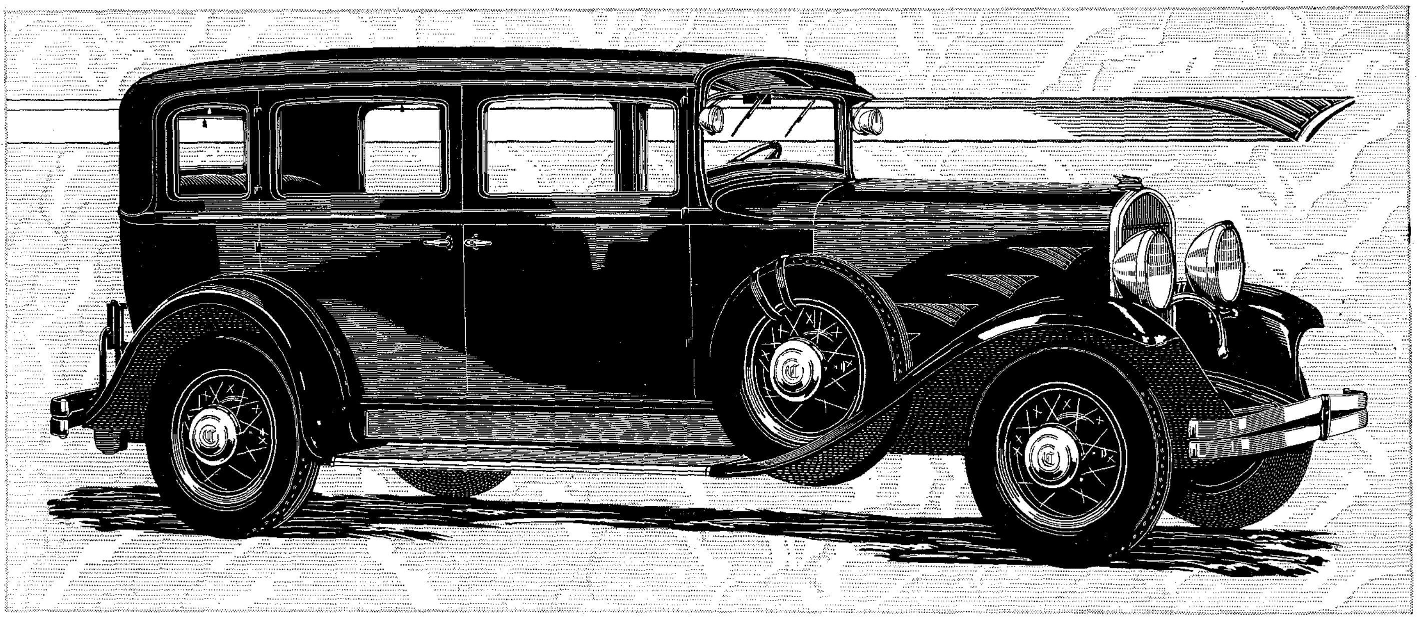
CHRYSLER MOTORS

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL · CHRYSLER "77" · CHRYSLER "70" · CHRYSLER "66"
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR · DODGE BROTHERS SIX · DE SOTO SIX
PLYMOUTH · DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES and MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS and COMMERCIAL CARS · CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

©1929 Chrysler Corporation

NEW CHRYSLER

PERFORMANCE THAT STANDS ALONE



New Chrysler "77" Royal Sedan, $1695 (Special Equipment Extra)

ENTHUSIASTIC endorsement of the new Chryslers is sweeping the country as added thousands learn through demonstration the new kind of performance ushered in by new Chrysler engineering features.

The new Chrysler "77" and "70" give performance that stands alone—performance obtained by intensive study and scientific research which brought into being such new and epochal developments as:

MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT—makes driving a joy and gear-shifting easy, quick and quiet;

DOWN-DRAFT CARBURETION—first adaptation of airplane fuelization to motor cars;

SYNCHRONIZED POWER SYSTEM—co-ordinated mechanism from radiator to rear axle;

PARAFLEX SPRING SUSPENSION—new riding comfort and road smoothness; and

ARCHITONIC BODIES—longer, wider and roomier, combining "dreadnought" strength, safety and quiet with utmost style and luxury.

Ride a block in congested traffic, sprint a mile on the open highway, level off a single hill—and you realize at once that here are motor cars that make you master of modern traffic conditions.

Arrange, too, with your nearest Chrysler dealer for a ride in the new Chrysler "66"—the lowest-priced six-cylinder car ever to bear the name of Chrysler—beautiful, rich and thrilling to drive—far and away the most astonishing six-cylinder value of the day.

IMPERIAL CHRYSLER

$2895 NEW CHRYSLER IMPERIAL—9 Body Styles, priced from $2895 to $3855.

WITH MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT

NEW "77"

$1595 NEW CHRYSLER "77"—9 Body Styles, priced from $1595 to $1795.

WITH MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT

NEW "70"

$1245 NEW CHRYSLER "70"—6 Body Styles, priced from $1245 to $1395.

WITH MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT

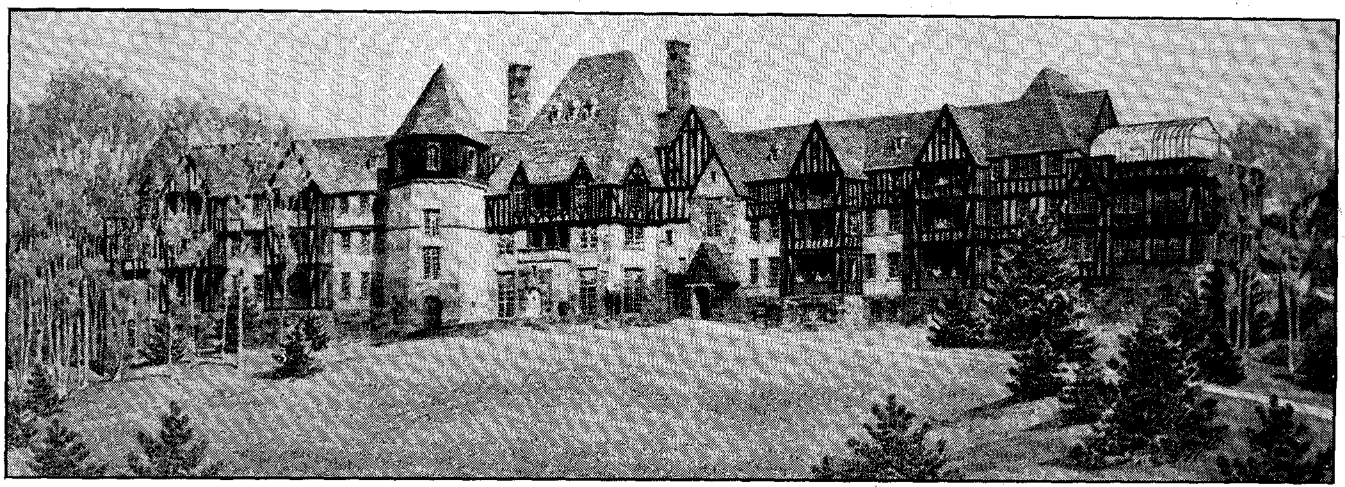
NEW "66"

$985 NEW CHRYSLER "66"—6 Body Styles priced from $985 to $1065.

THE LOWEST-PRICED CHRYSLER SIX

All prices F. O. B. Factory (Special Equipment Extra).

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCTS



THE NATIONAL VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS' NEW SANATORIUM AT SARANAC LAKE

They hope it will be empty. The fused-quartz solarium is seen on the roof at the extreme right.

(*Continued from page 30*)

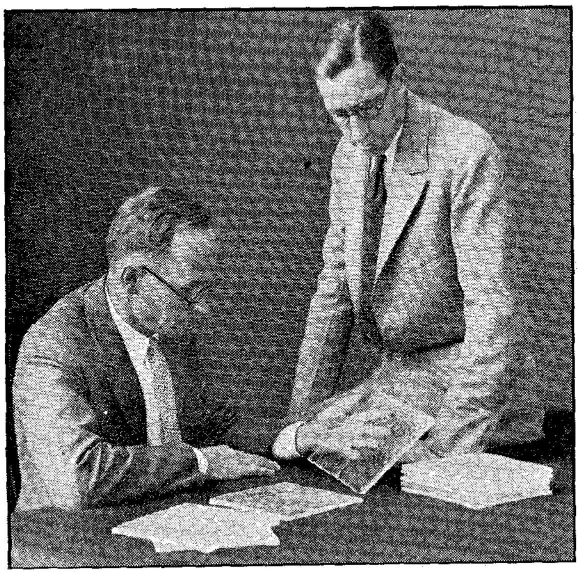
up further on the embargo until it is absolutely certain that the fly has been completely exterminated. On that point officials are hazy at present. The protective measures are only partial at best, they explain, because it would be impossible to cover the entire area of counties in which infestations have been found with a tree by-tree inspection with 10,000 men in a year. Then, too, there is the jungle. In the swampy, almost impenetrable areas of Florida there is much wild fruit, and the possibility that the fly might use that as an impregnable base of operations is worrying its enemies."

QUARTZ WINDOW-PANES

THE LARGEST SOLARIUM IN THE WORLD using fused-quartz windows is a feature of a new sanatorium, dedicated September 15 at Saranac Lake, New York. In this glassed-in porch built on the roof high above the trees, patients may enjoy sun baths the year around, regardless of outside temperatures. The 1,200 fused-quartz window-panes transmit the ultra-violet rays of the sun better than any other known substance, according to research engineers of the General Electric Company, who developed the process and made the quartz windows. We quote from a press bulletin issued by the electric company:

"The importance of the ultra-violet rays of sunlight to health and the fact that ordinary window-glass cuts out these rays has long been recognized, and several years ago Prof. Elihu Thomson, of the General Electric's research laboratory at Lynn, Massachusetts, took up the work of developing a material to replace window-glass, which would transmit the rays. Fused quartz was known as the best medium for the purpose, but to make window-panes of it was a problem that required years to solve. The difficulties of making quartz windows can be appreciated when it is realized that the melting point of quartz approaches a temperature of 3,200 degrees Fahrenheit, about three times that of glass, and is extremely viscous, or thick, instead of being a mobile liquid. Many methods were investigated, and special furnaces were developed before engineers finally succeeded in making quartz in sheet form, and at a reasonable cost.

"One of the first methods developed to produce quartz window-glass consisted in fusing, in a vacuum, specially selected and treated quartz crystals in a square graphite box, and pressing the fused mass at 1,000 pounds per square inch while in the molten state. A block of quartz eight by five by five inches was thus obtained. This block when cooled was sliced into sections one-eighth inch thick, and each pane was ground and polished by hand. This method of manufacture was too expensive for average use, and further research was carried on to get a satisfactory quartz window that would be available for more general use. This resulted in an entirely new process which cut the cost of manufacture to about one-fifth and made it feasible to use quartz in large solariums.



Illustrations by courtesy of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

THE CLEAR FUSED-QUARTZ PANES

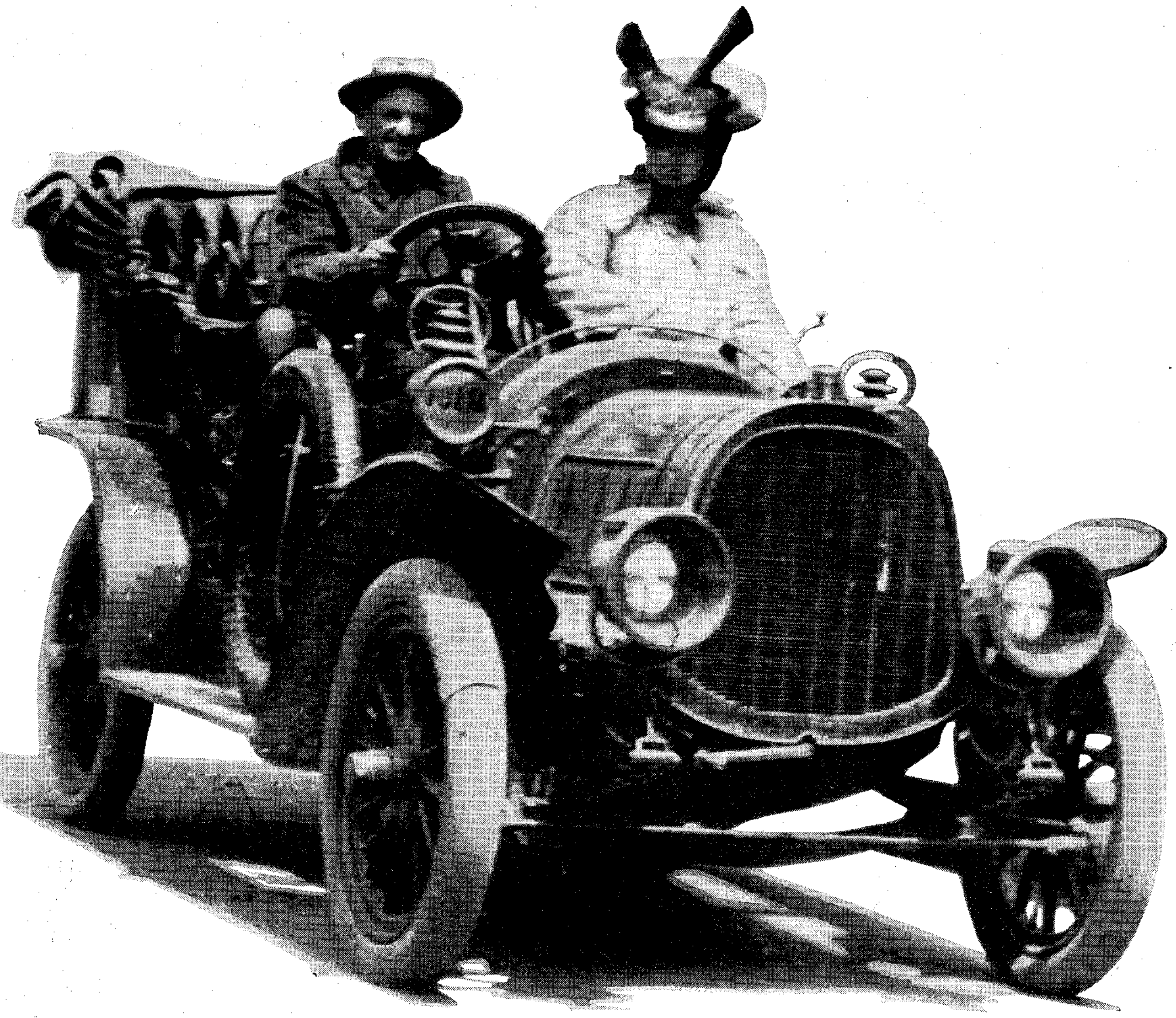
Being inspected by Messrs. Hooper and Sullivan.

"In the present process, crusht quartz crystal is fused in a vacuum on flat graphite disks between thin graphite slabs. A number of these are stacked and placed in a high-temperature furnace.

"When the quartz is fused, nitrogen gas is admitted to the furnace at a pressure of 150 pounds per square inch to compress the bubbles. The resulting quartz plates upon cooling require only squaring of the edges by grinding. This new method does away with cutting, grinding, and polishing each pane, and the trays can be used a number of times."

BRAIN CENTER FATTENS OR THINS US—A special nerve center in the brain to decide whether a person is to be fat or thin is the newest discovery of two German physiologists, Professors Grünthal and Grafe of Rostock University, says Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science* (New York):

"This center probably controls, so their experiments on animals have indicated, the rapidity with which a human body uses the energy of food. This is what physicians call the 'basal metabolism' which they now test in hospitals to aid the diagnosis of many kinds of disease. Other things equal, a woman whose basal metabolism is high uses up the energy of her food as rapidly as it is absorbed. She probably will be thin. On the other hand, a person with low basal metabolism is apt not to use up surplus food and to be fat, sometimes very fat. Until recently the ductless glands, especially the thyroid gland and the adrenal gland, have been looked to as controlling these differences in basal metabolism. Extracts of these glands sometimes have been given to reduce fatness. Many physiologists have begun to suspect, however, that these glands are not entirely independent organs but that they, like other parts of the body, must accept control by the brain. Professors Grünthal and Grafe, by their invention of a new way of injecting a solution of silver nitrate into one tiny spot of the brain of an experimental animal, have been able to stop the working of that small brain spot without damaging the



"Rich Man's Toy"

HOW CURIOUS it would look on the street today . . . this snappy model of twenty years ago. No self-starter. Not even a windshield. Detachable oil-lamps. Gear-levers on the outside. Chain drive. The temperamental bulb horn. The passengers swathed in scarfs and linen dusters, and with property goggles. Only twenty years ago?

"Only a thousand can have the exclusive car," said an advertisement published in September, 1909. "Exclusive" was the word. A car in those days was a mark of social distinction, a symbol of success. "Rich man's toy," some called it . . . with ill-concealed feeling.

Then came mass advertising, blazing a trail for mass production. As output went up, prices came down. The former luxury became a commonplace necessity, with the widest possible diffusion. Any man or woman who can make a nominal down-payment can have an automobile today . . . not merely "an" automobile, but a *good* one.

Five years ago, mechanical refrigeration in the home was considered a luxury. Advertising, with its attendant economies, has placed it among the necessities. The world's finest piano was once regarded as beyond the means of the average family. Advertising has taken that, too, out of the restricted class. Today, no lover of good music need forego the pleasure of this superb instrument.

All along the line, advertising has played the role of democratizer. Yesterday's luxuries are today's necessities, making room for new luxuries which, in turn, will become necessities too. By disseminating information, advertising increases production and decreases selling-costs. With the right product, right advertising, and with mutual appreciation of the importance of each, industry moves forward irresistibly.

N.W. Ayer & Son

INCORPORATED

WASHINGTON SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

brain anywhere else. In this way they have located a minute nerve center in the lower part of the brain, destruction of which lowers the animal's basal metabolism by two-thirds or more. Some of the animals thus treated become exceedingly fat. It is not improbable that exceedingly fat human beings may owe that condition to some accidental disease or injury of this same nerve center."

GASSING THE RAT

THE SAME HYDROCYANIC ACID which, bursting from shells over the trenches, brought paralysis and death to thousands of soldiers, is now being pumped into the holds of ships arriving from foreign countries, to rid them of pests that menace life and property. Under the latest quarantine regulations, all vessels engaged in foreign trade must be "gassed" at least once every six months. Says George Lee Dowd, Jr., writing in *Popular Science Monthly* (New York):

"There is ample cause for such drastic measures. Dr. E. W. Nelson, formerly chief of the U. S. Biological Survey, said not long ago that rats are more dangerous to humanity than lions, tigers, wolves, snakes, or man-eating sharks, and have been responsible for more untimely deaths than all the wars of history. In the 2,000 years of the Christian era, 2,000,000,000 persons—more than the entire present population of the earth—have died from bubonic plague, the germs of which are carried by fleas that infest the fur of rats.

Copyright by the Keystone View Company. Courtesy of *Popular Science Monthly*

A GAS ATTACK ON RATS

The poisonous fumes, generated in the tank shown above, are driven through a flexible tube into the rat hole.

"The modern physician is powerless against the plague, but science to-day knows how to avert its spread.

"Medical science is beginning to blame the rat for several other dangerous diseases. Its complicity in spreading typhus is virtually established, and the animal is suspected of carrying measles and foot-and-mouth disease. The latest charge against the rat, resulting from a survey by London health officers, is that of inflicting rheumatism upon human beings.

"But the rat is also the most cunning thief in the animal kingdom. According to the Public Health Service, there is one rat for every man, woman, and child in the United States, and each one does a half-cent's worth of damage a day. Roughly, therefore, rats cost the American people more than $200,000,000 a year. Experts have calculated that the money loss suffered by the entire world as a result of the rats' depredations amounts to some five billion dollars each year.

"Wherever man goes, the rat accompanies him, traveling from continent to continent in ships, and from city to city on freight-trains. Recently, the first 'air-minded' rat was found in the cabin of a European passenger airplane.

"In the United States, rats are believed to be slightly on the decrease as a result of the war waged upon them. Not only are foreign vessels 'gassed,' but each rope and cable connecting a ship with a pier is protected with huge tin rat guards to bar the animals from shore. Farmers and warehouse owners have learned how to make their barns and other buildings rat-proof.

"The chief difficulty in rat-control is the rapidity with which the creatures multiply when a sufficient food supply is available. According to Prof. G. G. Chambers, of the University of Pennsylvania, the progeny of a single pair would total about 15,000,000 in six years.

"Thus, in times of plenty, their spread reaches tremendous proportions, and organized rat-killing campaigns must be conducted. In one such crusade in Texas last year, more than 2,000,000 rats, enough to fill forty-five freight-cars, were exterminated. The chief weapon used was barium carbonate, a poison fatal to rats, but harmless to human beings."

HIGH BLOOD-PRESSURE

ENCOURAGEMENT IS NOW GIVEN to persons having a high blood-pressure if they will adopt proper treatment, which consists principally of a proper regimen. A recent statement has been issued by the U. S. Public Health Service to the effect that any one so afflicted who takes reasonable care of himself under the direction of his physician may usually expect many years of comfortable existence. And the importance of treatment is emphasized by the fact that the complications and conditions associated with high blood-pressure, grouped as a single cause of death, lead the list of causes in our mortality statistics. We read in the Service's *Health News* (Washington):

"Every living person has blood-pressure. A certain amount is necessary to make the blood flow through the body. The actual pressure depends on the force of the heart-beat, the resistance caused by friction through the vessels, the elasticity of the vessel wall, and the amount of blood.

"An average blood-pressure has been established by thousands of examinations made on normal persons. This varies according to age. However, perfectly healthy individuals may deviate from this average. It also shows marked variation in the same individual from hour to hour throughout the day. The upper limit of normal blood-pressure for the average individual has been stated to be equal to his age in years plus 100.

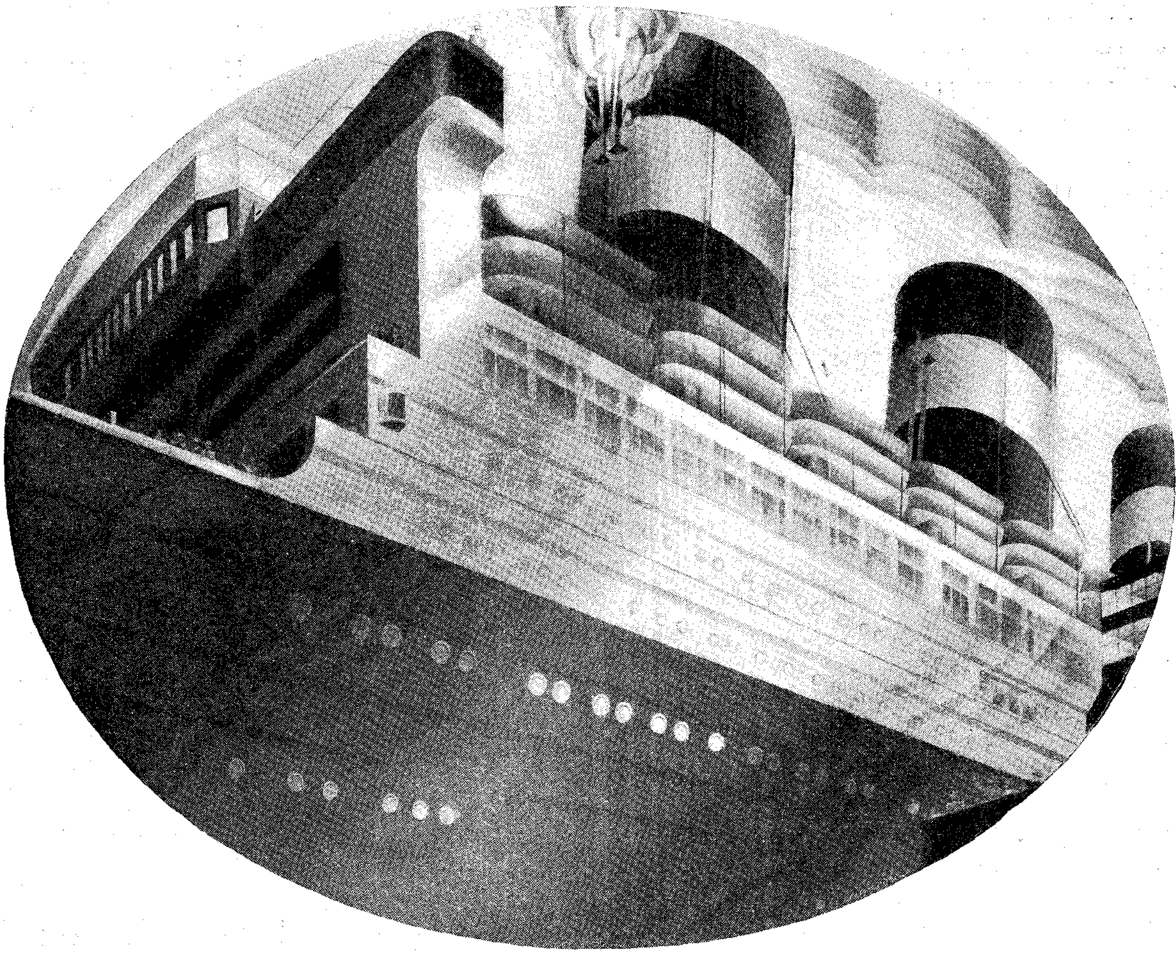
"The factors which influence blood-pressure are many and varied. Exercise, excitement, and anger cause increased pressure, whereas nervous depression often causes the blood-pressure to fall. Certain diseases, notably Bright's disease, various chronic infections, and chronic poisonings raise the blood-pressure, while debilitating diseases, such as tuberculosis, are often associated with low blood-pressure. Heredity is also a factor. Blood-pressure depends partly upon the amount of elastic tissue in our arteries. Some families noted for their longevity constitute a group having especially good arteries. Other family groups are unfortunate enough to inherit and transmit poor arteries, that is, arteries which have too little elastic tissue in them. As age advances, thickening of the arteries inevitably occurs, and persons who have the best heritage in this respect have the best chances for old age. The popular statement that a man is as old as his arteries seems quite applicable.

"Sometimes a certain amount of increased pressure is necessary, and in this case there is ground for optimism; but there are limits beyond which the rise may become dangerous in itself. This limit varies quite markedly with different persons, but it is generally considered that if the pressure can be kept below 200 the individual is relatively safe from dangerous developments due directly to the high blood-pressure.

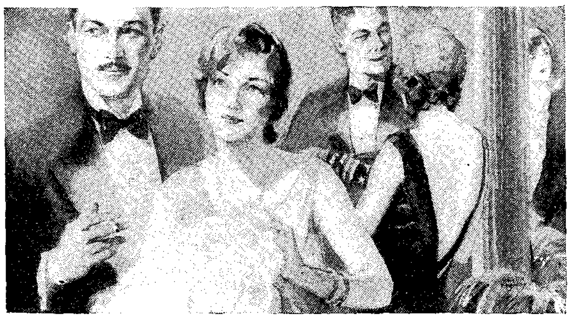
"Treatment consists principally in a proper regimen, directed chiefly toward preventing the complications and relieving the symptoms. With the heart under increased strain, it is evident that rest constitutes the greatest protection for this organ. The amount of exercise should be decided upon by the family physician. Food is a factor in treatment; but it is now believed that a consideration of the quantity of food—a restriction in amount—rather than quality is of the greater importance. The giving of drugs is usually disappointing, but in emergencies they may be life-saving.

"The person with a high blood-pressure should not become a 'high blood-pressure fiend,' constantly thinking, talking, and living his high blood-pressure. He should adopt a cheerful frame of mind, shun too frequent estimations of the pressure, avoid physical and mental, particularly emotional, excesses, and get plenty of rest, and he may live happily with his blood-pressure to a ripe old age."

DRURY COLL[illegible]
Springfield, Missouri



Why not sail to Europe with American standards of living?



For three straight years the Leviathan, world's largest liner, carried more passengers per sailing than any giant ship in transatlantic service. Size alone can never command preference! What endears this titan—and her sister ships—to the travel-wise is the perpetuation at sea of every pulse throb in American life at home. Delightful informality . . . food that befriends American ideas of diet . . . diversions as familiar as your favorite putter . . . your own language . . . American refinements in accommodations. Every ship, an American city at sea! For speed take the Leviathan. For maximum travel values at low rates book on those superb cabin ships—George Washington, America, Republic, President Roosevelt and President Harding. To Britain and the continent? Sail under the Stars and Stripes!

UNITED STATES LINES

For complete information see your local agent or our offices: New York, 45 Broadway; Atlanta, Healy Building; Boston, 75 State Street; Chicago, 61 West Jackson Boulevard; Cleveland, Hotel Cleveland Building; Norfolk, 214 East Plume Street; Detroit, 1514 Washington Boulevard; St. Louis, Jefferson Hotel; Philadelphia, 1600 Walnut Street; San Francisco, 691 Market Street; Los Angeles, 548 South Spring Street; Minneapolis, 312 Second Avenue, South; Seattle, 1300 Fourth Avenue; Pittsburgh, 705 Liberty Avenue; Washington, 1027 Connecticut Avenue; Little Rock, Wallace Building; New Orleans, Hibernia Bank Building. THESE LINES OFFER A COMPLETE FREIGHT SERVICE—SPECIFY AMERICAN SHIPS FOR YOUR FOREIGN TRADE

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

HOW AMERICA LOVES A PAGE-ONE WEDDING!

FIFTY STATE TROOPERS CURST AND JOSTLED "2,000 gawking taxpayers" with "happy abandon" as the bell in the steeple of the old New England church blandly struck thrice. One "bepistoled giant," we read, sternly shoved back a woman and her ten- or eleven-year-old daughter, who were trying to jam their way closer to the center of things with scant regard for others. "Shame on you!" he thundered.

"Boloney!" retorted the child. "Come on, ma, she's goin' in the church!"

P. & A. photograph

ELBOWS AND RIBS COLLIDED AT THIS "QUIET LITTLE PRIVATE" WEDDING

The police had their hands full to control the crowd in front of the church at Plainville, Connecticut, when young John Coolidge and Florence Trumbull were made man and wife there the other day.

Past the big yellow brick house that also played a part in this combined wedding and near-riot, the State constabulary directed a creeping flood of motor-cars bearing tourists from half a dozen States, we read. Around the edges of the grounds paced other officers, "choleric and contemptuous of onlookers, who stood five and six deep to peek at the silk-hatted gentry devouring their pineapple frappés." Another 2,000, it was estimated, Courtenay Terrett writes in the New York *World*, "watched Governor and Mrs. Trumbull and Major and Mrs. Coolidge and Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge stand in line to receive the guests, saw them shake hands indefatigably, saw Florence kiss cheek after cheek, saw Calvin Coolidge tirelessly grasp the hands held out to him with the economical shake he perfected as President.

"Unfortunately, they could not witness the only deviation from schedule which distinguished the ceremony.

"This was the former President's discovery of a little bulge under the broad Persian carpet which had been spread upon the lawn for the receiving line to stand upon.

"'What's that?' inquired Mr. Coolidge and gave it a deft kick. A black servant rolled back the carpet and unhappily dragged out a microphone whose wire trailed off to an artfully concealed talkie machine. It was removed at once, but the cameras kept on grinding."

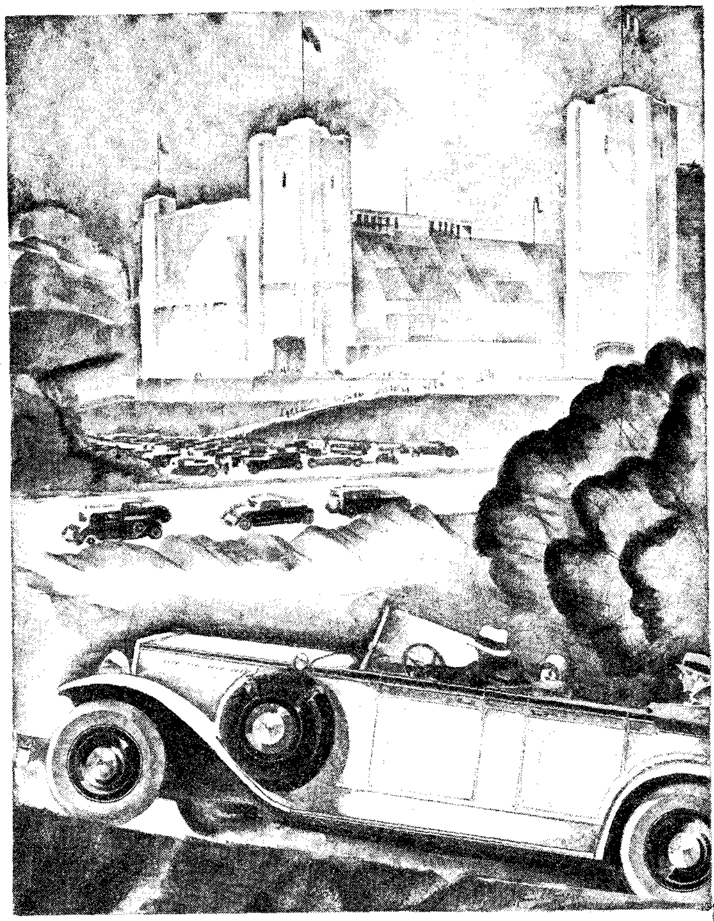
For it was the wedding of Florence Trumbull, daughter of the Governor of Connecticut, and John Coolidge, son of the former President, at Plainville, Connecticut, that caused these incidents. It was, "as Florence said, 'just a simple little home town wedding,'" Mr. Terrett observes wryly in conclusion.

When Mr. Terrett got back from covering the wedding and its accompanying hysteria, he relieved his feelings possibly, by writing for *The World* an article entitled "Our Simple, Quiet, Page-One Weddings." In it he discusses America's love of any romantic or emotional spectacle, and suggests that a book be written which will show celebrities who really want to get married quietly how they can do it. The writer does not name them, but it seems to us that Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh might do it. But before we turn to this, let us look for a moment longer at the Coolidge-Trumbull wedding and its guests, both invited and uninvited:

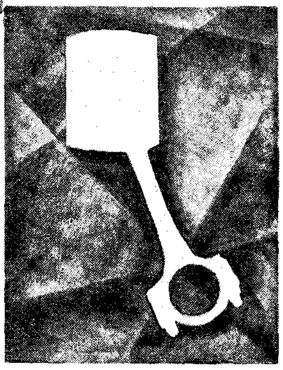
> Again and again Major Coolidge was asked, "How was the ordeal?" and again and again he put on a brave shrug and said, "Oh, not so bad."
>
> The new Mrs. Coolidge, however, was not being deceived. "John," she confided to several friends, "was awfully scared."
>
> As the reception line broke up John linked arms with his mother, and together they started across the lawn toward the Trumbull home. But Mrs. Coolidge withdrew the arm—"Johnny," she said, "you stay here with Florence," and Florence, still gowned in her wedding ivory, was on hand to retrieve that masculine arm in which she now had something of an interest.
>
> Major Coolidge and his bride then sauntered to the "petit canopy" set up in the middle of the lawn and stocked with the choicest of the wares of Max Walker, Hartford's proudest caterer. They had, of course, to break their way through a milling throng of guests, who were struggling with each other for a view of the special edibles provided for the bridal party of twelve and stored in the "petit canopy."
>
> John Coolidge was more amiable than he had been for days; the conclusion of the wedding, with which he had waited with such obvious nervousness, seemed to bring him a degree of relaxation, and he smilingly thanked all those who wished him well, and even kissed a few middle-aged and elderly women who had known him in his childhood.
>
> But the new Mrs. Coolidge was the happiest of the group. She had entered the church with a giggled greeting for the photographers and the talkie set-ups, had smiled as she slowly marched up the aisle on her tall father's arm, and had laughed again as she and the somewhat startled bridegroom emerged to find the populace breaking down the police lines, and all but tearing the canvas marquee to tatters to gain a glimpse of them.
>
> The police had been instructed, apparently, to let all who wished stare as long as they desired. In fact, they ordered reporters, who had broken out in a rash of huge red tags provided by the Governor's press agents, to get thirty or forty yards away so that the populace might not have its view cut off.
>
> One policeman clutched a man by the collar and lifted him off the ground, shoving him back. "Get the hell back, you," he growled, and then added, as an afterthought, "if you please."
>
> But when John drove up with Miss Thelga Clarke and Reuben B. Hills, his family's next door neighbor in Northampton, the crowd again pushed forward.
>
> There was no real defiance of the police lines, however, until Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge drove up to the other entrance—the

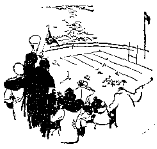
THIS IS THE AGE OF ALUMINUM

LYNITE

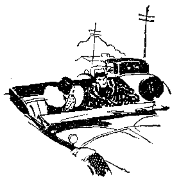


The same thrill in the car · · · *that you get in the stands*





The end is boxed. The half bowled over. An opening. A lithe, jerseyed figure, knees working like pistons, shoots goalward—and you follow his flight, relaxing thankfully as he eludes the last tackler. ¶ Midfield. A lone figure far behind the struggling lines. An arm snaps back. The ball, in a perfect soaring arc, sails straight to a waiting end—and you're breathless at the daring of the pass. ¶ In the shadow of the goal. Straining hearts and hands. The fullback hits the line—and you rise in your seat—exultant—cheering madly—as the ball goes over. ¶ That's the thrill from the stands. You respond to the magnificent spirit of the game.



Streams of snail-like traffic. An opening. Your car slips through—and you relax, with a smile, as the others drop behind. ¶ The open road. The drone of a distant motor. A cloud of dust drifts back. Your foot presses gently. The car gathers speed. You're closing up. You're even. You're ahead!—and happy in the knowledge that you rule the road. ¶ Detour. Gummy mud and crawling, snake-like ruts. The motor roars—you slap the wheel exultantly as the car tears through. ¶ That's the thrill in a LYNITE equipped car. You respond to motor performance that is finer than ever you've known before.

LYNITE
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PISTONS AND RODS

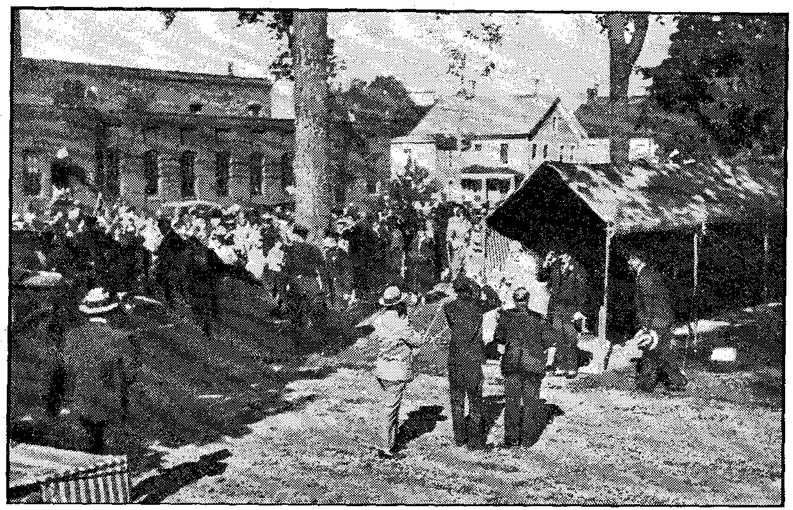
LYNITE PERFORMANCE

Greater speed—more pulling power. Quicker acceleration. Less wear on cylinders and bearings. Vibration reduced to a minimum. Less weight—greater fuel economy. Cooler motor—with less carbon.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA
PITTSBURGH, PA.

ALUMINUM · IN · EVERY · COMMERCIAL · FORM canopy stretched the full width of the churchyard, permitting ingress at either end—and the horde thundered across the lawn with whoops of joy.

The arrival of Governor and Mrs. Trumbull with the bride brought forth the real demonstration. In this the troopers wrestled valiantly, swore stoutly, tussled futilely, and plucked respectable club women out of openings they had torn in the marquee.



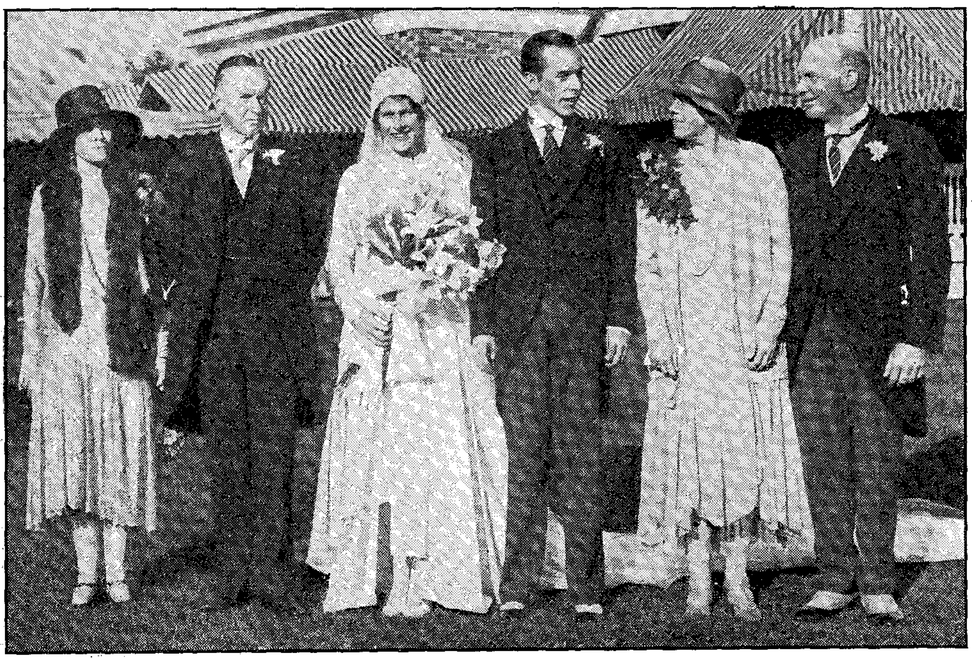
Wide World photograph

"NOW PUT YOUR HAT ON," SNAPT THE BUSY CAMERA MEN

And the blushing groom mildly obeyed, while the mob struggled against police restraint in a playful urge to submerge the happy pair and perchance pluck some cute souvenirs from the bride's pretty clothes.

The press was late in getting its innings, but it got them. Reporters, it seems, did not actually see the ceremony. But it was arranged that two guests should observe closely, and later tell the journalists what had happened. At last:

One of the Governor's assistant spokesmen persuaded Major Nichols, the State Police Commandant, that he really was an assistant spokesman, and admitted those who wore the red tags to the church.



Acme Newspicture

WHEN THE NEWS-SHOOTERS ROUNDED UP AN HISTORIC DOUBLE-FAMILY GROUP

Here we have the older and younger generations at the parting of the ways. From left: Mrs. and Mr. Calvin Coolidge, Florence and John Coolidge, and Florence's parents, Mrs. Trumbull and Gov. John Trumbull.

Thirty questions had been prepared by the chief spokesman—fifteen questions dealing with matters the women reporters were presumed to want to know, and fifteen for the men.

These dealt with the manner of the principals, their tone in making responses, the seating of the parents; they included the burning inquiry as to whether John kissed Florence and whether the minister kissed her, and whether her father kissed her, and whether Calvin Coolidge kissed her.

Mrs. Andrew Sandergren, a good-looking young woman who had been a schoolmate of Florence's, and Col. Charles Halsey Allen, a big, bluff, good-natured man who is on the Governor's staff, were the proxy reporters.

Mrs. Sandergren read each question from her list.

To No. 1 she said, with deliberation, "Yes, they were both very composed."

To No. 2 she said, "Their responses were clear, and delivered in a tone which all could hear."

In order, she continued: "There was no faltering on the part of either of them. They made no mistakes, made no repetitions in speech, the best man had the ring ready, and there was no fumbling. They both seemed perfectly at ease."

"Florence was the prettiest bride I've ever seen," boomed Colonel Allen. "She was lovely."

Mrs. Sandergren continued with a description of the costumes of Mrs. Coolidge and Mrs. Trumbull. She got to the questions about kissing and turned questioningly to Colonel Allen.

"Did he kiss the bride—and how?" she read, doubtfully.

"And how," boomed the Colonel heartily: "Boy, he had his lips puckered up before he ever got to her."

"Guess that's about all," said Mrs. Sandergren.

"Just a minute," put in the Colonel, "I guess you people want to know about E. O. Stephens, the Governor's caretaker at his camp up in Maine. Well, he flew here from Boston this morning. Said it was a good trip except that they had to detour around Hartford on account of the smoke, and he sat beside me in a back pew through the service."

"I guess that's all," said Mrs. Sandergren.

"Thank you very much," said the assistant spokesman.

Here we turn from Mr. Terrett's account of this particular wedding to his more general dissertation on American crowds, and what they like to look at. Thus we find him commenting in *The World* of a later date:

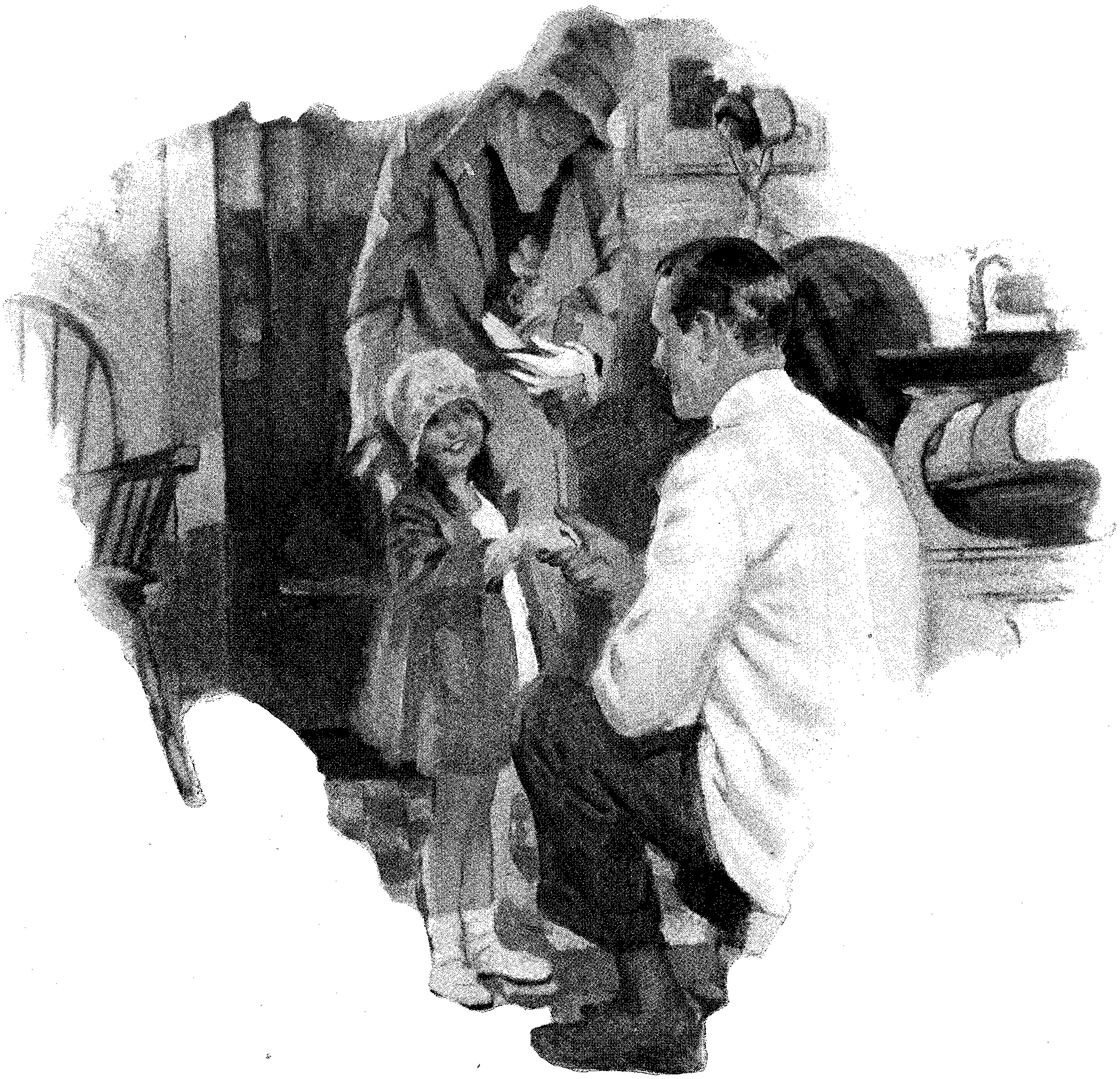
Some day, it is to be hoped, some gentleman of good humor and broad understanding will write a book about curiosity, the American brand of curiosity, and will endeavor to explain that quality for the guidance and instruction of all young men and young women who may grow up to have their pictures in the papers.

In a comprehensive work upon this subject he would remind his readers that human beings have ever relished the experience of gathering together in large numbers to see and to hear; he would touch, probably, upon the Pan-Hellenic games and the Roman gladiatorial field days, and would work his way up through the medieval executions and the Bourbon *accouchements* to the institution of popular suffrage and the immediate birth of the political vote-seeker.

And thus, in good time, he would arrive at the core of his subject, the unquenchable zest of the American people for concerning themselves, *en masse*, with events which are really none of their business.

His task would be an easy one here. There would be that fantastic destruction of the Hall-Mills crab apple tree, those incredible Valentino obsequies, the riots among those who fought for entrance to the Snyder-Gray trial, the mad scramble for the clothes and trinkets of the men who were killed in the wreck of the *Shenandoah*. Those would be a few cases for consideration and analysis; indeed, volumes should be set apart

(*Continued on page 45*)



Three Years Old, so to the Dentist We Will Go!

Here is a room all bright and clean, and full of such wonderful things to see. A nice man, too, who is glad to meet 3-year-old people. Lots of children, he says, never go to the dentist. They get toothache, and are cross, and never have good sound teeth.

Parents! Your youngsters deserve the opportunity to form early habits of oral hygiene. Take them at three, or soon thereafter, to the dentist. Give your dentist opportunity to do all within the power of modern science to help the child enjoy the advantages of oral health. First teeth require attention to protect the permanent teeth. Keep your dentist on guard over your child's future. Your dentist is trained for this important work. You will do him and the youngster a favor if you start the habit of regular dental examination early. Young children learn easily to use a gargle, or mouthwash. Set a good example for them; they are enthusiastic mimics.

And grown-ups, too, must remember that oral health is closely related to body health. See your dentist regularly. Toothbrush, and mouthwash, every day — of course — but just as important for young and for old is to

"Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn.; Toronto, Ont.

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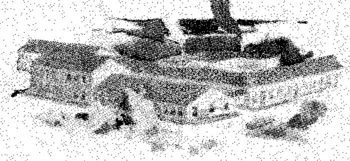
This page is a part of the Lavoris Reciprocation Program tendered the American Dentist in recognition of more than 25 years' acceptance and good will

Children like the pleasant taste of Lavoris solution. Teach them early the habit of a mouthwash at every brushing. Lavoris is safe and refreshing.

Refuse imitations—ask for Lavoris by name. Large and small bottles at drug counters everywhere

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR CHAPTER 5

CAUSE



In a little old-fashioned factory, an abandoned strawboard mill, Goodyear made its start.

Almost its only asset at that time was an unfaltering faith in the ultimate triumph of manufactured goodness.

The building is gone now, succeeded by a group of Goodyear plants that girdle the earth, and that are everywhere known as marvels of modern productive efficiency.

But Goodyear does not forget the simple principle upon which it built its reputation, and the whole energies of its progressive personnel today are focused upon providing products of a quality which will protect our good name.

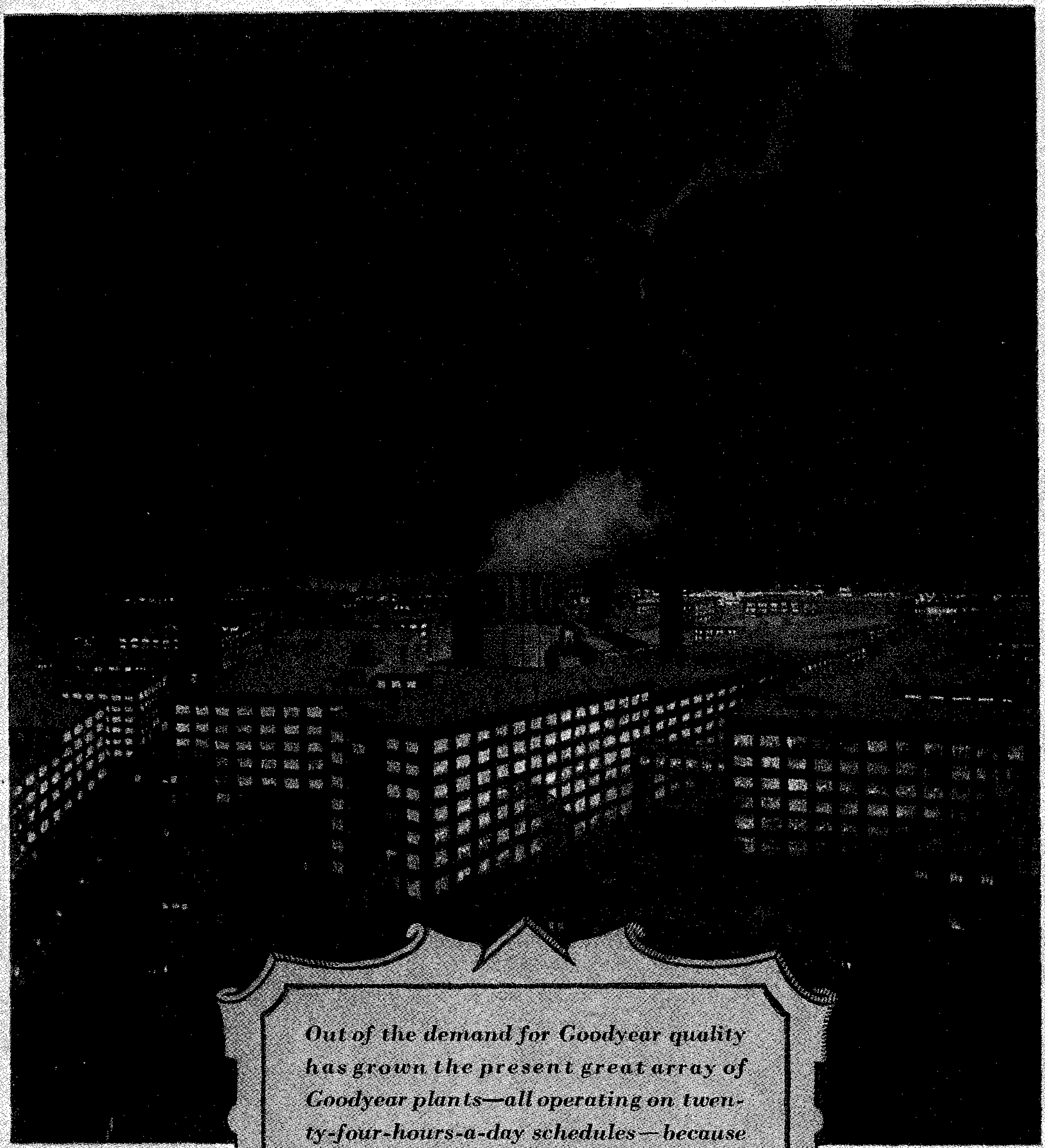
P. W. Litchfield

President

GOOD

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR CHAPTER 5

RESULT



Out of the demand for Goodyear quality has grown the present great array of Goodyear plants—all operating on twenty-four-hours-a-day schedules—because "More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

Goodyear manufactures at Akron, Ohio; Los Angeles, Cal.; New Toronto, Ont.; Bowmanville, Ont.; Sydney, Australia; Wolverhampton, Eng.; and Gadsden, Ala. Goodyear operates textile mills at Los Angeles, Cal.; Goodyear, Conn.; Cedartown, Rockmart, and Cartersville, Ga.; New Bedford, Mass.; St. Hyacinthe, Que. Goodyear operates cotton plantations in Arizona; rubber plantations in Sumatra, D. E. I., and Philippine Islands; a coal mine at Adena, Ohio, and is now building at Akron, Ohio, the world's largest airship factory and dock

YEAR

Copyright 1929, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Why Oakland is known as America's finest medium-priced automobile

OWNERS STARTED IT. It began as a whisper several months ago. It grew and grew. Here a voice took it up, there another. And soon all over the United States, owners of today's Oakland All-American Six were saying to their friends, in effect, "Here, ladies and gentlemen, is America's finest medium-priced automobile."

Dealers wrote in about it. Letters from owners came in. It became apparent that, if everybody knew Oakland as well as owners of the All-American Six, production schedules would have to be increased to meet the public demand.

But it is one thing to say in cold type, "This is America's finest medium-priced automobile," and another to prove it. Testimonials were being eyed askance by a sophisticated public. They wouldn't do. Something else was needed. At last, a plan.

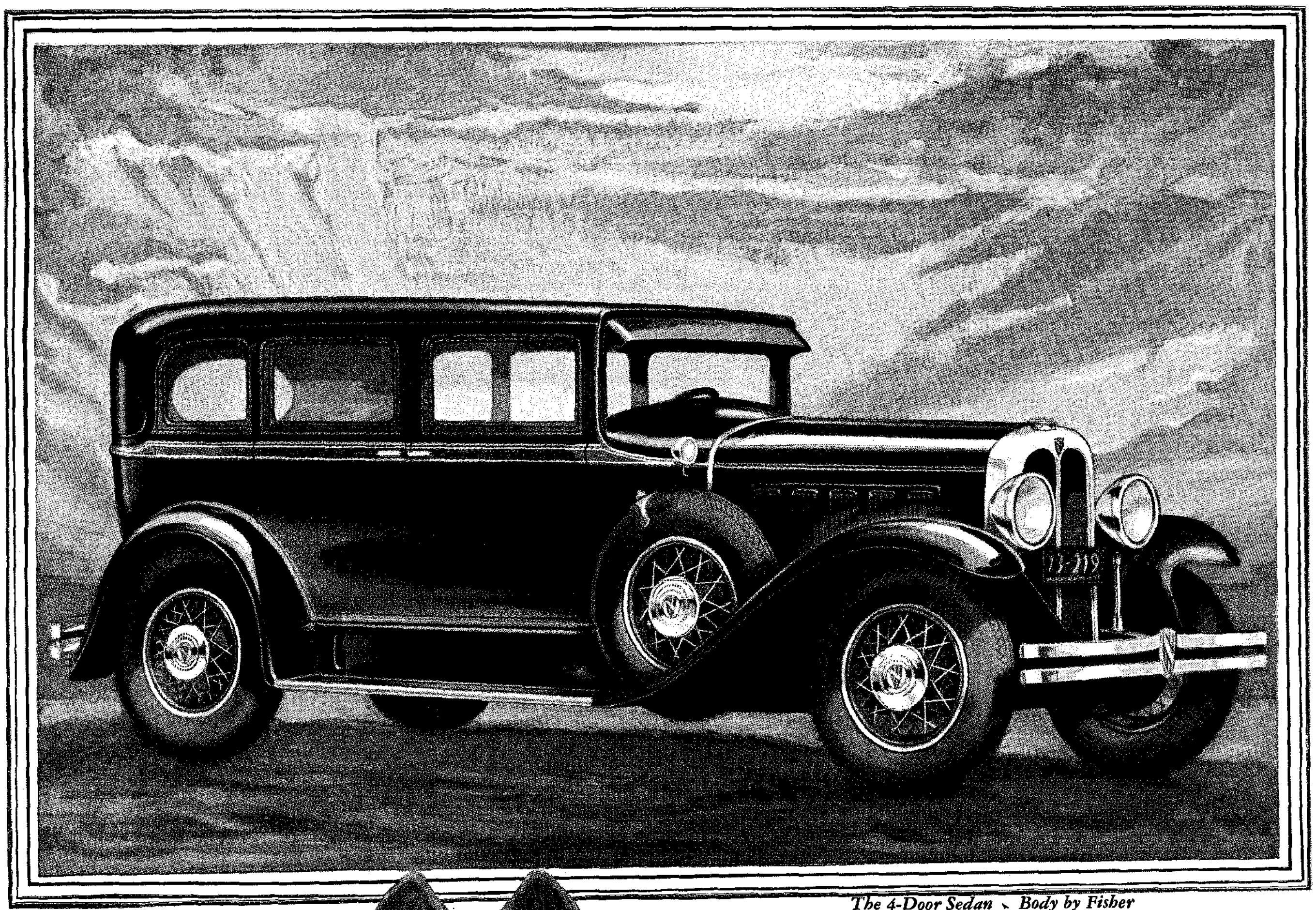
EIGHT HUNDRED SEVENTY-EIGHT COMPARISONS. Twenty popular medium-priced cars were selected for comparison with today's Oakland All-American Six. Eight hundred seventy-eight individual comparisons of features were made. The findings were carefully recorded, recapitulated, analyzed. And the results were these. Of the 878 comparisons, Oakland clearly outranked the field in 451 or 51.37 per cent. All twenty cars were at best equal to Oakland in 382 comparisons or 43.50 per cent. And thirteen of the twenty were higher in price than Oakland.

AMERICA'S FINEST MEDIUM-PRICED AUTOMOBILE. Those facts prove beyond any question that today's Oakland is *America's finest medium-priced automobile.* Ask the nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer to show you complete returns from the comparisons and to give you a demonstration. Learn for yourself how unquestionably the Oakland Six deserves its name.

* * *

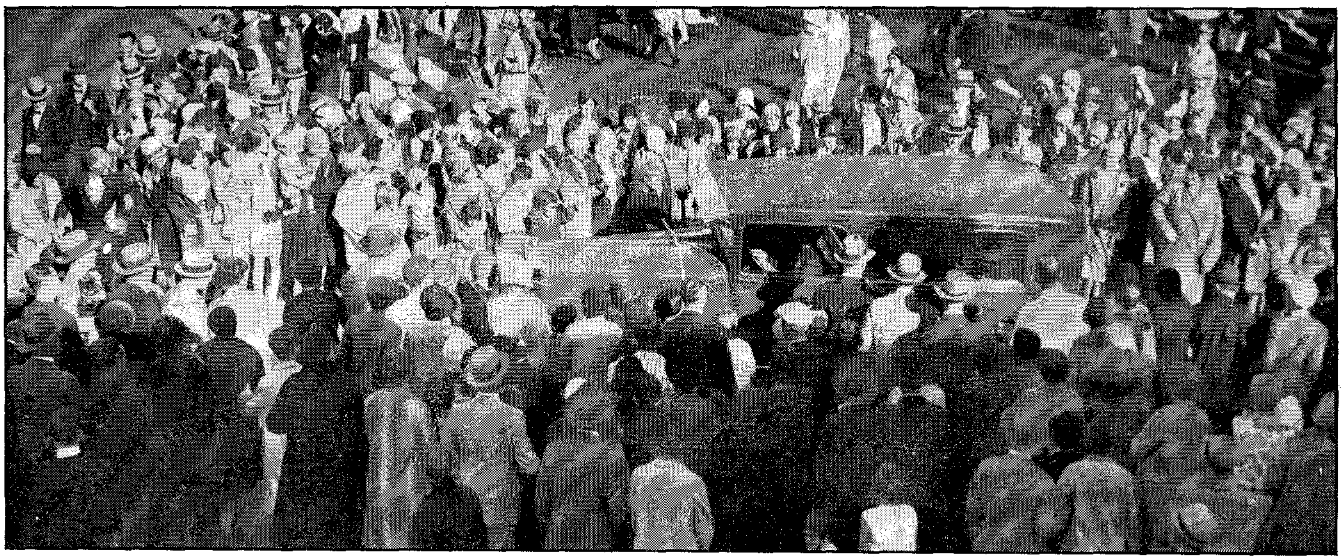
Oakland All-American Six, $1145 to $1375, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., PONTIAC, MICH.



The 4-Door Sedan · Body by Fisher

OAKLAND
All-American
PRODUCT OF Six GENERAL MOTORS



Wide World photograph

A TINY ISLAND OF WEDDED BLISS SUBMERGED IN A MISSISSIPPI FLOOD OF HUMAN CURIOSITY

Mr. and Mrs. John Coolidge, having just left the church, are in the car, completely surrounded by staring eyes and gaping mouths.

(Continued from page 40)

for discussion of the ghoulishness of which the American, multiplied into a crowd, is capable.

But the dissertation would have its lighter side, that side on which sentiment and an abiding hunger for vicarious romance smear a sweetish goo over mob inquisitiveness.

Weddings? How they do love them! The departure of any bridal party from any church will always stop a few passers-by. The Little Church Around the Corner, which does a big business in marriages, usually has a few uninvited guests about. And even Babe Ruth's humorously defiant announcement that he would be married at six o'clock in the morning filled a church.

Here we must slip in the comment that Mr. Terrett's memory is very short indeed, or else he is a very young man. He has forgotten—at least he does not mention—two weddings that stirred America early in the century, when the "Gay Nineties" were not so long buried. These were the weddings of Anna Gould and Count Boni de Castellane, at which, we recall, souvenir hunters stript the church of decorations, and of Alice Roosevelt and Congressman Nicholas Longworth. But we are getting quite a long way from Mr. Terrett. Let us return:

It is the big, fancy weddings, with plenty of silk hats and camera men, that the public like best, however, for these are well advertised for weeks in advance. They are intimate with all the details, they feel a familiarity with the principals.

And yet the public reaction is almost invariably resentful whether the wedding is perpetrated with the most ostentatious publicity, or whether it is conducted in elaborate secrecy.

At the one the public says scornfully, "Aw, they're crazy for publicity" and at the other the public cries resentfully, "Too stuck up, huh? I guess all that publicity has gone to their heads."

In the past few months the country has had one excellent example of each.

The first was the marriage of Colonel Lindbergh and Anne Morrow. The second was the marriage of Major Coolidge and Florence Trumbull.

Both young couples announced what they wanted most was a simple, quiet wedding. Of the two couples, Colonel Lindbergh and his fiancée had the most difficult task.

Yet he succeeded in getting married privately, with only the few relatives and friends he wanted to be present as witnesses, and even got off on a honeymoon before it was discovered that the wedding had taken place.

And now the writer gets back to the Coolidge-Trumbull nuptials. These, too, were intended to be quiet. But "different tactics were pursued; and the result was so completely different as to have no resemblance to the Lindbergh wedding." Reading on:

The date of the wedding, once fixt, was given out in public announcement.

Then the publicity began to roll up. The renting of an apartment, the buying of furniture for it, and all kindred details were ascertained without hindrance.

Indeed, Miss Trumbull even consented to sign her name to a "ghosted" interview, receive female reporters almost daily, and smiled pleasantly into all cameras. Her father, John H. Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut, and reputedly ambitious to be one of her Senators when he leaves office, met a suggestion that he should have some pictures of himself taken by arranging for a general meeting with camera men at his private airplane landing-field at Plainville, and appearing in a flying suit.

A New Haven newsreel man called upon him and tried to persuade him to permit the installation of a floodlight and talkie microphones in the church for the wedding.

The Governor denied that plea. This was to be a simple church wedding, he explained.

But he did allow himself to be persuaded that platforms should be erected for the photographers outside the church, at the entrance, where Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge and he and Mrs. Trumbull and the bride would debouch from their motor-cars, and in his garden overlooking the scene of the reception which would follow the wedding.

He went further. He appointed the newsreel man his press representative in the matter, his official arranger and spokesman.

International Newsreel photograph

ALONE AT LAST—EXCEPT FOR THE CAMERA MEN

The bridal couple trying to get a little freedom and solitude on their honeymoon at the Trumbull camp, Moosehead Lake, Maine.

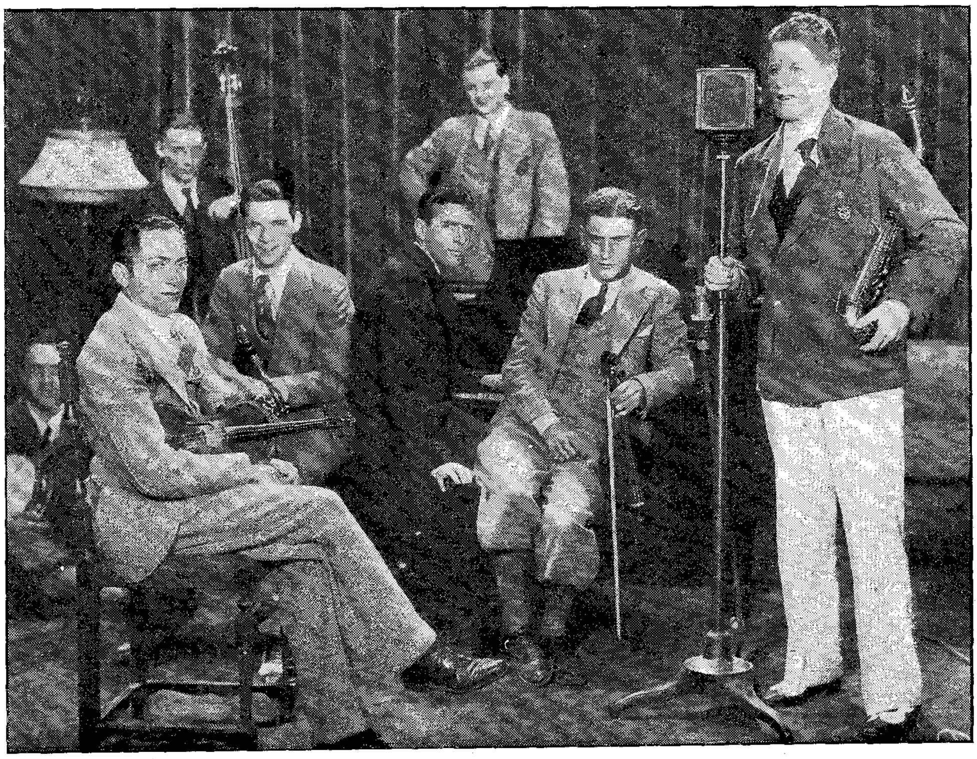
A NEW RUDY WHOSE VOICE IS CATNIP

Wide World photograph

WHEN YOU SEE RUDY VALLEE, *CHERCHEZ LA FEMME*

That is, look for some goo-goo-eyed girl. Here's one helping him to make up for the movies.

THE ALLEY LEADING TO THE STAGE-DOOR was packed with the star's admirers. They waited impatiently, eager for a glimpse of their idol. These were no "stage-door Johnnies," lingering to pay a personal tribute to the *artiste*. Rather, they might be called "stage-door Johannas," waiting to see a tall, blonde young man with cold blue eyes and a warm smile. They were flappers, society debs and even staid matrons, Lillian G. Genn tells us in a copyrighted article in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. They were storming the stage-door of a New York vaudeville theater for a glimpse of Rudy Vallee, the radio singer and orchestra leader, whose specialty of crooning songs in a soft, romantic voice while his orchestra plays in muted tones, has brought him a tremendous vogue. Previously, during the performance, Miss Genn adds, these women had thrown flowers to him on the stage.



Wide World photograph

READY TO POUR MELTING MUSIC FOR THE MILLIONS INTO THE "MIKE"

Girl songs, gush songs, moonlight and mush songs are broadcast by the irresistible Mr. Vallee with the aid of his orchestra, which we see assembled here.

It all started, we read, when Rudy, more or less as an experiment, tried his crooning for the first time, and crooned his way into the hearts of a million women. His was not a wonderful voice, the writer concedes, but "it was so full of yearning and tenderness that it made the hearts of many feminine listeners beat faster. Here was a voice that brought romance and love, a voice that stirred the imagination and lifted one out of the humdrum of every-day life."

After that, the fan mail! For Rudy Vallee had very definitely caught on. Every one wanted to hear "that voice with the romantic appeal." Overnight Rudy "became the ideal of a million women, and to-day he occupies as affectionate a place in their hearts as did the late Valentino," of whom it was said by H. L. Mencken: "He was catnip to women." Can it be, we wonder, that the similarity in the names of the two has anything to do with it? Rudy "receives thousands of mash notes and gifts, and scarcely a day passes that doesn't bring its share of proposals." Vallee gave Miss Genn some of his "fan mail" for publication. Here are samples of several types of letters:

> *Dear Mr. Vallee:* I wonder why the dear Lord gave a voice such as yours to only one person. Of course, you charm millions of people. But there are still more millions who can not hear you.
>
> I hear you and your orchestra each Wednesday and Saturday night, and I am crazy about it and you. I'd love to hear you sing "Honey" and "Deep Night" again.
>
> Could I have an autographed picture of you? With best wishes to you and the orchestra. Sincerely, A FRIEND.

> *Dearest Rudy:* Will you please sing "Deep Night" for me or "You Were Meant for Me?" I just love to hear you sing. It thrills me so. I would give the whole world if I could only see you once, just once, Rudy. I have a picture of you, which I look at every minute in the day. Rudy, I do love your voice. I would give anything to have you sing to me.
>
> I just had to write and tell you that I'm terribly lonesome for some one to talk to. I never cared for any one until I heard your voice. I would love to hear from you.
>
> A LONESOME GIRL.

> *Dear Mr. Valley:* I hope you don't mind that I am writing to you. I cant run and play like all the children I know so I sit and lisen to the radio. I like to here you sing, cause you sing just like my daddy used to, but he and Mother got killed when I hurt my leggs so I cant walk, but I use to love to here him sing. I am living with Granny and she lets me lisen to you every Monday

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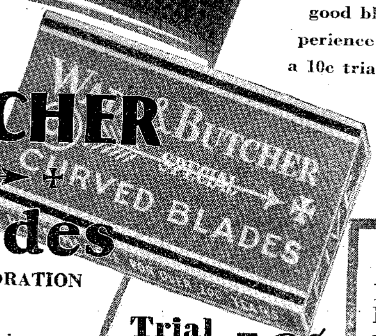

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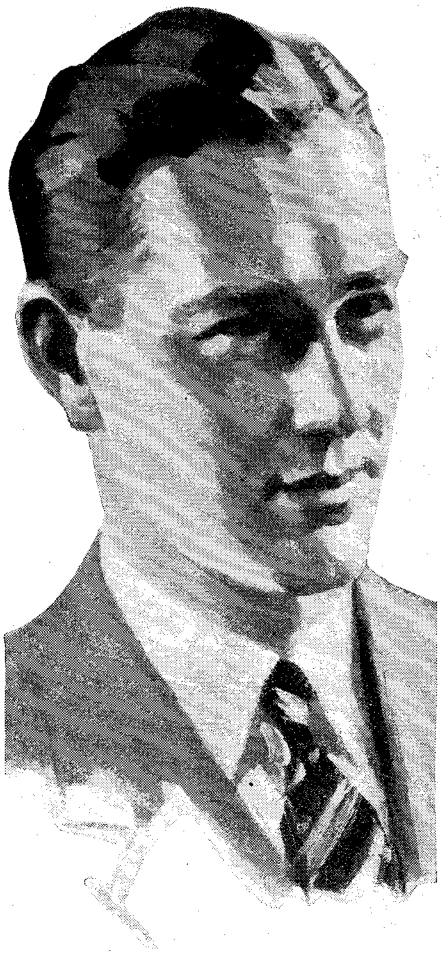
Canadian Address: 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.
Enclosed 10c for one Wade & Butcher Blade for my razor.
Name . . . .
Address . . . . (L.D.10)



". . . . but they all come back to Williams!"

Here's a drug clerk testifying, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Not strange. The Williams lather is the result of 90 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin.

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LARGE SIZE

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

night. Some Monday will you sing a song just for me—my name is Billie and I have yello hare and blue eyes. Thank you very much. BILLIE.

Hello! Dear Rudy Vallee: Of course, you get millions of letters from girls. Flappers who are in love with you and your beautiful voice. I, too, while not a flapper, must come under that category of being in love with your voice and, incidentally, with you.

Being a musician, perhaps I can appreciate more fully the songs you sing because of the way you sing them. For a more caressingly beautiful voice and lovable way of singing I have never heard. It is only of late that I have had the pleasure of hearing you, but since the first time I did I have gone every week to the theater simply to hear you.

I sometimes get very lonely, but when I hear you sing I am happy. I wish you much happiness, and I thank you for many moments of joy which I know when I hear you sing. Good-by, dear boy. L. V.

Things have not always been so pleasant for this radio idol. As a matter of fact, we read:

He served a hard apprenticeship before he captured fame with his voice. It was during his early years at high school that he began to think of becoming a musician. However, his father, who was proprietor of a large drug-store in Westbrook, Maine, wanted him to carry on the business, and he tried to discourage the boy by refusing to give him money for musical instruments. Since he wanted very much to buy a saxophone, he went to work as an usher in a motion-picture theater to earn the money for it. Once he got the instrument, he had no one to teach him how to play it. But, not the least bit discouraged, he set about to teach himself by means of phonograph records of saxophone numbers. Later he wrote to Rudy Wiedoft, a leading saxophone player of the day, and aroused his interest to such a degree that he was subsequently accepted as one of his pupils.

Vallee went through a difficult grind before he came up to Wiedoft's high standard. By the time he was able to play the instrument well, he had definitely decided that he was going to make a career of it. He went to the University of Maine for a year, and then to Yale, paying his expenses by means of his music. One summer he even worked in a sawmill in order to obtain extra funds. Gradually his name as a saxophone player began to be known, and he was in demand for dance orchestras. After a successful vaudeville engagement, he received an invitation to play with the orchestra in the Savoy Hotel, in London. There he made enough money to finish his college course, and he also added luster to his reputation as a player.

The next season saw him back at Yale, studying hard for his degree, and also leading the popular football band. After graduation he embarked on a vaudeville tour across the country, and he returned to Boston to study and to play with dance orchestras. He then went to New York, where he held jobs with well-known orchestra leaders. However, as he had his own ideas of dance music that he wanted to try out, he organized a band of several men, and trained them his own way. After months of hard work they were ready to perform, and their playing was so distinctive that he found no difficulty in procuring engagements for them.

Wide World photograph

SOMETIMES HE TIRES OF READING MASH NOTES

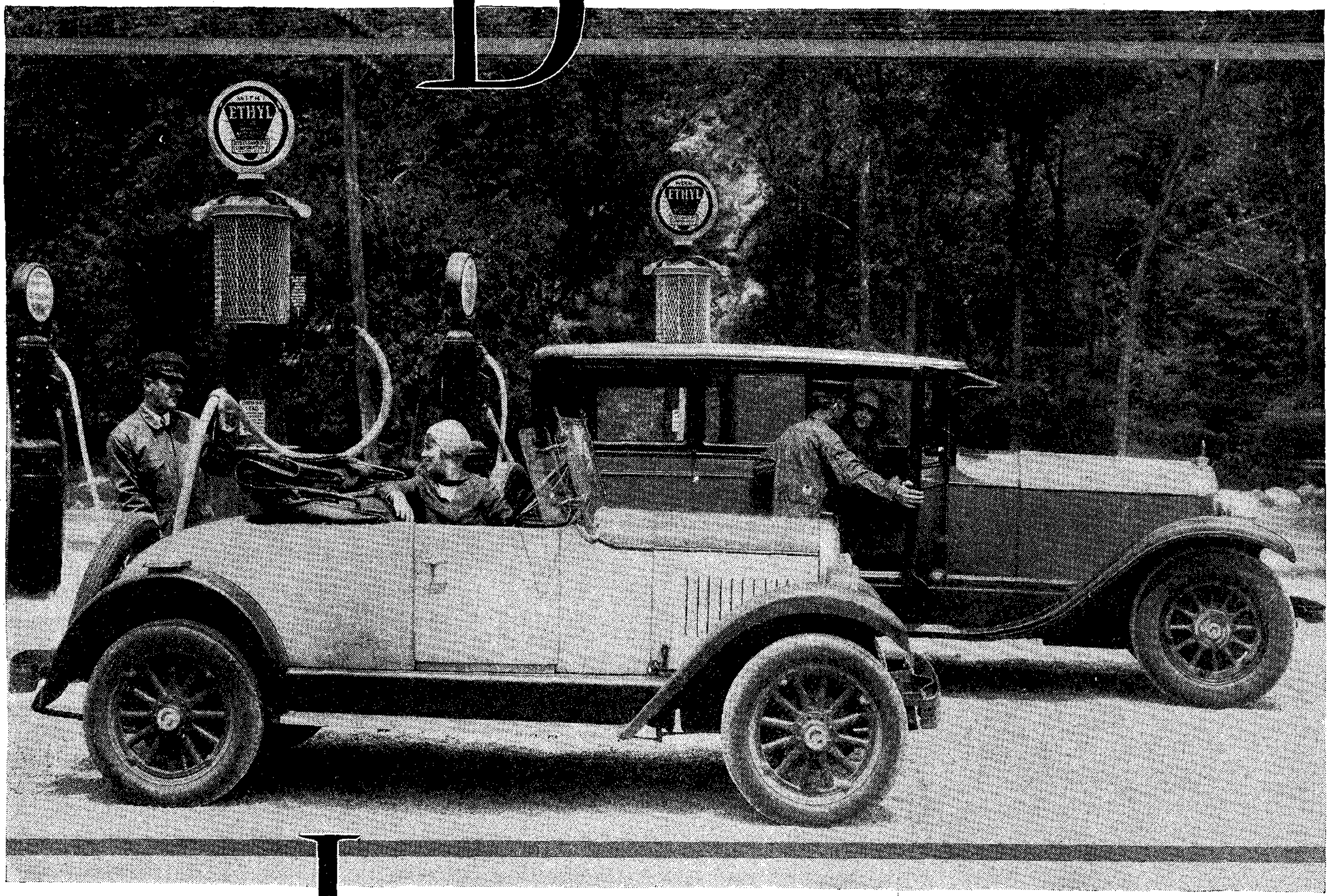
Then he picks up a book and relaxes. And some of his admirers vow that in repose he is more enchanting than ever.

One evening, while leading the orchestra, he began to sing the chorus of a song, and he was greeted with so much applause that he continued to make it a practise to sing with the band. It was when the orchestra went on the air that the radio audience heard his voice for the first time, and feminine hearts fell for its romantic appeal.

Even now, on the crest of the wave of popularity, Rudy has to work hard, says Miss Genn:

His day is a strenuous one, starting early in the morning with work at the movie studio, a rehearsal with his band, making records, going over new numbers for broadcasting, and then rushing to the theater and at midnight to the night

Big cars



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A Versailles, Ohio, angler says: "Fishermen who, like myself, use expensive rods and reels and realize the importance of keeping them in best condition, find that 3-in-One can't be beat." *{Name on Request}*

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

club. His dressing-room is a hectic place, with the telephone ringing incessantly, and people continually coming in to make requests of some kind. On a desk near him were piles of letters waiting for his attention.

"Do you answer all your fan letters?" he was asked.

"I try to. I know how much it means to those who write them. While the majority are mash notes, yet there are many letters from invalids and old people."

What does Vallee think of the letters he receives from enamored women? He said to his interviewer:

"No one can read these thousands of letters without realizing how hungry people are for romance. They long for anything that will help them forget the cruel realities of life and make them believe for a short time they are as loving or as beloved as they have always dreamed of being.

"Women, of course, are more romantic than men. No matter who or what a woman may be, she craves love and romance. It is the dominant theme in her life. If she does not have it, then all the beauty and meaning of life are lost to her. Inwardly she is miserable and unhappy.

"Perhaps of all the women in the world, our own are most starved for it. The American man seems to be incapable of playing up to the romantic desires of a woman he may even love most deeply. It doesn't seem to be in his nature to express his feelings, his thoughts, and his emotions as easily and freely as do the men of the Latin races. They are inherently more romantic, more sentimental than Americans, and they take love-making more seriously. They even consider it as an art. What is more, they seem to understand instinctively that it is essential for them actually to demonstrate their love and to try to show it by word and deed. The American man lets the woman he loves take it for granted. Particularly after he's married, he thinks it is foolish for him to continue to show that he cares for his wife."

The feminine adulation that is lavished on Rudy Vallee has not in any way lessened his desire for marriage, this writer continues. He "has a definite picture of his ideal girl, and he will marry when he finds her." Doubtless when these words of Miss Genn's were read they caused wild speculation among Rudy's admirers. But speculation is no longer necessary. Mr. Vallee has generously made public just what he wants in a wife. In an article on this subject in the New York *World* Sunday Magazine he reveals himself as an ultra-conservative young man looking for what has come to be designated as an "old-fashioned girl." We can quote only a few of his requirements:

Her face and form must be beautiful. There was a time when I thought that she must be fair. Now I feel that my ideal woman may be a brunette.

She must *not* be too young. Very young girls do not interest me much. A wife of twenty-five or twenty-six would be all right for me. I think that from twenty-two to twenty-six is a glorious age for a woman.

The modern girl who insists upon a separate career and a fifty-fifty financial arrangement, making her own way and paying half the bills, would have no charm for me. That plan would place her in the same position as a man. My ideal woman would be as different from me as God meant her to be. I should want her to depend on me and to know that I'd work like the devil to give her everything. I would want to feel her snuggling in my arms, demanding and needing protection. She would expect me to be industrious for myself and for her, and to hold up my head before the world, because I'd be doing a man's job. Because of my love I should want her life to be brighter and more beautiful, and she would cooperate with me in this endeavor.

The aggressively intellectual girl is another whose presence leaves me cold. By that I mean the girl who wears her brains outside, and is everlastingly trying to impress me with what she knows about Freud, and phrases of French, and that sort of thing. I like a woman to be intelligent enough and sophisticated enough to be charming and amusing and gentle and tender, and yet not goody-goody.

My ideal woman would have certain familiarities for me alone. When dancing with our friends I would expect her to show reserve, and even a certain frigidity with other men. But in my arms her eyes would glow with an alluring light and her manner would be charged with a warmth that would not be there for any other man. I should need to feel sure of her devotion to me every moment, even while she was being charming and fascinating to others. The coquette in her—and she would be a bit of a coquette—would be for me alone.

Heywood Broun in his New York *Telegram* column, "It Seems to Me," apparently finds Rudy's "dream girl" amusing. First Mr. Broun calls attention to Rudy's vagueness regarding complexion—"Now I feel that my ideal woman may be a brunette"—and then continues:

Mr. Vallee leaves blondes the privilege of hoping. But most of the requirements and specifications are precise. For instance, "When dancing with our friends I would expect her to show reserve and even a certain frigidity with other men. But in my arms her eyes would glow with an alluring light and her manner would be charged with a warmth that would not be there for any other man."

This seems to me a difficult stipulation. Allure and warmth, I have been told, depend to some extent upon the setting. For instance, if Mr. Vallee himself were megaphoning down a ditty while all his attendant musicians played soft and minor chords, he should hardly blame the dream girl, I think, if she melted just a little, tho dancing with an outlander.

"The aggressively intellectual girl is another whose presence leaves me cold. By that I mean the girl who wears her brains outside and is everlastingly trying to impress me with what she knows about Freud and phrases of French."

And this, too, is not spoken like a Yale man. Any one who has had the opportunity at New Haven of hearing Gene Tunney on Shakespeare and Billy Phelps on Tennyson need have no fear of blue-stockings. Let them talk French and Freud, too. Even tho they talk of complexes and transferences, a young man with your *savoir faire* (French phrase meaning ease of manner) need not be in a panic. Just raise one appraising eyebrow and boldly answer back, "Oh, yeah!"

TOTING HIS HAREM TO WAR IN A BLACK MARIA

THE Sultan's wives have an outing when His Majesty Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, King of the Hejaz and Sultan of Nejd, goes out to battle. For this desert ruler, who leads his cavalry in an automobile, takes his harem with him in—of all things!—a police van, instead of putting them on the traditional camels, according to Cedric Worth in the New York *Evening Post*. Whether this monarch also takes "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts," we are not informed. Just now we read that His Majesty, who was able to be quite unpleasant to the British during the recent Palestine riots, has drawn the sword again to put down a rebellion of some of his subjects. He has ordered out his personal motor-car. The van has been backed up to the door of his mud palace and the ladies have clambered in and gaily set out, as if for a pleasure jaunt. Pursuing Mr. Worth's account:

> It is not that the ruler distrusts his wives, or that he believes his subjects have designs upon his domestic establishment, but the police van is the motorized equivalent of the enclosed howdah-like arrangement which would surround their saddles if they traveled by camel, preventing their profanation by exposure to the gaze of the curious. It is probably more comfortable, too.
>
> How many women Ibn Saud takes with him to the wars is a question. His whole power has been built on the adherence to his banner of the Ihkwani, followers of the House of Ibn Wahab, and therefore generally called Wahabis. The Wahabis are the puritans of the Moslem world, their lives are supposed to be guided by literal acceptance of the Koran, and to see that something of this kind is the case Ibn Saud has affixt his name to laws which prescribe severe penalties for infringement of the narrowest conception of the Koran's injunctions.
>
> Mohammed said a man might have four wives. Selah! Ibn Saud never has more than three wives at a time, it is said, always being sure to have divorced one of his wives before marrying again. In all, it is generally estimated that about 150 women have passed through his harem. Still they are clamoring for entrance, each, of course, being certain she will be the one to attach the King to her permanently.
>
> The Sultan, then, leads his horsemen to war in an automobile, altho in battle he does not shun to mount a horse and draw a sword, fighting with his men.
>
> Like all rulers, Ibn Saud wishes to make his country great and a single people. He is faced with tremendous difficulties, and he is working to solve them in a way demanded by environment. The Arabs are not susceptible to any loyalty wider than that of the clan, except that of religion. Therefore, Ibn Saud is a religious leader. He is accused of aiming at the Caliphate, the spiritual leadership of Islam, which once was the glory of the Grand Turk. And so is every other Moslem ruler on earth. There are not many, and none so independent as Ibn Saud, unless it be Mustafa Kemal Pasha of Turkey, who could never accept a crown and the Caliphate without turning directly from his westernizing course.

The ancestors of Ibn Saud were rulers of Nejd, "but the family of the Rashids took their throne before the birth of the present holder." In 1901, however, we read:

> Ibn Saud, about twenty years old, and a comely six-footer, made the first move to regain that throne. He assembled a few Bedouins who, through family ties, were loyal to his royal pretensions, and they arrived quietly one night at the gates of Hail, then the capital. They killed the watchers of the gates, and got so far into the citadel that they were able also to dispatch the Governor, who represented the then ruling Ibn Rashid.
>
> Ibn Saud has never been accused of showing mercy. Since his secular power is based to a degree upon the religious enthusiasm of his followers, every war they make, whether to subdue the tribes of the interior or against the little mandated States surrounding them, is a holy war.
>
> From the time of his first raid until the beginning of the World War his status remained that of an outlawed prince, without fortune, and unsafe in the land where his father's throne was in the hands of an enemy family. With the war came his chance. He sided, somewhat, with the British, altho he is said to have been in the pay of both the Turks and the English. While he led no visible army, his name and its influence were considered worth cash payments, and he did little or no actual fighting, at least not enough nor effective enough to win him renown.
>
> The Wahabis, with Ibn Saud as their hereditary leader, really became a military Power after the war. The British had placed Hussein, an Arab prince, on the throne of the Hejaz and Feisal on that of Iraq, where he remains.
>
> The Hejaz, being holy land, and including Medina and Mekka, could never be made a mandated territory. In the interior Ibn Saud drew together the tribesmen of his sect and managed to assemble some 700 of the shifty wanderers for an attack on Hail, promising the riches of Ibn Rashid. The village of mud buildings, which was the capital, was taken, Ibn Saud was declared sultan, and the capital moved to its present location at Riad.
>
> Settled in his position as ruler of the Nejd, he waged relentless conflict with those erring Moslems who did not subscribe to the beliefs of the puritan Wahabis. There was considerable objection. Smoking is punishable by death under the laws of Nejd, and so is indulgence in alcohol. The fighting was bitter, tho scattered. Many tribes were exterminated.
>
> It is said—who can prove or deny?—that after the war Ibn Saud received $300,000 a year in gold for keeping his hands off the little Arab States the British had set up—the Hejaz, Transjordania, and Iraq. He kept his hands off them until he had consolidated the Sultanate of Nejd, and then he swept in a remarkable short time into the cities of Mekka and Medina, driving the British-crowned King Hussein out and taking his crown for himself.
>
> This was a great stroke for him, apart from the addition of territory to his realm, for it made him master of the center of Islam and insured him fame wherever there are Moslems.
>
> He himself travels in a specially built English car with extremely powerful searchlights, which may be seen for many miles across the desert, a sign to the dwellers there that the Shadow of God on Earth is whirling by in the wagon of the infidels.

That's our new "furnace nurse"

"*Furnace nurse?*" **Why if you haven't one *that's all you are* all winter. The house gets cool and down you run to open up the drafts... and then it gets too warm and down you run again. It takes more nursing in cold weather than a half sick husband spending a day home from the office.**

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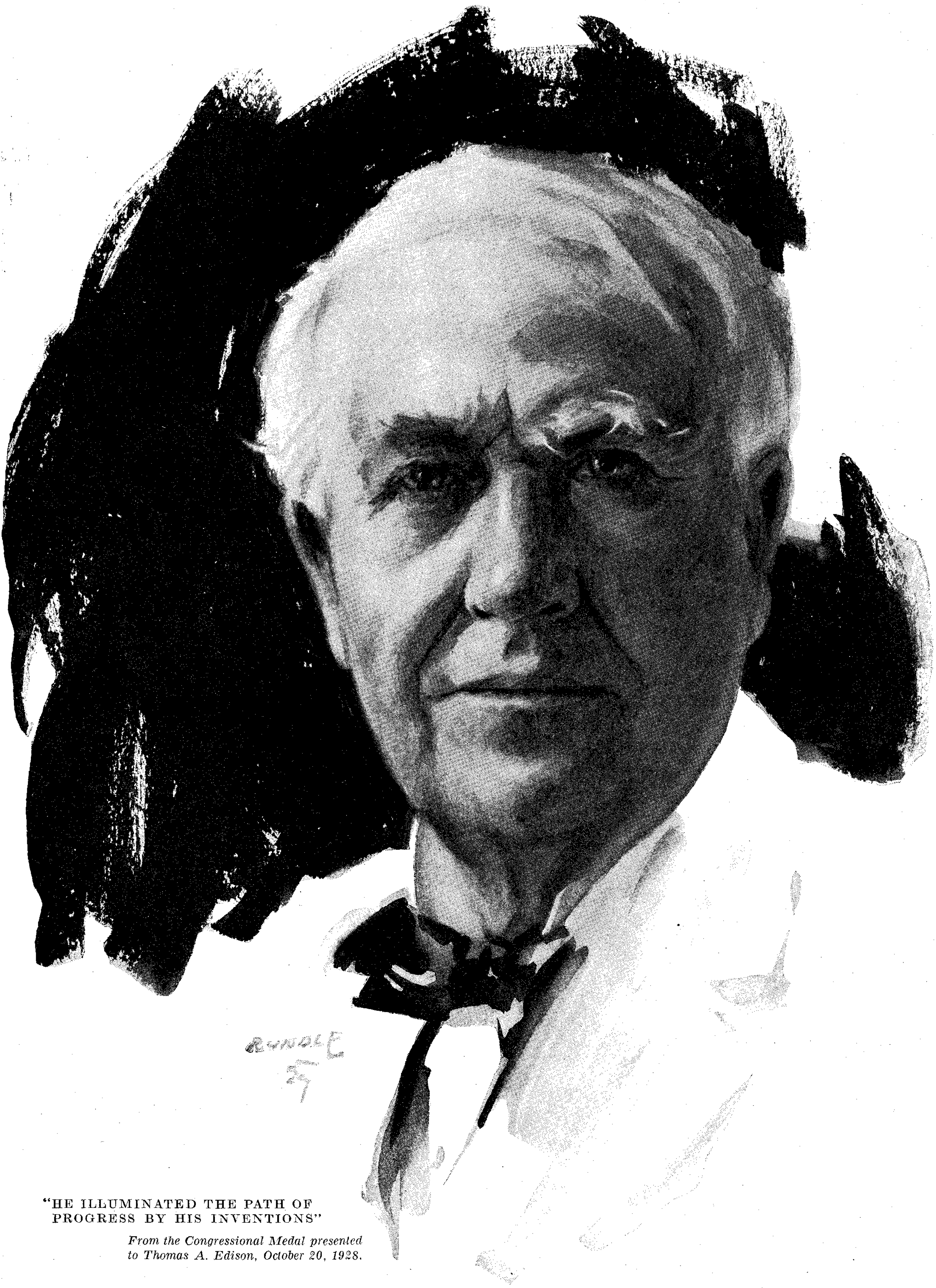
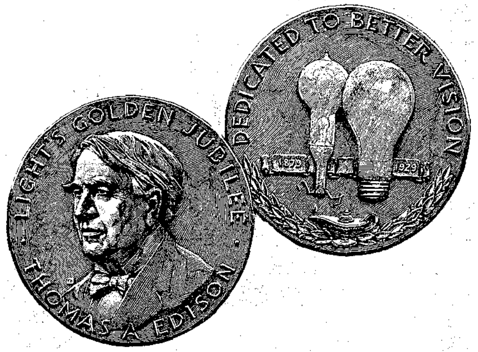


"HE ILLUMINATED THE PATH OF PROGRESS BY HIS INVENTIONS"

From the Congressional Medal presented to Thomas A. Edison, October 20, 1928.

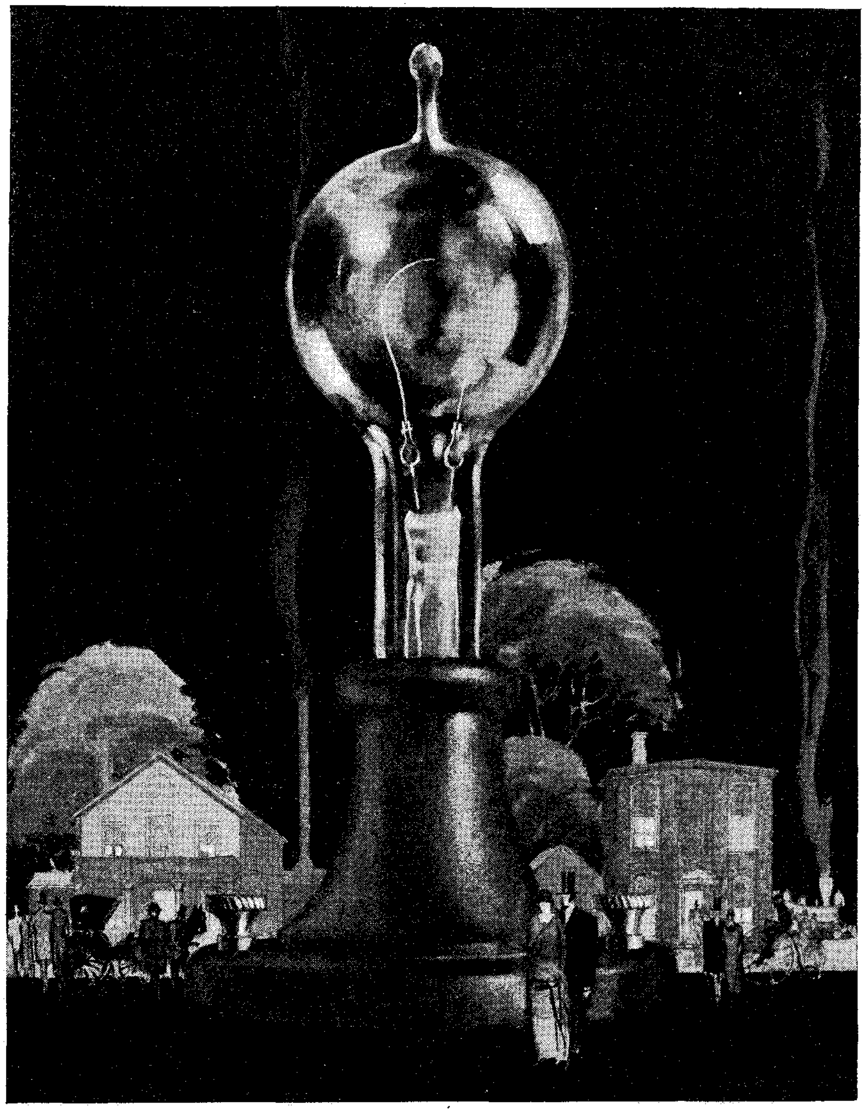


Light's Golden Jubilee

IT IS given to few men to look back over the span of fifty years and see with mortal eyes the blessings their genius has showered upon a grateful people . . . rarely is it possible for a grateful people to express to a living man their appreciation of his gifts and accord him those simple, friendly tributes which are beyond all bronze and beyond all marble.

Light's Golden Jubilee is that sort of tribute to Thomas Alva Edison. Though his life is filled to overflowing with contributions to the public good, he will always be best remembered and best loved as the Father of the Incandescent Lamp.

Light's Golden Jubilee is but an opportunity for the world at large to stand beside the man whose genius made possible a world forever free of darkness . . . a world of increasing productivity . . . a world of growing comfort, of expanding safety and improving health . . . and consider with him what fifty years have wrought.



The Miracle of 1879

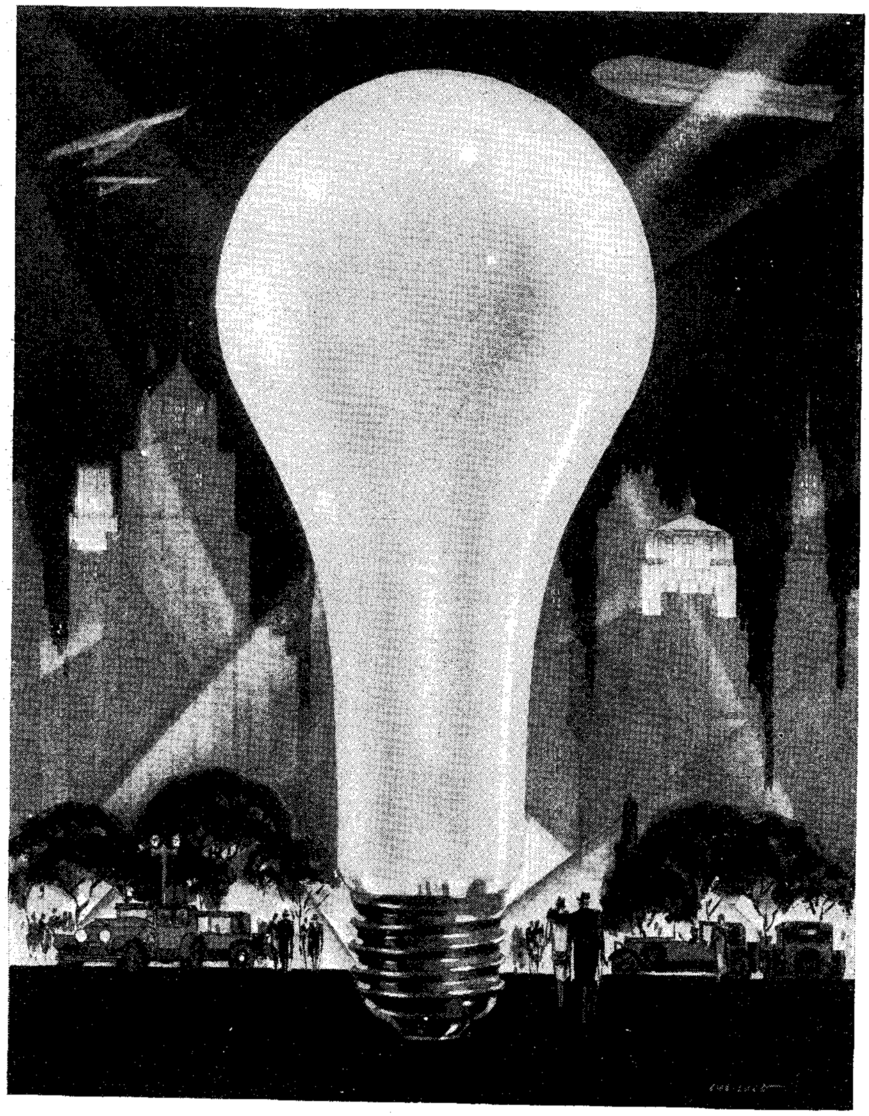
LIGHT'S GOLDEN JUBILEE
THOMAS A. EDISON
DEDICATED TO BETTER VISION
1879
1929

ON October 21, 1879, in a small laboratory at Menlo Park, N. J., Thomas A. Edison demonstrated the success of his incandescent electric lamp, thus making a most important contribution to social and industrial advancement.

Edison's lamp and the system he invented in connection with it for the distribution of electric current to produce light and power have made a vast difference in the world. As a result of those inventions enlightenment has spread, people's every-day conveniences have been multiplied, and hazards have been removed from occupations in which millions of men and women are usefully employed.

Fifty years ago the lights in city streets were feeble and far apart. In horse cars, railway coaches and steamships oil was burned to overcome the terrors of darkness. Home lighting was poor and bothersome.

Without the incandescent lamp it would be impossible to light airships, or submarine vessels; the operation of underground lines of transportation would be impractical; shopping districts would be desolate at night, and it would be necessary to light each automobile lamp separately, by hand.



The Miracle of 1929

LIGHT'S GOLDEN JUBILEE
THOMAS A EDISON
DEDICATED TO BETTER VISION
1879
1929

In countless ways electric light, which is the best and least expensive artificial light that people have ever had at their command, contributes to comfort, to convenience, and to safety.

The world is indebted to Thomas Alva Edison for many notable scientific achievements, among which his incandescent lamp and the system he invented for the distribution of electric light and power possess outstanding importance. Those triumphs alone would constitute an enduring testimonial to the genius of America's most venerated citizen.

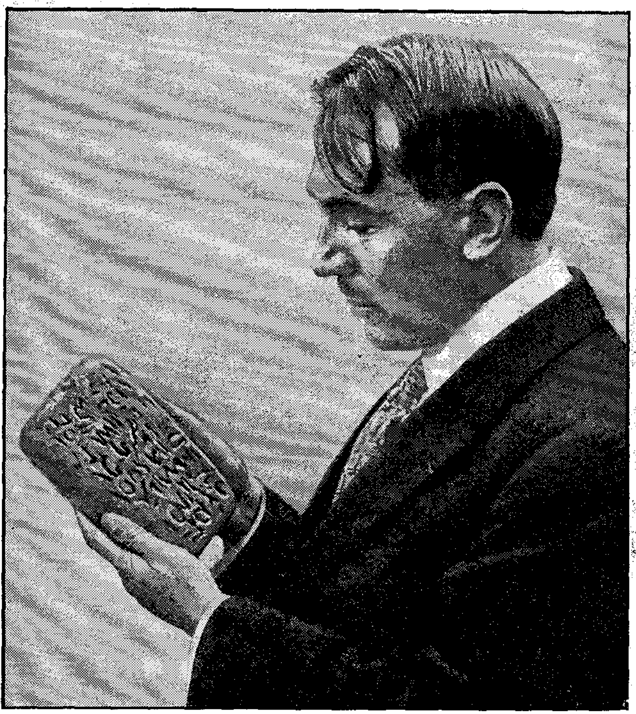
Edison MAZDA lamps and National MAZDA lamps, developed directly from Edison's first incandescent lamp, exemplify supreme advancement in artificial illumination. With deep sincerity we join in paying tribute, on this fiftieth anniversary of that memorable occasion at Menlo Park, to the great man who wrought so marvelously in giving light to the world.

EDISON LAMP WORKS ∴ NATIONAL LAMP WORKS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

STONE-AGE "RELICS" THAT AREN'T EVEN PREWAR

POLICE WERE REQUIRED to quell the riot. One of the pros had started a speech, but the antis drowned his voice by pounding on their desks. The pros took their enemies and threw them out of the building, but they came back in a body, armed with stench bombs. They found the doors barricaded, so they turned to bombarding the windows with bricks, Michael Mok tells us in the *Popular Science Monthly*. No convention of hoodlums this. No, indeed. It was a meeting of grave scientists at the Collège de France, in 1928. They were discussing Glozel and its relics—the mysterious archeological imposture which we dealt with under Science and Invention on February 11 last year—and as a result of the rumpus the word "Glozel" was made tabu by all French scientific societies, while damage suits for defamation of character have become quite the rage in learned circles.



Illustrations by courtesy of the *Popular Science Monthly* (New York)

MAYBE A HANDWRITING EXPERT COULD HELP

Dr. Morlet, examining one of the curiously inscribed Glozel tablets, would like to know who is responsible for the deception.

Glozel, it will be recalled, is the village near Vichy, in France, where a farm boy named Emile Fradin and his grandfather made a discovery while plowing, in 1924. They uncovered "a trough, about the length of a man's body, made of stone and bricks, which, when exposed to the sun, glittered as if they had been glazed. Inside was the collection of 'archeological objects.' There were clay pots, carved pebbles, stone rings, bone and flint fish-hooks and needles, stray pieces of what seemed human bone, odd clay facial images or masks with round eyes, but without mouths, and clay tablets covered with alphabet signs." The find became famous in following years.

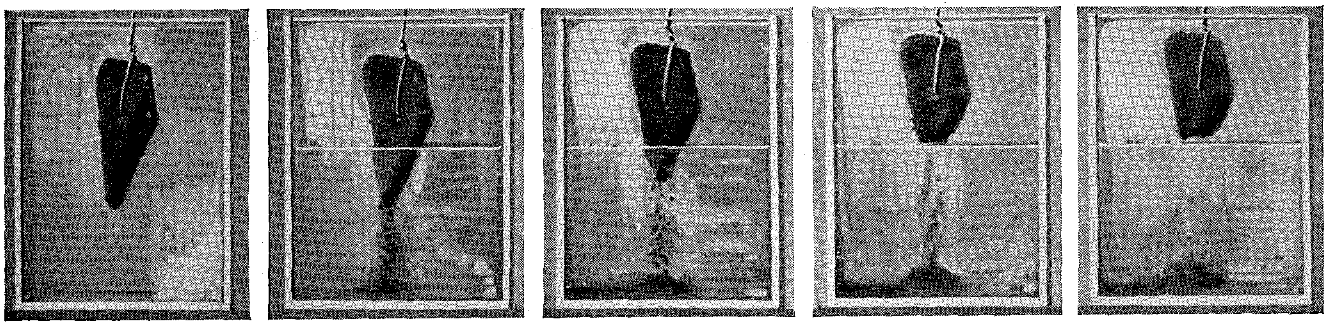
This cache of relics seemed to upset all previous theories about the history of civilization. The fight between those who believed the find genuine and those who did not continued until the whole elaborate structure of theories fell down. The fall occurred when "a piece of clay crumbled in a man's hand during a simple test in a Paris laboratory" not long ago. This bit of clay was "a small tablet covered with crude hieroglyphics" taken from the Glozel cache. For the articles found at Glozel turned out to be of recent make—not even prewar. They seem to have been "planted" by some practical joker. But who?

At the time of the find, we learn, "enthusiastic authorities told the world" that the relics "indicated the existence of a highly developed stone-age civilization in western Europe about 12,000 years ago." Continuing Mr. Mok's amusing chronicle:

> The "ancient" objects, they said, proved that, in that dim era, there lived in what now are France, Spain, and Portugal a species of cultured caveman who, instead of wooing his beloved with a club, carved love-letters in clay thousands of years before the Phenicians had invented the ABC's, and drank her health out of glass goblets many centuries before the Egyptians had made their impressive entrance upon the scene of antiquity.
>
> This announcement aroused tremendous interest. But its sponsors did not stop there. They propounded a set of new theories about the early development of mankind. The excavations, they said, showed that all prehistory had to be rewritten; that civilization, instead of having started in Asia and moved westward, had begun in southern Europe and swept toward the east.
>
> These contentions aroused a storm of controversy. All scientific Gaul was divided into Glozelians and anti-Glozelians. The antis branded the Glozelian ideas with the French equivalent for "bunk." The pros retaliated, calling the antis cowards who were afraid of the overthrow of their pet theories.
>
> A climax came when a congress of the International Institute of Anthropology at Amsterdam was almost disrupted by an acrimonious debate on the subject. A commission of inquiry was appointed to determine the authenticity of the "relics." This international jury found, in effect, that the whole affair was a colossal fake.
>
> Peace? Far from it. "Fraud! Bias! Packed jury!" cried the Glozelians. Lawsuits for libel and defamation of character followed. Then one of the judges had an inspiration. He ordered some of the prehistoric gewgaws taken from the farm at Glozel to be examined by M. Edmond Bayle, director of the laboratory of legal identification.

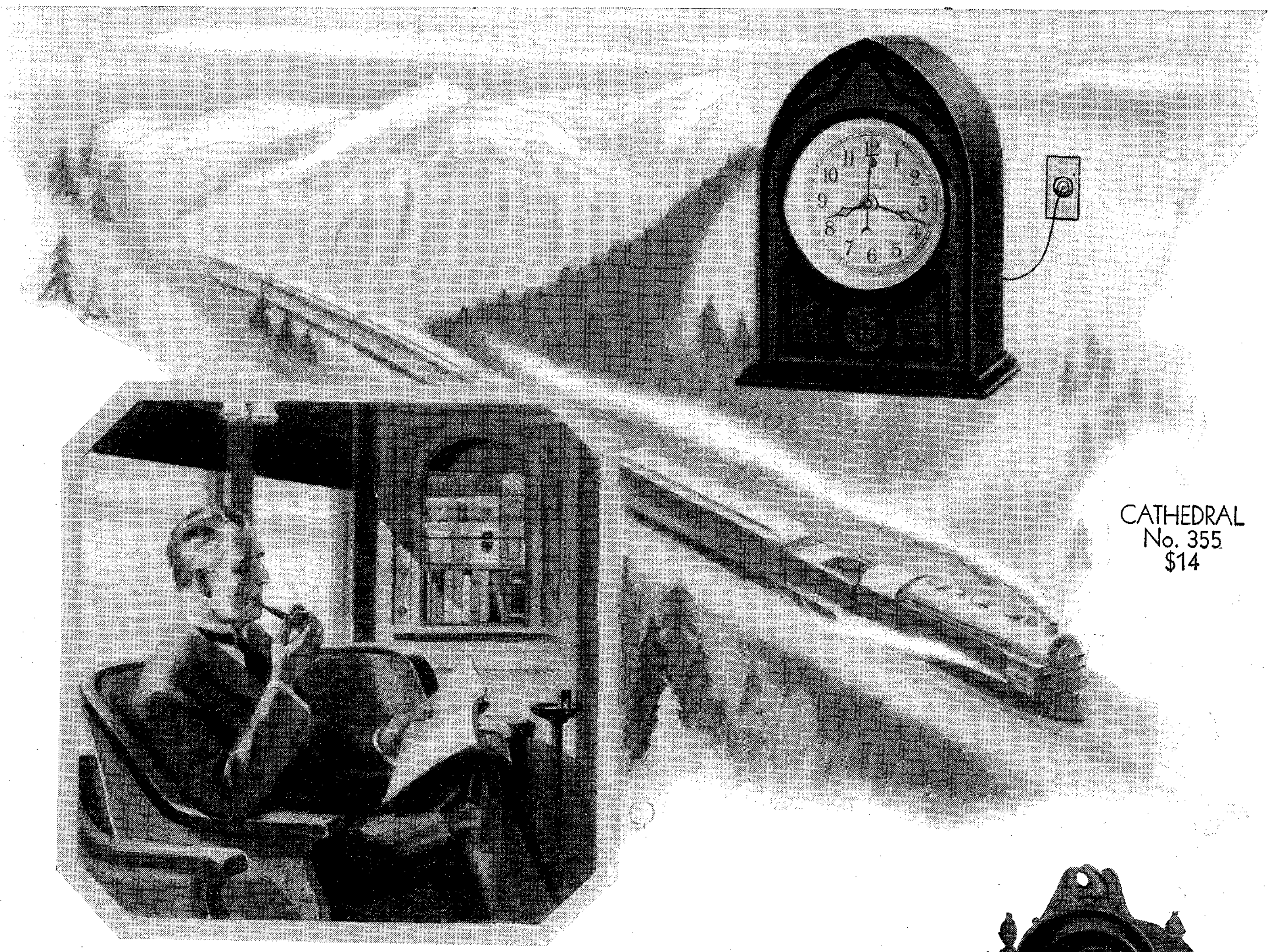
Now, Mr. Bayle, who, according to Mr. Mok, seems only recently to have settled finally the question of authenticity, does not profess to be an archeologist or an anthropologist, but he does know his chemistry and microscopy, the writer assures us as he proceeds:

> He made a careful analysis of a couple of the inscribed clay tablets which, because they were presumed to prove that the Europeans of 10,000 B. C. mastered the art of writing, had been among the chief causes of the rumpus. The condition of the micro-organisms in the clay of one of the pieces, he reported the other day, showed that it never could have been baked. Consequently, it could not have survived long in the ground. The



PROVING THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY ORIGIN OF THE "RELICS" THAT "UPSET HISTORY"

Part of one of the "ancient" tablets was placed in water, where it quickly disintegrated, proving that it could not have lasted for centuries underground.



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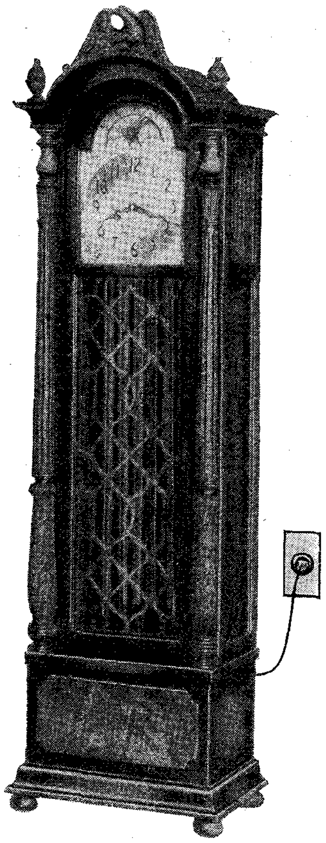

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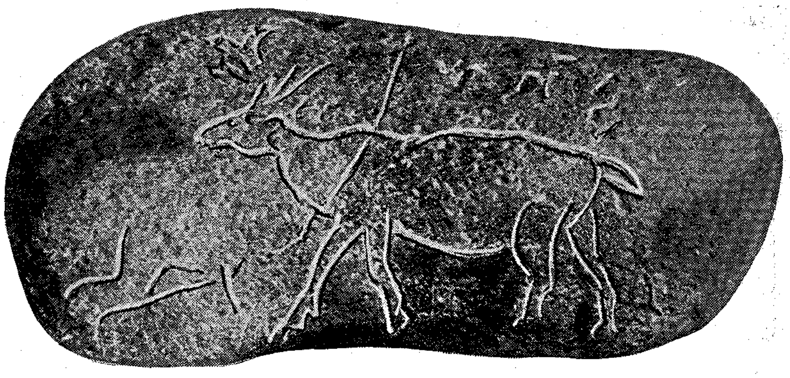
PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

other tablet crumbled in M. Bayle's hand after it had been subjected to slow infiltration of water, such as would have taken place on a much larger scale during years in the soil.

The scientific sleuth picked a tiny bit of grass out of a piece of earthenware, put it under the microscope, and found that all of its cells had remained intact. This, of course, could not have happened had it been underground for centuries. In other pieces of pottery he discovered fragments of thread that had been colored with anilin dyes, which were not invented until the twentieth century. And some of the "ancient" bone instruments were still filled with marrow!

The Fradins, when they found the "relics," in 1924, at once presumed that the stuff they turned up must be very ancient, and called in the local schoolteacher, of whom we read:

> This worthy assisted Emile in labeling most of the objects, which were placed in a room next to the kitchen in the humble Fradin farmhouse. This is the famous "Glozel Museum," and young Emile to this day charges four francs admission to see his knickknacks.
>
> In the region around Vichy archeological deposits from Gallo-Roman times are no rarity, and so the Fradin collection attracted little attention for about a year.
>
> But then the fun started. One day a Dr. Morlet, a liver specialist from Vichy, noted for its mineral springs, visited the Fradin museum. Dr. Morlet had become interested in archeology several years before, when he found a Roman statuette buried in his garden, and was impress by Emile's array of curios. He was particularly struck by the clay pots and human images, which he recognized as resembling objects from the Paleolithic era, or stone age.
>
> By this time the news of the sensational discovery had spread in scientific circles, and some of the leading experts began to appear on the scene. Among these were Dr. Salomon Reinach, curator of the Prehistoric Museum at Saint-Germain-en-Laye; Dr. Camille Jullian, noted historian and Gallo-Roman specialist, who is also connected with the Saint-Germain Museum; Professor Loth, of the Sorbonne, at Paris; Professor Espérandieu, of the Institute de France, and Professor Mendes-Correa, of the University of Oporto, Portugal.
>
> Dr. Morlet laid the exhibits before these authorities, and some made independent excavations. All of them were astounded by what they found. All of them, with the sole exception of Dr. Jullian, declared that here was the most wonderful archeological "find" ever stumbled upon. Yes, the urns and stone implements and flint weapons were Paleolithic. Yes, the bone instrument and ornaments were Neolithic, or belonging to the bone age, the period that followed the stone age. In other words, these things were from 10,000 to 13,000 years old. They were priceless.
>
> Dr. Jullian dissented violently. The "find," he said, was merely the hoard of a sorcerer from the third or fourth century of the Christian era, who had gathered all the prehistoric junk to be found in that neighborhood and had used it to impress his simple shepherd-clients in his practise of witchcraft and necromancy. The apparent glazing of the trough, he believed, was a chemical accident, due to the presence of potassium in the soil.



PART OF THE "JOKE" THAT STARTED A SCIENTIFIC WAR

One of the Glozel rocks bearing a "stone-age man's" etching of a reindeer, such as is often found in caves.

Now the row was on in earnest, Mr. Mok tells us, as the account runs on:

> With the exception of Dr. Reinach, Professor Loth, Professor Espérandieu and Professor Mendes-Correa, each of whom had his following, virtually all of the leading European scientists bitterly opposed the Glozelians. They were led by Réné Dussaud, curator of the prehistoric section of the Louvre, the French national museum in Paris, who prides himself on his knowledge of ancient inscriptions, especially the Phenician, and who, from the first, declared the Glozel "relics" to be crude forgeries. Dr. Jullian also had his enthusiastic adherents. And so the European world of science was split into three bitterly hostile camps.
>
> Meanwhile, fresh discoveries were made on the Glozel farm. Emile Fradin and Dr. Morlet opened two more "tombs" made of loosely joined stones. In some cases, these stones were embellished with animal etchings, including pictures of reindeer, resembling those found in caves.
>
> In the meantime, several suits for defamation of character and libel had been started in the French courts and the recent devastating findings of M. Bayle were the outcome of these legal proceedings.
>
> Now the question arises: Who "planted" the Glozel "relics" and why? Was it the work of a jokesmith who wished to satirize the tendency of some scientists to let enthusiasm run away with judgment and substitute imagination for concrete evidence? Or was the fraud conceived by the disordered mind of a maniac who once had been a man of sound learning? Emile Fradin charges admission to view his collection. Was the fake inspired by a desire for gain?

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A price legend that persists

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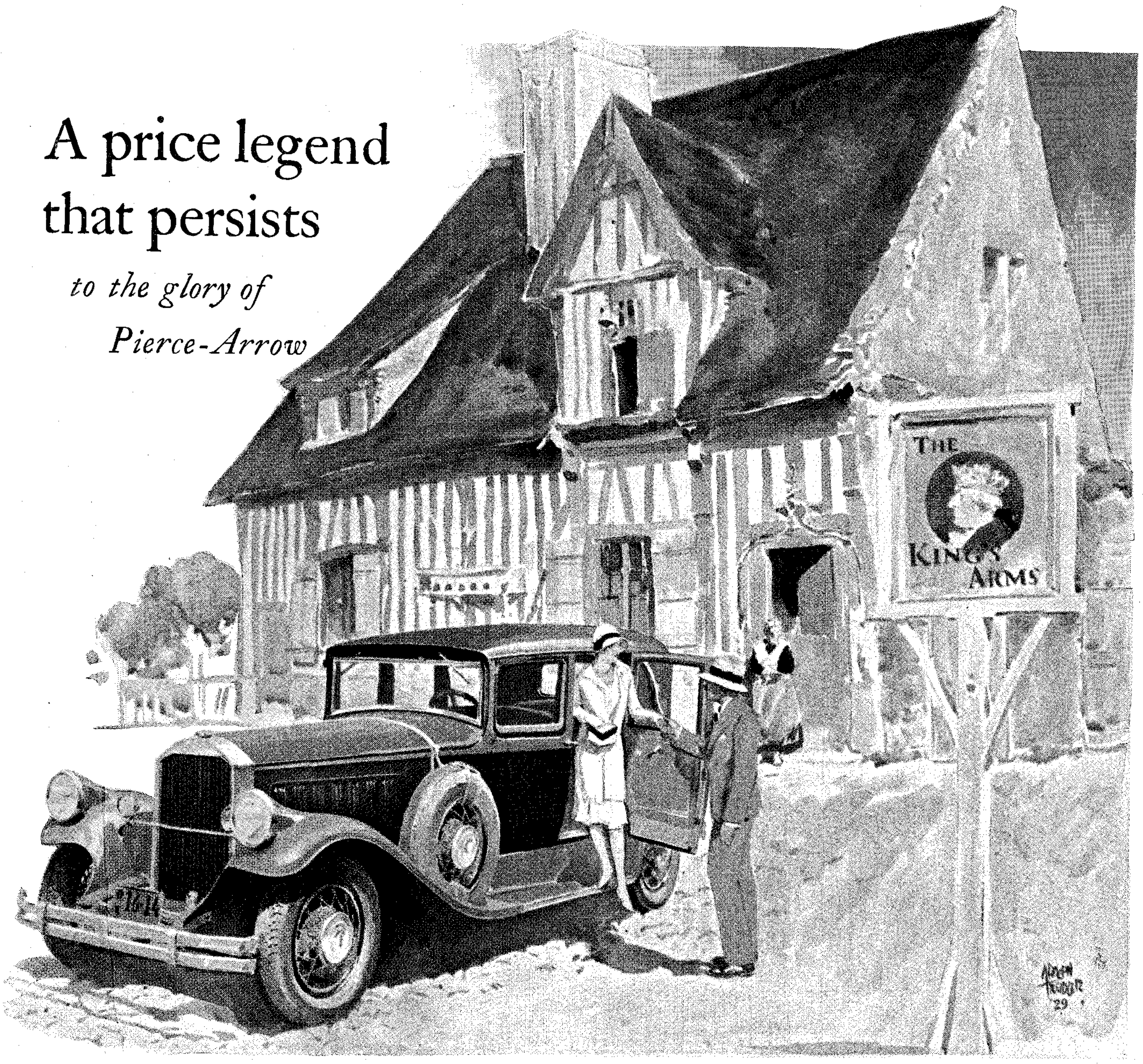
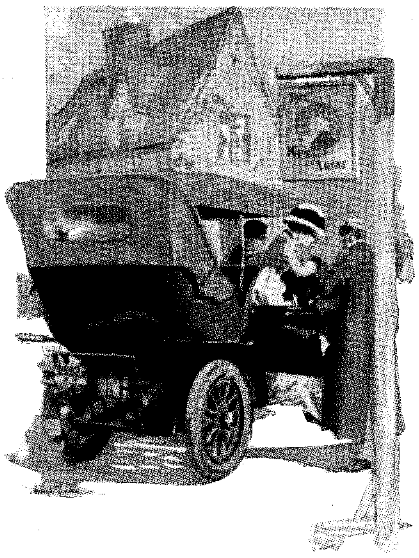


When Adolph Treidler painted the original of the Pierce-Arrow portrait below, his subject was America's Finest Motor Car—just as it is, two decades later, in the reproduction above.



SOME years have passed since it took at least six thousand dollars to purchase a Pierce-Arrow. Yet that price still exists as a minimum in the minds of an amazing number of Pierce-Arrow admirers.

The fact is that, while Pierce-Arrow must always command a price higher than average—being of a quality which has never known compromise—there are several models in today's Straight Eight line which sell for *less than three thousand dollars*. Also there are others, notably of the Custom Group, in the eight-thousand-dollar class.

So much for price—after all, a minor Pierce-Arrow attraction as compared with the low-swung, slender grace of a car which so conclusively made bulk and stodginess unfashionable among fine automobiles. Which may account for this new Straight Eight's commanding a waiting-list over the greater part of this year.

PIERCE-ARROW

Pierce-Arrow prices are from $2775 to $8200, at Buffalo. In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

A MURDERED ROTHSTEIN AS POLITICAL DYNAMITE

AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, five men walked into the hotel—a dignified but lively place in the "roaring Forties" of New York—and made straight for a certain elevator which all the evening at intervals had been running discreet and prosperous looking visitors to the second floor. On every such occasion, "a stout, able-looking citizen in an armchair near the elevator shaft" would quietly survey the newcomers and "lift an eyebrow to the colored elevator boy," but after one look at the five, he "shook his head emphatically and excitedly." But these men didn't mind head-shakes, relates Donald Henderson Clarke in "In the Reign of Rothstein" (Vanguard Press). Three of them "stept quickly and quietly into the car, and one of them prest a hard, large, pulse-stimulating SOMETHING against the spot that the elevator boy had just been thinking of embellishing with an egg sandwich and a cup of coffee.

"'Just go right ahead, Sonny,' whispered a Voice.

"The elevator boy said afterwards that the elevator just naturally seemed to raise itself right up to the second floor and stop there by its own volition. Then the three men went into the room. And the elevator boy waited right there. He knew that the other two men were downstairs. He didn't move." In the room, we have learned from an earlier passage of Mr. Clarke's narrative, was proceeding "one of those notable 'traveling' games of which Arnold Rothstein was a sponsor, and which the underworld and amateur gamblers alike considered strictly on the level." Rothstein and fourteen "prominent citizens" of New York and other centers—a member of the Stock Exchange and several actors were included in the roster, we gather—were "rolling the bones" for high stakes. We will let Mr. Clarke continue the narrative, which is one of a flock of personal anecdotes throwing a vivid light on the character and activities of the man whose unsolved murder almost a year ago has become a live issue in New York's municipal election. At the height of the political excitement generated by the various accusations that the failure of the authorities to bring Rothstein's murderer to justice has been due to fear of an exposure of the murdered man's dealings with official personages, it is interesting thus to see the man in the turmoil of his devious life. The three men, who had stopt a moment to put on masks, pointed revolvers at the crap players. And one of them said:

International Newsreel photograph

THE ACCUSED MAN IS SHY

George A. McManus, charged with the killing of Rothstein, does his best to outwit the camera men.

"Now, all of you stand up against the wall, hold your hands up in the air, and don't make a peep."

In the second that the gunmen had taken to come through the door, Rothstein had dropt a huge roll of bills to the floor, and kicked it under the rug. Reports at the time were that this roll contained $20,000. It was known later, however, that the roll really contained $60,000.

But that quick action by the master gambler wasn't really the dramatic feature that illustrates, as well as any other single act of his career, the absolute calculating nerve of the man.

International Newsreel photograph

"THE BIG SHOT," OR "THE MAN HIGHER UP"

His word was law, but a bullet awaited him, and now the alleged inaction over the mystery of Arnold Rothstein's murder has made a disturbing issue in New York's municipal election.

As he shot the roll under the rug, he fixt his eyes on the face of the underworld character, who, he believed then, and believed all his life, furnished the information that brought the gunmen on their errand. While the gunmen were taking jewelry and money from the other players, several thousands of dollars in cash, and several thousands of dollars in jewelry, including a stickpin of Rothstein's that he valued highly, Rothstein never took his gaze from the face of the man he was sure was the betrayer. He knew if he did so, that individual could signal to his confederates that the $60,000 was under the rug.

Now, it takes nerve in an emergency like that to seize the fraction of a second available to hide the most valuable of one's possessions in the best available spot; and it takes a rare presence of mind and a deal of self-possession, with revolvers poking at one, to conclude on a course of action and stick to it, displaying meanwhile utter disregard of the revolvers and their holders.

In this case, one of the holders was known as a "killer" all through the underworld. But Rothstein took the main chance.

And that was far from ending this incident. Two of the gunmen laid aside their weapons, and went through the gamblers' pockets, while their comrade covered them. The whole procedure was quiet and orderly, as if it had been rehearsed. Finally, the gunmen doffed their masks, and became sociable.

One of them examined Rothstein's pin.

"How much is that worth," he asked.

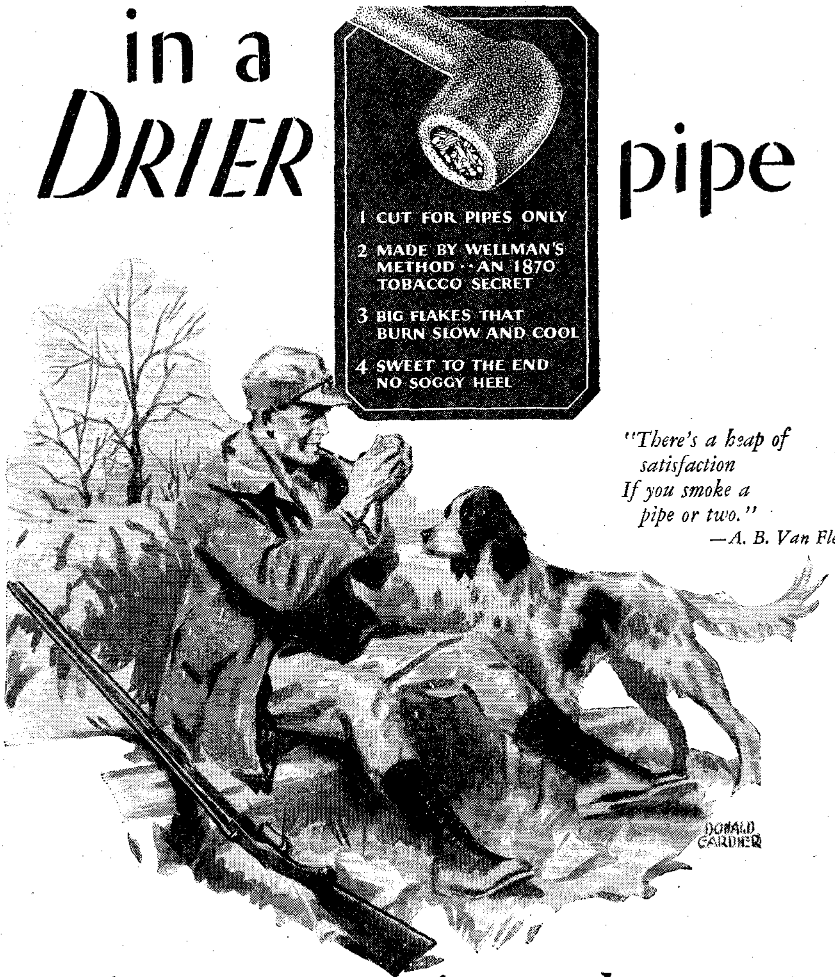
"Thirty-five hundred," Rothstein said.

"I'll take it," the gunman said.

As it turned out, that gunman might just as well have left his calling card with his name and address on it as walk off with that particular stickpin in that casual fashion. That made Arnold Rothstein angry.

He stayed angry while the three gunmen went out of the

A cooler smoke in a DRIER pipe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3 BIG FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
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*"There's a heap of satisfaction
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—*A. B. Van Fleet*

Knock *out your pipe and see . . .*

After a pipe-load of Granger there's no need for pipe-cleaners. Out comes the ash, consumed to a shred, leaving a clean, dry, sweet bowl . . . a happy result of Granger's special cut—"Rough Cut"—essentially slow-burning and cool-smoking; right for *pipes*.

A "cooler smoke"—yes, and richer. By Col. Wellman's 1870 Method, the flavor of this ripe old Kentucky Burley is "set" at its mellow best, and reaches you fresh and *naturally* fragrant.

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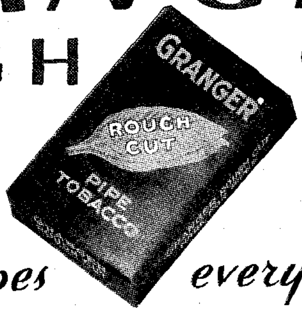
GRANGER ROUGH CUT



. . . in more pipes every day!

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

room, dropt back to the ground floor in the elevator, rejoined their two friends, and quietly and unostentatiously disappeared, not being bothered by the stout individual who still was sitting in his armchair, or by the night clerk, who was so busy with his books that he couldn't believe any hold-up had happened, or even that a big crap game had been in progress on the second floor.

Still angry the next day, Rothstein told who the gunmen were. One glance had been enough for him. A friend—a newspaper man—asked him, if he were going to be "yellow," and not report the raid to the police.

P. & A. photograph

A HARASSED PROSECUTOR

District Attorney Banton, who has been criticized for announcing the long-belated trial of McManus at the height of the campaign excitement.

"I'm not yellow, and I never report anything to the police," was Rothstein's answer.

"Well, if you don't do something about this, Arnold, you'll be a mark for thugs after this," his friend told him. "They'll think you're yellow, whether you are or not."

"One of those guys is a killer," he observed, meditatively.

He went to the police soon after that, the first and last time there is any record of Rothstein taking any such action. During his lifetime he was held up dozens of times, but always preferred to handle his own private affairs in his own private way. On this occasion it may have been that stickpin.

This year of 1917 was a hard-luck year for the "Big Shot," Mr. Clarke remarks, adding that he was robbed of $28,000 in another floating crap-game in Harlem before it was over. Reading on:

It wasn't until January 19, 1919, however, that the most significant crap-game raid in Rothstein's career occurred. This was not a raid by gunmen. It was an organized sortie by the police led by Inspector Dominick Henry. Most interesting developments grew out of it.

Inspector Henry got word that this particular mobile crap-game at this particular moment was pausing momentarily in an apartment on the fourth floor of a house in West Fifty-seventh Street. With eight detectives, who included John Walsh, John McLaughlin, and Frank Oliver, he went to the address. McLaughlin, Walsh, and Oliver ascended to the fourth floor, while their comrades watchfully stood about below.

Keystone View photograph

HE GOADS THE OFFICIALS

Representative La Guardia, Republican candidate for Mayor, whose fiery accusations and insinuations over the Rothstein mystery have put dynamite into an otherwise dull election.

An underworld version of the affair was that the police had been informed that players in this game were all ready to "stand for a pinch." The truth of the matter was that the floating game had been again and again a mark for gunmen, that Rothstein himself had lost another $11,000—a trifle to his pocketbook but a blow to his vanity—to gunmen only two weeks before, and he and the other regular players were rather feverish about it. This particular game, in fact, already had floated down from a house in West Ninety-eighth Street, where it had begun the day before, but whence it had flitted on the word that gunmen were on the trail.

Anyhow, McLaughlin rapped at the door of the apartment. The door opened part way on a chain, and McLaughlin called:

"Open up in there!"

With the words, three bullets hopped

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Made to remove the dangerous film that forms on teeth—that stains and darkens teeth and is the chief source of decay and pyorrhea. Urged widely by dentists. Will you accept a free supply to try?

The Film

that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

MAY we send you, free, enough Pepsodent to give far greater brilliance to your smile? Enough to show you how by removing dingy film teeth are made whiter, and serious tooth and gum disorders are combated at the source?

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Film hardens into tartar. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Film is also the basis of decay.

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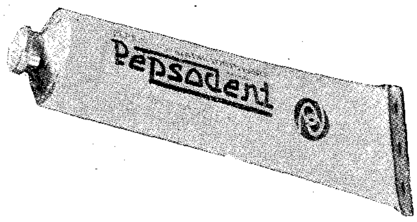

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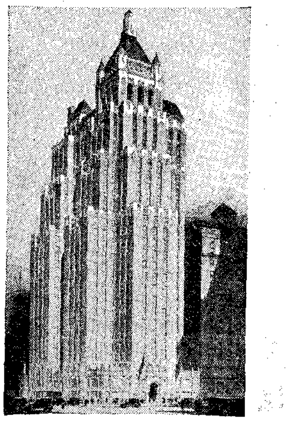

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

through the door—Wham! Wham! Wham!—just like that. The first pellet tickled McLaughlin's shoulder; the second one burned Walsh's right arm, and the third made a neat hole in Oliver's left sleeve. It was just good fortune that death rode on none of the missiles.

Even as the three detectives crashed their weight into the door as one person—and let it be said right here, once and for all, that no one who has known him could ever question in the slightest the courage of the New York policeman—McLaughlin showed the rare quality of presence of mind.

"Go easy now," he panted to Oliver and Walsh. "It's the police!" he called to the gamblers.

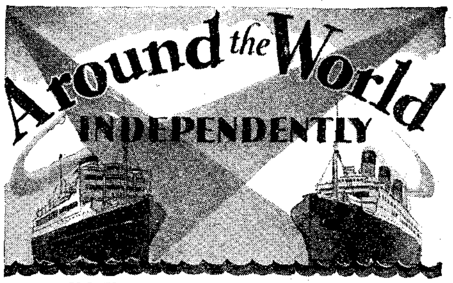
No more shots were fired. Twenty men stood about the room, in which dice and money in large, yellow lumps were visible. Abe Attell, the former featherweight champion, and later a personal attendant to Rothstein, who was to be mixed up with his employer in the charges growing out of the "Black Sox" baseball scandal, was visible. Rothstein, however, was absent.

Shouts from below caused Detective McLaughlin to stick his head from a window, and pointing fingers from the street indicated the figure of a man on the platform of the fire-escape at the second floor. No ladder extended from that platform to the street. And the street was dotted with detectives and soldiers in uniform who

International Newsreel photograph

THE MAYOR IS CHEERFUL

Despite the campaign recriminations over the Rothstein case, the vivacious "Jimmy" Walker seems as confident as ever of reelection.



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had been attracted by the shots and shouts. The figure on the platform was Arnold Rothstein, the King of the Underworld. His throne always was a hard one. It certainly was not comfortable that dawn.

Accounts the next day were that Rothstein had fired the three shots. A revolver, which he had a permit to carry, was identified as his. Those shots were going to cause a deal of pother, a long sitting of an extraordinary grand jury, bickerings back and forth among very prominent personages indeed, conviction of Inspector Henry on a charge of perjury, reversal by a higher court, and full reinstatement and establishment of the innocence of Henry—an innocence apparent from the first to all who studied the case.

The situation that morning was that Magistrate Mancuso held each of the twenty-one prisoners under bail of $1,000 on "suspicion of felonious assault."

International Newsreel photograph

ANOTHER TROUBLE SHOOTER

Former Police Commissioner Enright, a fourth-party candidate for Mayor, who says he, too, has damaging information about the Rothstein case.

A newspaper account said:

"The prisoners had little difficulty in raising the $1,000 bail."

Yes. They had very little trouble—no more trouble than it required to stand by while Arnold Rothstein peeled $21,000 from a roll and handed it to the clerk.

The police said, by the way, that some of the dice they picked up at this game were loaded, altho the gamblers always denied this. The police story also had it that one of their number said to Attell, when it was learned he had lost $1,000:

"Didn't you know the dice were loaded, Abe?"

And that Attell shook his head sadly, and replied:

"It's happened to me before."

But Abe's fellow gamblers always insisted that it was Abe's hard luck, and not trick dice that caused Abe's impoverishment.

The trick in this crap game, however, was not in the dice. It was in who fired the shots that singed the policemen. Those "in the know" showed no hesitation at first in saying, perhaps not in these exact words, but to this general effect:

"Arnold fired the shots, because he

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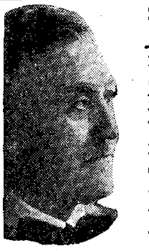

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

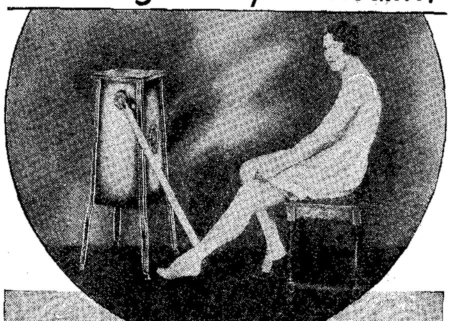
thought someone was crashing the game. He'd gotten pretty mad over being held up all the time, and he had a permit to carry a revolver. So, when he heard those guys at the door, he just naturally turned loose. When he found out it was the police, he didn't shoot any more. Arnold didn't want to shoot any cops."

Follows an amusing account of how Rothstein was solemnly indicted for that shooting, and how eventually the indictment was solemnly dismissed for lack of evidence, concerning which we are told:

> Blasé Broadway grinned cheerfully over this dénouement. It hadn't expected anything else. Rightly or wrongly, Broadway always figured that Rothstein knew too many persons of influence, and had too much money, to get into any really serious difficulties. "The Brain," as they were want to refer to the master, might have his little ups and downs, like being robbed of a few thousand dollars now and then, or being called to court, as he said himself in court on occasion, "to give you people a little publicity," but nothing really serious could happen to him—unless, of course, he should "get his" some day, from a bullet. That was the underworld view of Rothstein; and it was a view that was shared by many others.
>
> Of course, it may have been a wrong view. But when Rothstein finally was "bumped off," he had a clear record so far as convictions of any kind were concerned. Officially he had been suspected of being the head of the International Dope Ring, the "fixer" of the Chicago White Sox, the receiver of the loot in the $5,000,000 bond thefts, the manipulator of deals at race-tracks and, in fact, the great overshadowing menace back of most of the sculduggery which was befuddling the courts, making a joke of the law and diverting uncounted millions of dollars into underworld channels. But he denied it all. And no one during his lifetime proved that he committed a single illegal act except in connection with running gambling houses and betting. And Rothstein testified under oath that he ran gambling houses, and made huge bets. But nothing was done about that, either.

When he first appeared in the news, relates Mr. Clarke, after sketching the gambler's early life, Rothstein was "a slim young man of twenty-six, with dark hair, a complexion remarkable for its smooth pallor—as if he never had to worry about razors—white, skilful hands, and amazingly vital, sparkling, dark brown eyes." And this vivid description runs on:

> The Rothstein eyes were features above all others that those who met him recalled most faithfully—those laughing, brilliant, restless eyes glowing in the pale but very expressive face.
>
> He laughed a great deal; he looked worried when it suited him to appear worried. A casual observer might have said the Rothstein's face was an open book. It certainly was far from the ordinary concept of a "poker" face. In the course of an evening at table, or at play, it ran the whole gamut of expressions. But, mostly, it was a smiling, a laughing face.



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Until about fifteen years ago Rothstein was not noted, as he was later, for his beautiful, white even teeth. In 1909, he still had his own teeth. In later years, somewhere about the time of the murder of Herman Rosenthal and the conviction and execution of the four gunmen and Lieut. Charlie Becker, Rothstein parted from his own teeth, and replaced them with a set that made many professional beauties—Rothstein preferred blondes for scenery—extremely jealous.

He was about five feet seven inches tall, slim of figure, most meticulously garbed, not in the garish style of Broadway, but in the more subdued method of Fifth Avenue, and was extremely quick in his movements. In his later years, altho most abstemious in eating, he gained weight, but he never lost anything of that pantherish quickness, which was more like the cat-like suavity of muscular coordination that is Jack Dempsey's than anything else.

Of that remarkable muscular quickness that has been mentioned, it might be said here that not so long before the end, the lights went out suddenly in the restaurant in which he was sitting late one night. They flashed on again in an instant, and disclosed Rothstein seated easily twenty feet from his original position. He moved like a ray of light, whether it was to take one of the innumerable telephone calls which poured in on him wherever he was, or whether it was merely to rise and greet a friend.

When he walked along the street he was "like a horse"; he saw on both sides as well as in front. From his earliest years he never walked into a room without knowing exactly how many persons were there, where they were sitting or standing, and where every article of furniture was placed.

Now let us turn to the murder of Rothstein, which took place on Sunday, November 4, 1928. No person had been brought to trial for it up to the present municipal campaign in New York—a piece of seemingly pointed official negligence which has aroused much scandal, loud and repeated editorial protests, a change of Police Commissioners, and other evidences of general disapproval and impatience. "In the Reign of Rothstein" leads us to this climax appropriately enough in its thirteenth chapter. Tracing Rothstein's prior movements that evening, Mr. Clarke leads us to his favorite up-town resort, Lindy's Restaurant, and we read on:

About 10:30 o'clock, Beatrice Jackson, a telephone operator in the Park Central Hotel, had a request from Room 349 to call Circle 3317, which is the telephone number of Lindy's. The occupant of Room 349 was registered as George Richards, but many witnesses later testified that Richards was George A. McManus.

When the telephone rang in Lindy's, Abe Scher, the cashier, lifted the receiver, and heard a voice he says he failed to recognize say:

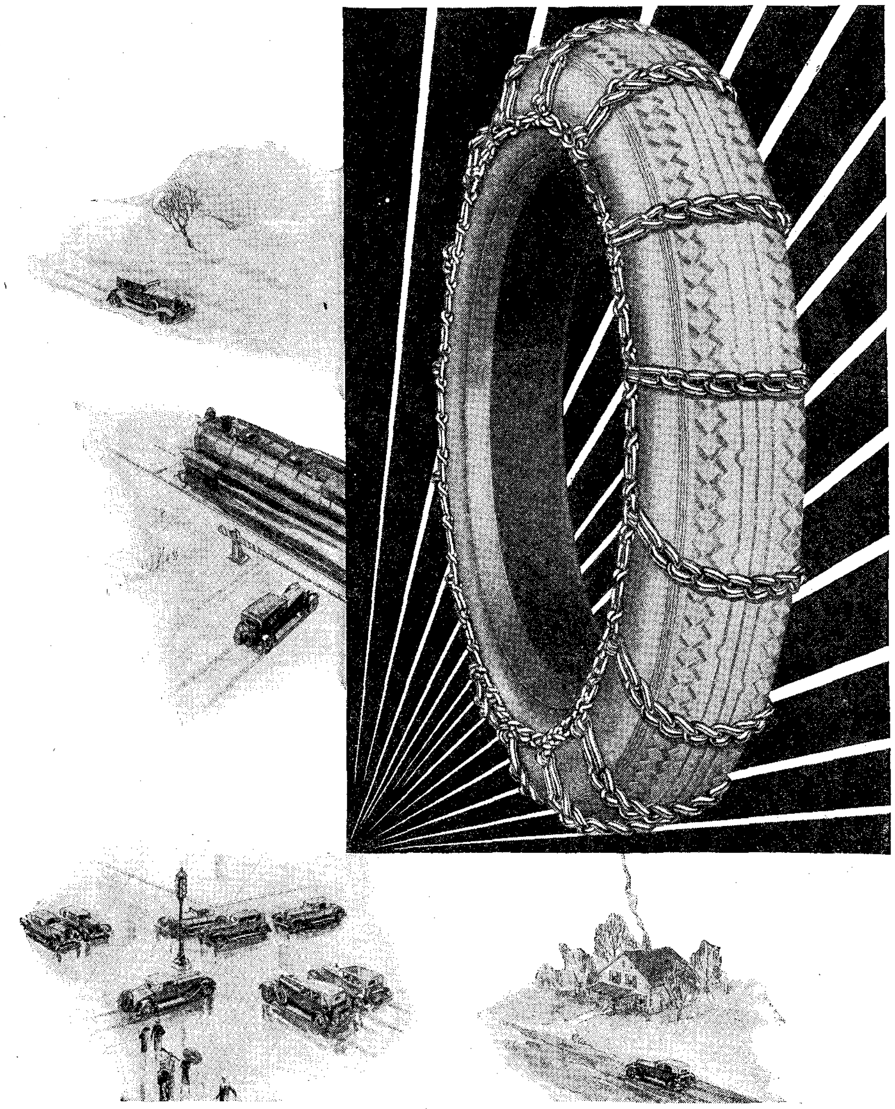
"Tell A. R. I want to talk with him."

Scher called Rothstein to the telephone. A moment's conversation followed, and then Rothstein said:

"McManus wants to see me. I'm going to his room. I'll be back in half an hour."

Rothstein went out into Broadway and met Jimmy Meehan.

Meehan testified before the Grand Jury that it was between 10:30 and 11 o'clock



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

that Rothstein handed him a loaded revolver outside Lindy's and said:

"Hold this for me. George McManus wants to see me, and I'm going up to his room. I'll be back in half an hour."

The Park Central Hotel in Seventh Avenue, between Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth streets, is about six blocks from Lindy's in Broadway at Fiftieth Street.

It was about 10:50 when Rothstein next was seen. He was crumpled against the wall in the entrance to the servants' quarters of the hotel on the Fifty-sixth Street side, about twenty feet inside the street door.

Dr. Malcom McGovern arrived in an ambulance and took Rothstein to the Polyclinic Hospital. Altho he realized the serious nature of his injuries, Rothstein told no one, so far as the record is concerned, the identity of his assailant.

At the hospital, Rothstein lingered in a semi-comatose condition until about 10:20 o'clock election day morning, when he died. He had bet about $1,600,000 on the election, and would have won $500,000 if he had lived. His death voided the bets.

An interesting witness before the Grand Jury was the maid, Mrs. Bridget Farry. She once had worked for Rothstein at his Hotel Fairfield. When she had been injured in his service Rothstein personally had paid her money. She knew him well and favorably.

Mrs. Farry said that she had been on duty all afternoon and until midnight on the third floor where 349 was situated, and that she had been in and out of 349 three or four times. She saw McManus with Ruth Keyes, a blonde of Chicago (who has testified that McManus was getting up a party for a good time, and was serving drinks). Mrs. Farry asserted that always there was at least one other man besides McManus in the room.

Most important, however, for McManus, she testified that between 10:20 and 10:30 McManus left 349 and did not return again.

Another significant item was that she said she saw a man whom she could not identify, walk through an exit on the third floor, which led to the servants' quarters below. That was between 10:30 and 11:00.

It is not beyond the realms of possibility that the man she saw was Rothstein. Even tho she knew him, it may be pointed out that the north and south corridors in the hotel are a city block in length, and that, as his face was turned from her, it was not strange that she failed to recognize him.

Anyway, if Rothstein was shot in 349, and until this is being written on January 1, 1929, no witness had been found who even had seen him near that room, he walked with a thirty-eight-caliber bullet through his intestines the distance of two city blocks and down three flights of stairs, which are equivalent to six flights of ordinary stairs, to get to where he was found. As Dr. Norris, the chief medical examiner, said, a man could walk quite a distance after being hit, as was Rothstein. But why should he take that unaccustomed course?

Bridget Farry heard no shots. No witness yet examined heard any shots. No witness saw Rothstein in Room 349. At this writing it is obvious that the District

Attorney and the police are hoping to get a squealer, as they did in the Rosentahl case. If there is any one who is considered likely to squeal, there may be another shooting before this book is published.

Enough theories are held as to how the shooting was done to fill a large volume. The official theory that the shooting was done in 349 is based on the fact that McManus had that room, that Rothstein was known to have been headed for it, that a hole had been poked through a screen in a window, and that the revolver with one discharged cartridge in it was picked up by Abe Bender, a taxi driver, in the east surface car tracks in Seventh Avenue, just opposite.

Sergeant Henry F. Butts, the pistol expert of the Police Department, told the Grand Jury that this was the gun from which the fatal pellet emerged. It is an interesting fact, however, that the barrel of the gun was so twisted, by contact with the pavement, presumably, that another bullet could not be fired from it to compare the rifling marks with those on the lethal bullet. The pistol barrel won't be straightened for the test until a trial is had, and it has been offered in evidence.

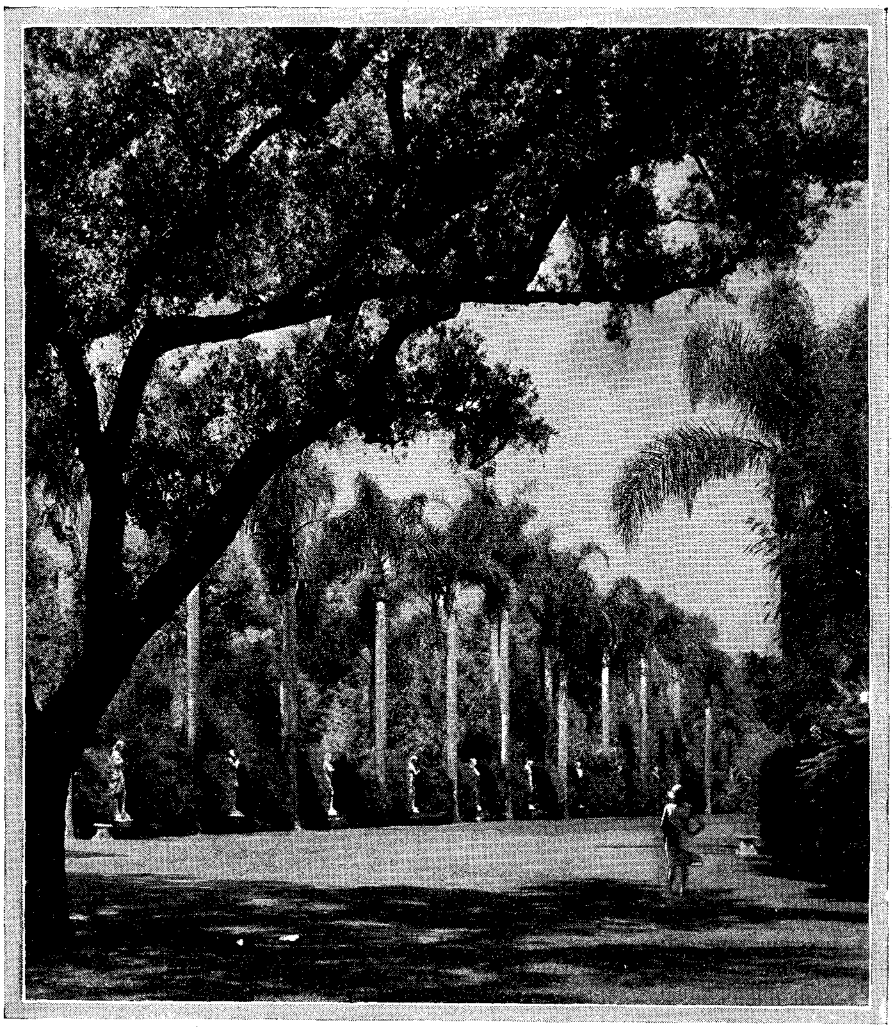
Sleuthing along Broadway, relates Bruce Rae in a New York *Times* story, to which we now turn, the detectives learned much about a game in which Rothstein had lost very heavily on the Friday preceding the Sunday of the murder. Concerning which we read:

> The game at which his ill-fortune reached its apex was staged in an apartment in the midtown section. Eight players participated. They started with dice, moved to stud poker, and then, as better suiting their "speed," they played at high spading—cutting a deck and the high spade taking the pot.
>
> When settlement time came' Rothstein was out $340,000. He dropt $37,000 in cash on the table, and told his creditors to split it in proportion to their winnings from him. His word to pay, he added, would cover the remainder of his indebtedness.
>
> The players at the big game were, the detectives said, James Meehan, two brothers, Myer and Sam Boston; Joe Bernstein, a plunger from the Pacific coast; Nathan (Nigger Nate) Raymond; Martin (Red) Bowes; A. C. (Titantic) Thompson; McManus, and Rothstein.
>
> Raymond was the first of the players to be brought to headquarters and questioned. The police by then were morally certain that the meeting to which Rothstein had been summoned had been called to discuss his gambling debts and his reported intention to "welch" or repudiate them. Raymond, whose gambling habitat usually had been the Far West, soon convinced the police that he had not fired the shot. He told them that Rothstein had owed him $219,000. Rothstein, alive, represented that sum to him; Rothstein dead meant he had lost that sum, since gambling debts are not recoverable against an estate.
>
> Titantic Thompson, the Bostons, Bernstein, Meehan, and Bowes told the story of the game and each denied that he had been in Room 349 on the night of November 4. McManus had disappeared from his usual hangouts.

Here we return to Mr. Clarke's entertaining book, wherein it is recorded:

> On December 4, 1928, just a month after the shooting, George McManus, Hyman

In the shade of the sheltering Palm



. . where Winter is only a name . .

It's human nature to feel just a bit smug when fortune places one in a superior position . . . and when you walk over verdant lawns patterned by great shadows of the palm trees . . . when the Southern California sun streams health-giving violet rays through anything and everything you wear . . . when you play in the sun all day . . . when you sleep like a top all night . . . you do feel just a bit *superior*.

For the folks back home are edging close to the radiators . . . or hunting in the hall closet for dusty goloshes . . . or putting on mufflers to keep out the cold.

Plan to spend your winter vacation in Southern California. Play golf . . . motor . . . or ride in the sunshine by day . . . and visit Hollywood and all the other interesting places by night. Get a good coat of winter tan . . . have the time of your life . . . and *feel fine*.

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EXECUTIVES: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions . . . the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

("Gillie" or "Gil") Biller, and our old friend John Doe, and his pal, Richard Roe, were indicted for the murder. "Gillie" Biller, who was McManus's payoff man—the chap that went around paying McManus's bets—hadn't been located at this writing. John Doe and Richard Roe are whoever they may turn out to be. The District Attorney says he knows. And he may.

The one important fact is that the King of Easy Money in America is dead, and the underworld for the moment is without a "Brain."

As a result of a peep at Rothstein's private files, Federal agents grabbed millions of dollars of narcotic drugs, and uncovered a trail that led to Chicago, Boston, Detroit, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and every other city of any size in the country.

This trail also led to other countries, where are the fountainheads of the streams of cocain and heroin and morphin which pour through underworld channels into the United States, and are diffused throughout its length and breadth.

Not only was it charged that he had been behind the big bond robberies, but it also was asserted that he had turned back $25,000,000 in bonds, in a bargain that allowed him to keep $2,500,000 as his share. As a matter of fact, there never was anything to show that more than about $5,000,000 in bonds had been stolen, and there was nothing but rumor to support any contention that any part of this had been recovered.

His fortune was of the sort that it took an Arnold Rothstein himself to manage. He was the only person on earth who ever had run that sort of big business; and he was the only person who knew all of its ramifications.

There was every reason for the police and the District Attorney to seize the Rothstein files at once, and look in them for evidence that might establish a motive for the assassination, remarks Alva Johnston in the New York *Herald Tribune*, and he continues:

> The records ought to give a full picture of Rothstein's affairs, showing who had reason to fear and hate him, showing who might have threatened his life, showing his debtors and creditors, his associates in shady enterprises, his partners in various crimes.
>
> But these papers were not investigated by the police or by the District Attorney's office. Mr. Banton started to investigate some of the Rothstein papers, but changed his mind overnight. He turned them over to three lawyers, with a request to let him have photostatic copies of anything that seemed to bear on the case.
>
> "If the Rothstein papers are ever made public there is going to be a lot of suicides," William Hyman, a lawyer for the estate, was quoted as saying.
>
> Officials of the American Federation of Labor charged that Rothstein "fixt" the police to favor the employers in the fur strikes. He furnished bail for many of the worst criminals. It was established that criminals and the agents of criminals conferred with him nightly in a Broadway restaurant.
>
> A district attorney who held the theory that he ought to investigate as well as prosecute, could have seized the Rothstein papers on the day of the death. Some of these were scattered about under the names of different lieutenants of Rothstein, but probably all could have been traced and brought into the light by a vigorous prosecutor.
>
> Mayor Walker himself is one authority for the statement that the police did not handle the case properly: After a conference with detectives, police officials, and the District Attorney, a few weeks after the murder, he exprest amazement at their failure to pursue various obvious lines of inquiry, and demanded action within a week. District Attorney Banton met the demand for action by announcing that he would give immunity to any witness to the crime who surrendered and gave a faithful account of the killing. Mr. Banton repeated this offer day after day.
>
> Officials of the Walker administration became greatly nettled over this business when Will Rogers reduced it to an absurdity by repeating the offer nightly to his audience at "Three Cheers," and offering the murderer "one last chance" to give himself up. Mayor Walker has no authority over Mr. Banton, but he did remove Police Commissioner Warren, and appointed Grover Whalen with instructions to start the Police Department in full cry after the slayers of Rothstein. Charges were made that documents of importance had been abstracted from the Rothstein files, but this possible source of evidence was then and is still untapped. Commissioner Whalen removed the chief inspector of the department, the head of the detective bureau, and the head of the homicide squad, but his appointees have had no better success than their predecessors.
>
> District Attorney Banton's conception of his position as a non-investigating office was not held by any of his predecessors for a generation at least.
>
> Whether it is all political clamor, or whether the Rothstein papers ever did contain documents that might embarrass politicians or the Walker administration, may never be known. If embarrassing documents were there, they might have disappeared at any time during the last year. The Rothstein papers were in many safety-deposit vaults, and in many names, so that even a search by a Whitman or a Jerome might have failed to save incriminating documents from eager hands. Much relevant material might, however, have been salvaged in spite of the precautions which Rothstein had taken during his lifetime to keep his private papers safe from legal process.
>
> On assuming the Police Commissionership, Grover A. Whalen almost immediately cashiered all the higher officials, and transferred many of the detectives who had had anything to do with the Rothstein case. He exprest himself as appalled by the incompetence shown. Mayor Walker took a fling at the ousted Commissioner Joseph Warren, by saying in a public speech that there had been for some time past "a vacancy" in police headquarters. "Get Biller" was the order from police headquarters. Brigades of fresh detectives were thrown on the case. Biller remained aloof. The Rothstein documents have been treated as sacred archives. The public has seen no more of the inside of the Rothstein case under Whalen than it did under Warren.

Much campaign capital has been made out of certain "little black books" said to contain records of Rothstein's financial transactions of various kinds, but up to this writing no definite information has been made public from this source. Representative La Guardia, the Republican candidate for Mayor, produced proof that Magistrate Vitale, of the Bronx, had borrowed $20,000 from Rothstein—or, as the Magistrate insists, from a mortgage corporation in which Rothstein proved to be the leading figure. Then Mr. La Guardia announced that he had no further Rothstein evidence. But meanwhile District Attorney Banton had taken sudden steps to bring McManus to trial for the murder. This evoked many editorial protests that a fair trial would be impossible until after the election. As *The World* put it:

> Can the political aspect of the case be properly debated with a man's life at stake on a charge of murder? We do not believe it can. This aspect of the case is of the utmost seriousness to the people of New York, and it is desirable that it be threshed out fully before November. There must be showdowns, and some of them give promise of being loaded with dynamite. The various parties to the dispute must state their cases fully, and the voters must have a chance to ponder them. And it will be very hard for them to do this if the issues are beclouded by a murder trial.
>
> Can McManus be given a fair trial with this desperate political debate going on? We do not believe he can. There is danger, on the one hand, that he will be railroaded for a crime he did not commit, simply because of the excited state of the public mind. There is danger, on the other hand, that he will be acquitted of a crime which he did commit, simply because of a widespread belief that he is being made the goat for politicians. What is on the front pages of one day's newspapers could easily decide his fate, and it is extremely unlikely that impartial justice would be done.
>
> It seems to us that McManus's counsel is warranted in asking a postponement of the trial for a month, frankly on the ground that a fair trial can not be had until the campaign is over. Postponements have been granted for less compelling reasons than this. And with the trial deferred the air would be cleared to a considerable extent.

This reasoning was to be ratified by a judicial ruling, for we learn from the New York *Telegram* some days later:

> The trial of George McManus was postponed to-day until November 12, by Judge Charles C. Nott, Jr., in General Sessions.
>
> District Attorney Joab H. Banton last week set the date of the trial for October 15, acting on his own responsibility, after he had been goaded by various political candidates who were making the Rothstein murder the center of the current political campaign.
>
> Judge Nott implied clearly in a formal statement that his decision was made to take the trial itself out of the political situation.
>
> Like Banton last week, Judge Nott acted to-day, as he said, "on my own initiative."
>
> Banton did not indicate how the postponement affected him, tho he said perfunctorily that the decision "meets with my approval."

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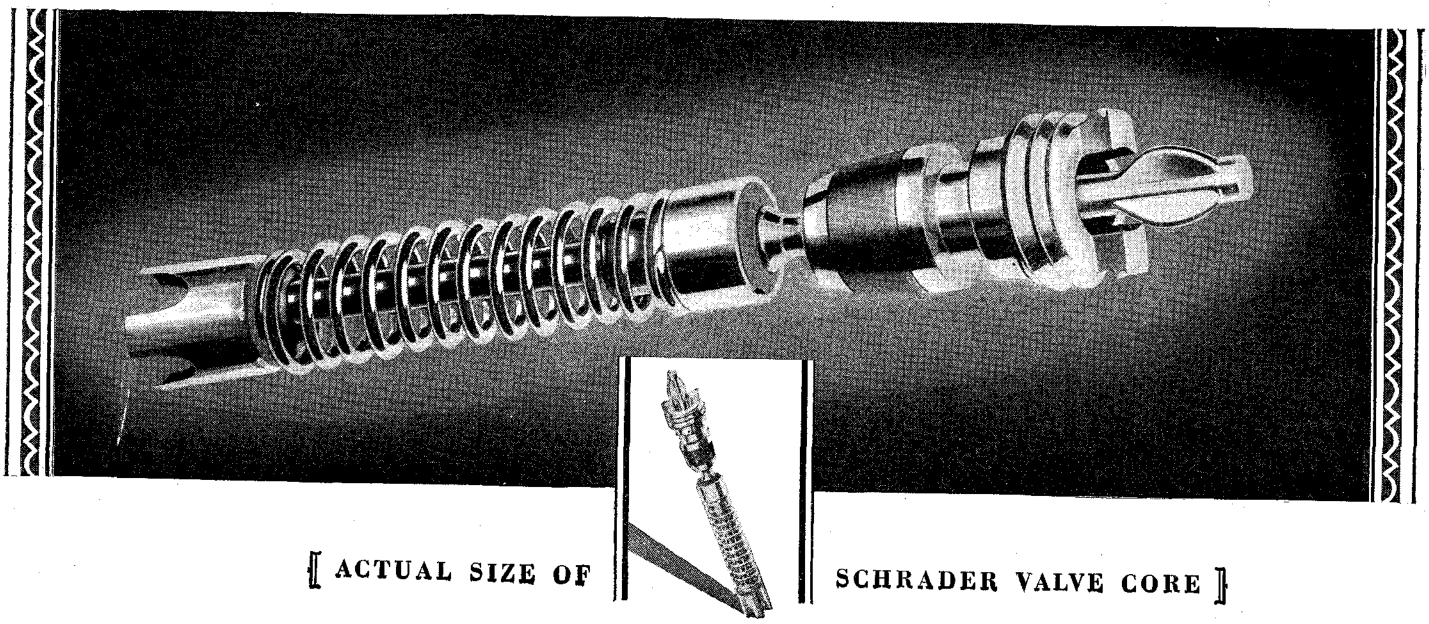

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Motorists warned against inferior imitations now on the market. Be sure you get genuine Schrader Valve Cores in the Schrader Red Box. This simple precaution saves you trouble on the road. These valve cores prolong the life of tires by keeping them properly inflated.

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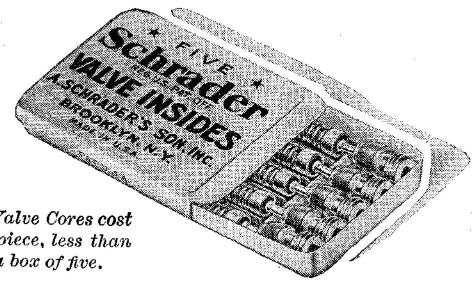
Glance today at your spare box of valve cores in your car. See if they are Schraders. If not, the chances are you have inferior valve cores that may give you road trouble when you least want it.

So take one second to look for the name "Schrader" when you buy valve cores. They cost but a trifle, and are sure protection for you. A. Schrader's Son, Inc., BROOKLYN, Chicago, Toronto, London.



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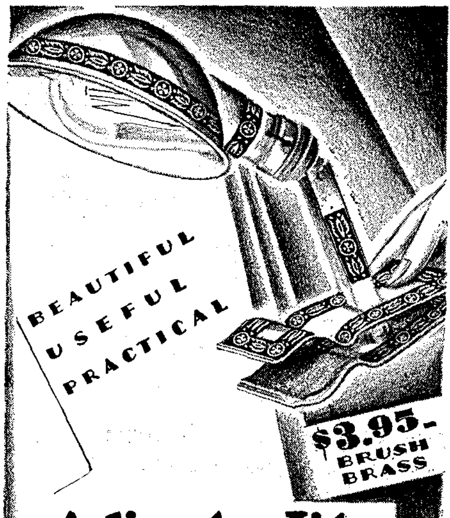

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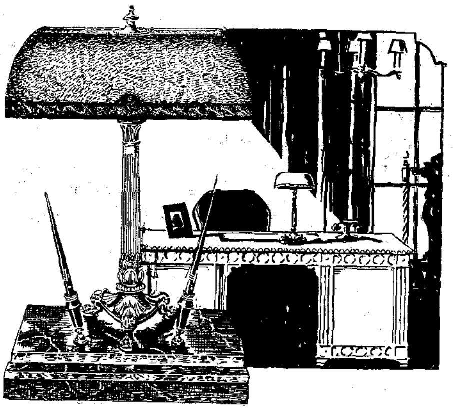
SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

CRITICISM OF HOSPITALS

RECENT magazine criticism of hospitals is reviewed from the standpoint of those institutions by Dr. Donald M. Morrill, director of the Blodgett Memorial Hospital at Grand Rapids, Michigan, writing in *The Modern Hospital* (Chicago). He bases what he says on twenty-seven articles, all in publications other than medical and hospital journals, and he tells us that, after a careful study of them, he is more than ever convinced of the hopelessness of attempting to translate the complex life-story of a modern hospital into terms understandable by the passer-by. Years of study are necessary, he believes; and volumes must be written, before hospitals will be fully understood and appreciated by the public they serve. Dr. Morrill writes:

> These magazine discussions dealt mainly with the cost of medical and hospital service; a few were frank criticisms, and one was actually an appreciation.
>
> In recent years there are those who have been prone to compare hospital service and costs with hotel service and its cost. The criticisms must be taken to heart in so far as they pertain to the personal attitudes and attributes, courtesy, kindliness and consideration, revealed to the uninitiated by those who through daily contact are accustomed to many unhappy sights and sounds.
>
> A fundamental error of the commentator is his failure to recognize the important element of responsibility. A person goes to a hotel voluntarily seeking lodging and other services, agreeing to pay cost, and expecting to pay a profit, and retaining full personal discretion. The patient who knows, or who believes he knows, more about his illness than the physician might wish to maintain the same status in a hospital. All others, however, admit that they are not able to care for their own illness. They come seeking the help of the doctor, the nurse, the technical staff.
>
> Fulfilment of this responsibility requires that we must look out for the welfare of each patient. Certain rules become necessary, the reason for which may not always be clear. This element of responsibility must not be used as a cloak for unnecessary high-handed and arbitrary action, to be sure, but a full realization of its existence by the patient, or more often, by the friends or the family of the patient would remove the foundation from a great deal of hasty criticism.
>
> Critics of the hospital frequently complain in one breath of the cost of hospital care, and in the next breath they demand refinements of service that would triple the cost. Our aim should be to provide for the need of each, and to add as much in the way of increased comfort and happiness as financial and other limitations will permit.
>
> The tremendous advance from empirical to scientific medicine has converted the hospital from a nursing home into a complex community service unit that might well be considered the battle-ground upon which are fought many of the major issues of fundamental human advancement. Currently, ideals may be very expensive, how-



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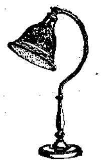

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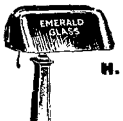

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Manufacturers of Dole Syphon Air Valves (No. 1)—Also Dole automotive products adopted as standard equipment by leading manufacturers.

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ever economical they may be in the progress of the race.

The economies of hospital operation, Dr. Morrill reminds us, are already under intensive study, fortunately by a competent subcommittee of the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care. When this study is completed, he believes, it will give a great deal of help in orienting the economic policies of hospitals to the public, and in proving the soundness of hospital costs. He goes on:

> In view of all the splendid work that is under way in answer to our critics' chief complaint, there is little to say on the subject that has not already been said by competent observers.
>
> First, Mr. McNamara has shown clearly that rates are not out of proportion to costs, that costs have advanced less than the average advances in commodity costs since 1913, and that hospitals in this country are not mismanaged from the operating standpoint.
>
> Second, Dr. Davis has shown that the American public can afford to pay more for health than it is now paying.
>
> Third, Mr. Dublin urges further application of the insurance principle, particularly necessary at the present time in the face of instalment selling.
>
> It is time that we all gave serious thought to a critical analysis of the economic fundamentals of our hospital work. Frankly, we do not know our capital investments and capital costs, we have developed no rational and universally applicable principles of cost-accounting and rate-making, and we have almost no unit of direct financial comparison, one hospital with another.
>
> When we have finished such an analysis we shall discover these three things: (1) We are giving too much service totally free, (2) we are charging the ward patient too little, and (3) we are charging the moderate-priced, private-room patient and the semiprivate patient too much.
>
> The plight of the so-called middle-class patient is to a high degree self-imposed. When illness was largely confined to home care, this patient ordered his expenditures more nearly in accordance with his means. He does not now want "middle-class" service. He wants the most expensive type, at a reduced rate. We do not object to his purchase "from earnings" of his automobile his electric refrigerator, his oil-burning furnace, and his radio if he has a savings account ample to provide against illness, which is bound to strike some member of the average family every year.

Knows His Comics.—Last week, when the one-elephant circus went through Benton, a kid on the court square busted out with, "Hey, see the elephant!"

Another chap was along and said, "Huh, that ain't no elephant, that's a GOP. Ain't ya seen 'em in the newspaper? That's a gop, I tell ya!"—*Scott City (Mo.) Democrat.*

Big Boss.—A colored gentleman who appeared in court as a witness was asked:

"What is your name?"

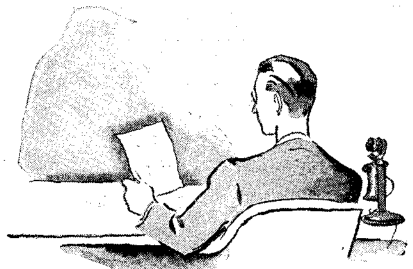
"Calhoun Jefferson, sah."

"Can you sign your name?"

"Sah?"

"I ask if you can write your name."

"Well, no, sah. Ah nebber writes my name, Ah dictates it, suh."—*Kreolite News.*



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BRIGHT AND DARK SPOTS IN THE BUSINESS PROSPECT

"PERHAPS THERE NEVER WAS A TIME when the entire forecast community was more at fault and less able to foreshadow events in finance and business than is the case at the present time," concludes the New York *Journal of Commerce* after noting how difficult it is to depend upon any of the generally recognized "indicators." For one thing, notes this daily, "practically all of our statistics show a serious 'lag,' so that the figures that are available at any one time are pretty certain to be out of date." And then, opinions differ about the authoritative quality of various indicators, to say nothing of the fact that estimates of various forms of business activity are conflictingly reported. In general, a recent recession is admitted; a present high level of industry is recognized; there is difference of opinion about the future, with the optimists outnumbering the pessimists. The editor of *Forbes*, speaking of recent recessions in certain important activities, says that none of them "are particularly significant, and none of them have reduced the industrial picture to an alarming one, but the business world has been so long used to constant setting of new high records that the past months' reaction has temporarily put a check on unmitigated confidence in the future." And yet, as it will be seen from further quotation, commentators on business conditions include both alarmists and possessors of almost "unmitigated confidence." One observer, frankly puzzled, comes to the conclusion that the late summer's decline in business was something more than seasonal and was therefore significant. But "what it signifies is not quite clear," continues editor Glenn Griswold of the Chicago *Journal of Commerce:*

> The present level of business activity is sufficiently below that established during the first seven and a half months of the year to indicate that something more than seasonal adjustments is influencing business. And yet business as a whole, and almost every division of business, is transacting a larger volume of business to-day than it did a year ago at this time. If we remember what business conditions were a year ago to-day, we must admit that any activity and prosperity in excess of what prevailed then can not be very unsatisfactory.

"There is less snap in the general industrial situation" than was evident during an extremely active summer, reflects the New York *Times* on the basis of trade reports from all over the country at the end of September. "Business is acting tired," is the way a writer for the Brookmire Economic Service puts it. Another organization, the Franklin Statistical Corporation, finds it difficult in the first week of October "to find any significant changes for the better," and it thus lines up what it considers the more and less favorable factors in the situation:

THE MORE FAVORABLE FACTORS

1. Good buying of steel by railways.
2. No clear indication of recession in trade or railway freight traffic.
3. Gold imports; Reserve Banks buying bills freely.

THE LESS FAVORABLE FACTORS

1. Decline in commodity prices, including steel and steel scrap.
2. Further declines in motor, building, and steel activity.
3. Retail trade more spotty, due to unseasonably warm weather and reduced employment in some sections.
4. Money tighter.
5. Advance in European discount rates; funds withdrawn from New York.
6. Severe reaction in the stock-market.
7. Signs of congestion in security flotations.

If it were possible to find a typical view-point characterizing the outlook of the more careful commentators, it might be one that admits unfavorable factors, while refusing to be unduly alarmed by them. Certain developments, like those noted in the preceding quotation, are offered by some business authorities "as showing that business has really passed its high point and is about to start downward for a period of unknown duration." But, continues the New York *Journal of Commerce*, there is nothing necessarily alarming in any such statement, even if it be taken as fully borne out by the facts:

> No country and no individual business can keep constantly and steadily expanding and growing without any mistakes and setbacks, and without suffering any of what we have come to call "seasonal fluctuations." Some resting periods are indispensably necessary so that in and of itself the pessimistic forecasts already referred to do not seem to be of great importance. As a matter of fact, however, they have a significance that is very special, and should not be lost sight of.
>
> The truth is that in spite of all that has been said on the subject the country is in a very extended and badly protected position from the credit standpoint. What with maintaining our own liquidity and that of Great Britain, and fulfilling various obligations, which we have willingly and hastily taken on, we have our hands more than full.

"The autumn commenced with trade and industrial activity at a noticeably higher rate than a year ago," we read in the Alexander Hamilton Institute's *Business Conditions Weekly*, which continues:

> The volume of business promises to be well maintained during the fall, but various unfavorable factors suggest that the expansion which commenced at the beginning of 1928 will be less evident.
>
> These same factors indicate that general business in 1930 is likely to make a less favorable showing than in 1929.
>
> The chief unfavorable factor is the continuation of high money rates which, sooner or later, are bound to exert a restrictive influence on business. Building activity has already been noticeably curtailed. Another unfavorable factor is the apparent over-expansion of industrial output of which automobile production is a notable illustration. The logical consequence is some curtailment of manufacturing while the country is digesting the accumulated supply.
>
> A third unfavorable factor is the reduction in the 1929 crop yields which are now expected to show an average decrease of 9 per cent. from the 1928 harvest. The farmers, as a whole, may enjoy as good an income as during the past season because of the rise in prices, but the nation will be adversely affected by the increased cost of food.
>
> The prospect is, however, that any business recession in 1930 will be relatively moderate.

New York banking opinion may be represented first by the Guaranty Trust Company, which in its *Guaranty Survey* admits a recession in business and industry in recent weeks, but with the level of operations still "appreciably higher than at this time last year," and with "optimism almost universal among business leaders." The National City Bank—which will be the biggest bank in the world when the announced merger with the Corn Exchange Bank is completed—notes in its latest bulletin a downward trend in several important industries. But this, we are told, need occasion no alarm "as to the soundness of fundamental business conditions in this country":

> Trade and industry have been making an outstanding record for two years, and if a breathing spell is now due the ultimate result should be beneficial in correcting undesirable tendencies and thus paving the way for renewed expansion later on.
>
> Every one who stops to think knows that business is never static, but moves in waves, either expanding or undergoing recession. If, in the exuberance of the up-swing business has adhered to sound principles in such matters as inventory policies, forward buying and credit, there is no reason why the ensuing down-swing should be severe or prolonged. On these points, the

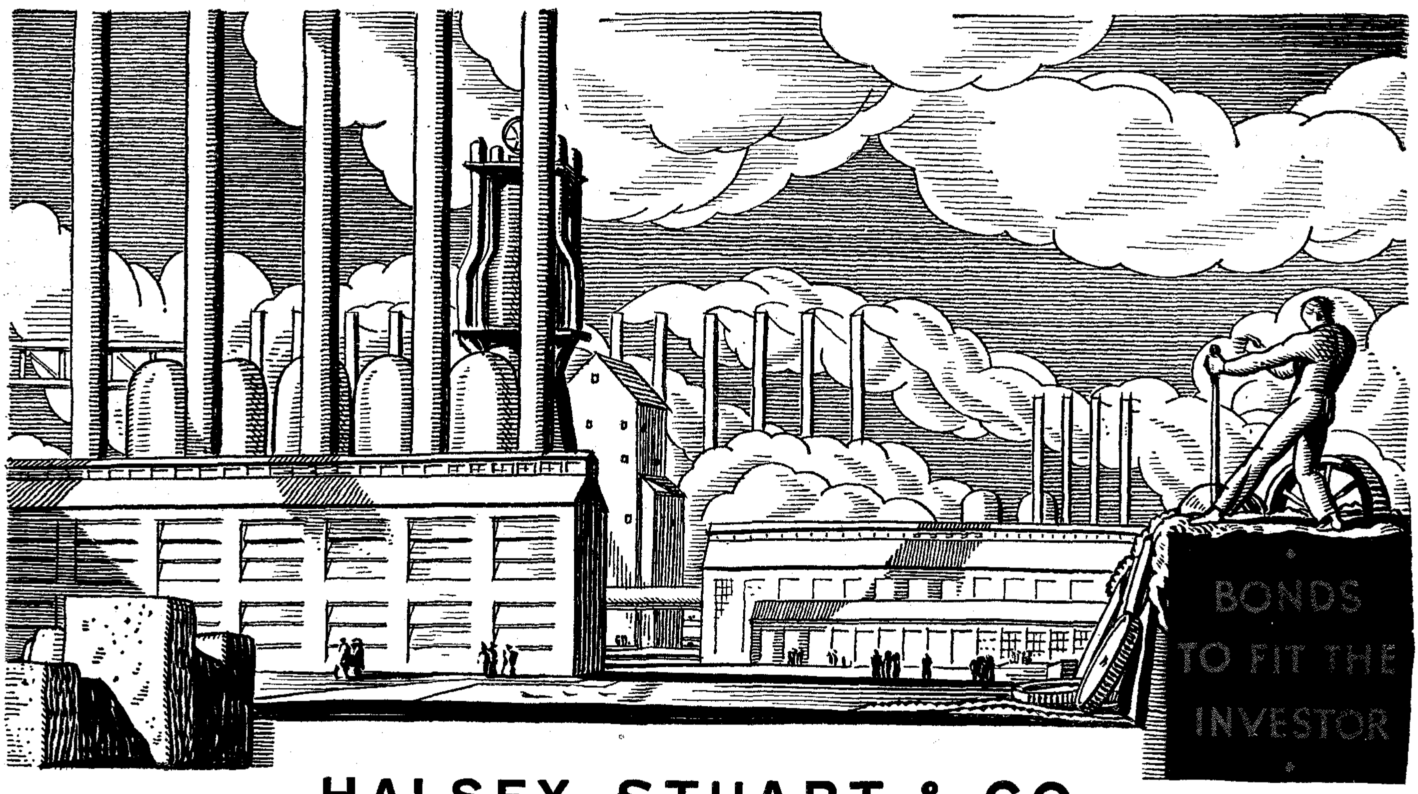
SPEEDING the MARCH of INDUSTRY

A FEW generations ago, in this country, industry was a spinning wheel...or a forge in a wayside smithy. To-day, it is a complex mechanism of gears and wheels, of lathes and presses—the embodiment of two hundred thousand factories. It gives employment to nine million workers, endowing each with a mechanical power forty times his own human strength.

No Frankenstein monster this—but one of the beneficent influences of civilization, one of the foundation stones of American prosperity. In place of homespun gowns it is producing garments of silk. In place of the lumbering carts it puts upon our roads millions of comfortable, smoothly running vehicles, whose speed is measured in miles per hour rather than per day. Its products are available to all—vacuum cleaners sweep as thoroughly and radiators heat as efficiently for the masses as for the classes.

It is only within the past half century that this country turned so distinctly from an agricultural into an industrial nation—as capital began to move more freely into industrial channels. With able management at the lever and a reservoir of capital to draw upon, industry is forging ahead to even greater achievements. Its steady growth and its increasing stability have gained for it the confidence of America's investors, and it is rewarding that confidence generously. Halsey, Stuart & Co. has taken an important part in providing, through bond financing, industry's capital requirements, and likewise in guiding the public to safe and profitable investments in industry.

A typical list of industries which Halsey, Stuart & Co. has served in this way is contained in our booklet, "Choosing Your Investment House." A copy will be mailed on request.



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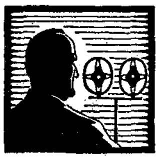

10 P. M. Eastern Standard Time
9 P. M. Central Standard Time
8 P. M. Mountain Standard Time
7 P. M. Pacific Standard Time

AVIATION sets to WORK

When the railroads began building their networks across the continent, they had to do far more than lay tracks. Their expansion involved also great systems of colonization.

Aviation has a similar job to do today—in creating an expanding market and in making that expansion "pay as it goes." It is a task demanding large resources, national organization and full centralized control right through from engineering and manufacturing to pilot training, airport control and servicing of equipment anywhere and everywhere.

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AT ALL DRUGGISTS

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

business situation, from all available evidence, remains strong.

Tightness of money therefore continues the principal handicap which business must surmount. Since this is a product to a large extent of the speculation in securities, a temporary slackening of the business pace, which would have as its effect a sobering influence on speculative sentiment, should be the very thing needed to keep business on a sound and enduring basis.

To many an October prophet the outlook for the future seems rosy, indeed. Here is the Standard Statistics Company emphasizing the continuance of very heavy retail trade:

> There is no sign of diminution in consumers' willingness and ability to buy. Industrial employment is general, and labor is well paid. Farm crops are satisfactory in size, and the prospect is that they will be disposed of at good prices. A volume of preholiday retail trade which will exceed that of last year may be looked for.

Ernst and Ernst, accountants, in their *Weekly Bulletin* (Washington), conclude that "on the whole, present momentum in the industrial field is confidently expected to offset minor unfavorable factors."

With the opening of the final quarter of the year, "preliminary reports indicate that long-standing records have been broken for industrial production throughout the last three months, and that no slackening of the industrial pace need be anticipated for three months to come," writes J. C. Royle in a Consolidated Press dispatch, and he goes on to call attention to heavy retail trade, continued demand for automobiles, a gain in building from the low point of the summer, a forward impetus in the steel trade, and an excellent railroad outlook.

Turning to another banking authority, we find *Trade Winds*, published by the Union Trust Company of Cleveland, imprest with the present large volume of business in spite of the let-down in certain lines, so that—

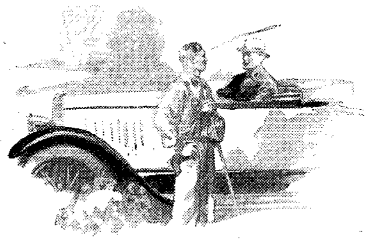
> It now appears probable that the present pace will be maintained throughout the balance of the year, making 1929 a year of new high records, both in production and profits, in many lines.
>
> So much momentum has been acquired by business in this country this year that in spite of a slowing down in some industries, business as a whole should carry through without difficulty to 1930.

And another Cleveland institution, the Cleveland Trust Company, in its *Business Bulletin*, edited by such an acknowledged authority as Col. Leonard P. Ayres, finds three outstanding problems confronting business this autumn, and proceeds to discuss them, on the whole, optimistically:

> The first is the old problem of the probable length of time that general business can continue to prosper in spite of the high costs of credit accommodations. The answer seems to be that the duration of prosperity is likely to continue to be relatively independent of the high cost of credit unless there develops in addition a scarcity of credit. Such a scarcity does not seem imminent, and it still seems probable that the volume of autumn industrial output, the activity of holiday trade, the returns of transportation, and the third and fourth quarter profits in most lines, will be of record-breaking proportions.
>
> The second problem is that involved in the attempt of the Reserve authorities to make credit more costly for the speculators, and cheaper for the farmers and the business-men. It seems probable that it will result in some credit inflation based directly on reserve funds rather than on any notable expansion of loans to the stock market by corporations and individuals. Such a development should be a sustaining force for business.
>
> The third problem is that of the probable developments in the security markets. Here there seem to be three main factors to be considered. The first, and perhaps the most important, is that profits are exceptionally high and well sustained, and are making good progress in justifying many of the price advances for stocks which seemed excessive not long ago. The second factor is that the course which the Reserve authorities have adopted has had the result of bringing about a greater degree of stability in call money rates. The third is that the stabilizing of money rates has had a somewhat sustaining effect on the bond market. All these factors have been favorable to advances in security prices, and it now seems probable that the autumn hazards to the stock-market are more likely to be those resulting from its own activity than any inherent in the fundamentals.

This reference to the stock-market reminds us that many commentators find a close connection between the security markets and the business trend. "If the stock-market does not throw a monkey-wrench into it, business prosperity promises to last through the year," writes B. C. Forbes in his New York *American* column. This remark is often heard. And it is matched by the no less frequently repeated reflection that everything in the stock-market depends upon the near future of business, or, in the words of the financial editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "the key to the psychological side of the stock-market lies, without much question, in the course that business takes in the next few weeks or months." This is not the place for an extended discussion of stock-market possibilities. But our readers will remember that after reaching an apex at the beginning of September, following a break in August, the market failed to gain during the month, and then suffered the worst break of the year in the opening days of October. This was followed, however, by a prompt partial recovery. Further developments will be necessary before any accurate interpretation of the present state of the market can be given. It might be added that the *Herald Tribune* writer just quoted feels that the market lacks its "former complacency." Other writers feel that a bear campaign has done its worst, and that the market is likely to be at least in a healthier technical position.

"He invests his modest earnings in good sound securities"



"I advised him strongly against the purchase"

C. P. Nelson, President of the First National Bank, Danville, Ill., tells a story of two farmers, one of whom speculated, while the other invested . . .

"ALL the speculating isn't done in the stock market," said Mr. Nelson. "This community, several years ago, experienced something like the present fever of stock market speculation—but it was a boom in farm lands.

"There was a farmer, a Mr. R. . . . , who wanted to buy a piece of farm land near his own place. He came to me for advice.

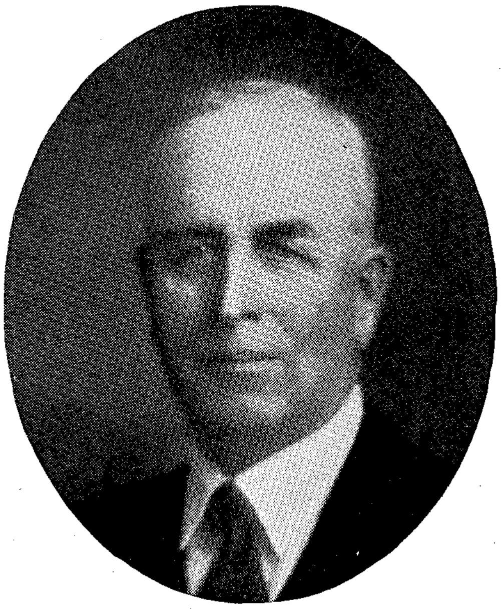
"A banker looks at the price of an investment in terms of its yield. Land is no exception. I knew the price was much too high, so I advised him strongly against the purchase.

"'But land's going up all the time,' the farmer told me. 'Look at what land is worth around here compared with before the war.' I still told him the price was too high.

"But somehow he raised the money, and bought the land.

"Today that land is perhaps a good buy—because today that land is priced below the pre-war value. But that doesn't help Mr. R. . . . . The deflation deprived him of the new land he bought, and of his farm as well.

"So today, when somebody talks about a stock that's 'going up all the time,' I remember the bitter lesson Mr. R. . . . . and thousands of others like him learned.



C. P. Nelson, *President of the First National Bank, Danville, Ill., is prominent in the civic and business affairs of this thriving community. Mr. Nelson has the distinguished record of forty-five years' continuous service in the First National Bank.*

"Unlike Mr. R. . . . . , a neighbor of his, also a farmer, clung to the Liberty Bonds he bought, and invests his modest earnings from his farm in sound, conservative securities.

"He now has a secure reserve against misfortune, and no period of deflation can deprive him of land and home."

* * *

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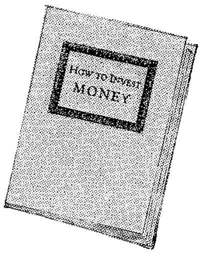

Good yield, of course, they regard as important, yet always only after safety of principal has been properly judged. Indeed, the average investor can do nothing wiser than go to his own banker, or a high grade investment banker, for advice.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

THE OIL INDUSTRY GOES INTO RETAILING

MOTORISTS and stockholders in oil companies are likely to be equally interested in a development in the oil industry, which means, according to one press writer, that something like this is going on along every roadside in the country: "The pump and good-will of Jimmy Dugan of Badger Springs, Wisconsin, to-day, may become the property and operate under the name of the Standard of Indiana, to-morrow." The big oil companies are going into the filling-station business on a big scale, and are planning to spend $3,000,000,000 in the next five years, according to J. D. Tompkins, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*. From the standpoint of the motorist, this means that—

> Instead of the makeshift filling stations, dirty and untidy, unbearably hot in summer and untenable in winter, the leading oil companies are building and preparing to build nation-wide chains or depots, providing rest, food, sleeping accommodations and, in some instances, store attractions for the owners and users, as well as storage, parking facilities, servicing and care of automobiles. The improvement involves the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, the employment of thousands of workers, and the increasing of sales of petroleum products to amounts hitherto undreamed.

And this is what it means to the investor in oil securities:

> In the face of overproduction of crude oil, and refining output in excess of demand, well-integrated units of the American petroleum industry are earning more money for their shareholders than ever before. The answer is that they have put sales to ultimate consumers on a business basis, insured uniform quality and measurement, and at the same time held prices to the minimum—gasoline is retailing now at levels below the eleven-year average.

The independent gasoline station will soon be a thing of the past, thinks Mr. Tompkins, who sums it all up by saying that the oil companies are following the trend of the age in merchandizing; "they have learned a lesson in economics from chain stores, and one by one are going into the 'cash-and-carry' business in the disposal of their products." A dozen prominent oil companies are named—the Standards of New York, New Jersey, and Ohio, Cities Service, Richfield, Shell, Continental-Marland, Phillips, Associated, Western—which within the last year have either established chains of their own or have taken over existing filling-station chains. Some of the reasons for the new trend are set down as follows:

> 1. The elimination of bad practises—such as cutting prices to encourage gallonage, rebates, payment of rents, and installations—resulting in ever-narrowing spreads between tank-wagon and retail prices.

2. Assurance to the companies that their own particular and standardized products will be sold exclusively through their own retailing agencies.
3. Protection of the product through to the ultimate consumer, by control of the product from the time it is taken from the well until it is pumped into the tank of an automobile, rendering adulteration impossible by independent intermediaries.
4. Assurance of uniform service at filling stations, and better facilities for car users through the backing of large and responsible companies.
5. Fully trained personnel at serving stations, and the assurance of employing only those specially trained in the handling of hazardous products.
6. Greater protection for the ultimate consumer through additional safeguards and increased responsibility of personnel, as well as the assurance of financial responsibility in the event of mishaps.

As a natural outgrowth of the establishment of filling-station chains by the big oil companies, Mr. Tompkins calls attention to something much more important to the individual automobile owner, and which is the second and probably ultimate phase of retail marketing. "This, in brief, is the construction of de luxe depots for the sale of lubricants and gasoline, where comforts and service are provided for the car owner as well as for the automobile." Some of the big companies, we are told, are building service stations representing an investment of more than $250,000 each. The Pierce Petroleum Company is building a chain of combined service stations and hotels to serve its marketing territory in certain mid-continent and southern areas—a $250,000 unit has been completed in Tulsa. The plan provides for the ultimate building of overnight stopping places at points 150 miles apart on the main routes of travel. The Sinclair interests have organized a subsidiary which will build de luxe stations at a cost of more than $100,000 apiece at key points from Buffalo to Davenport, Iowa; a $275,000 station has already been built in Cleveland. Standard Oil of Ohio also has an enormous depot in Cleveland, "where more than 100,000 gallons of gasoline and 3,000 gallons of oil are sold monthly, and 2,000 cars are serviced each four weeks, on five safety lifts. The gasoline tanks at this station will hold 65,000 gallons." And this is by no means the end of the story:

Union Oil Company, Standard Oil Company of California, Richfield, and Shell Union have built stations on the de luxe order in California, and in some instances in other States.

In the East the same tendency to build larger, better equipped stations, with accommodations for car owners and users as well as the cars themselves, has been shown by Standard of New Jersey, Tidewater Associated, and a number of others. Meanwhile the Texas Company is branching out into the retail field to a far greater extent than is generally known, its operations being unnoticed to some degree because its efforts are expended over the entire country.

In Canada, the Imperial Oil Company, subsidiary of Standard of New Jersey,

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

has built a number of fine stations, most of which are located in the larger eastern cities of the Dominion and in Vancouver, British Columbia.

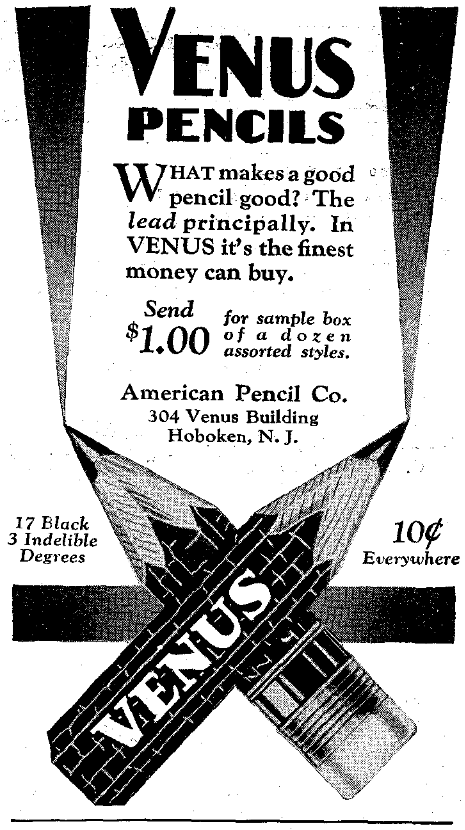
The reason for the development of these super-stations, according to Mr. Tompkins, is that—

> In entering the retailing end of the business, the big companies already are faced with an important problem—avoiding loss in operation of service stations on city property. This is being overcome by expanding the activities and facilities of the depots. The sky-scraper garage, service station hotel, and the addition of merchandising establishments are new possibilities.

"ODD-LOT" BUYERS AS INVESTORS

One out of every four "odd-lot" buyers of stocks, says a large Wall Street house specializing in this business, is an investor; he pays for his five or ten shares in full, and puts them away in his safe-deposit box. Another fact brought out in a New York *Times* article is that buyers of odd lots of stocks have never been so numerous as at present, nor have their purchases been so important from the market standpoint. "The business has practically doubled in the last five years," says *The Times*. And it adds:

> This is the testimony of the heads of New York Stock Exchange odd-lot houses, whose physical resources have been put to a severe test by the tremendous expansion in odd-lot buying, and whose staffs, both on the floor of the exchanges and in their offices, have increased vastly during the last year to handle the business efficiently. There has been, too, a necessary and corresponding increase in the staffs of registers and transfer offices, since the odd-lot buyer, as a rule, wants his shares transferred to his own name.
>
> The development of the wire systems of Exchange and Curb firms, the wide increase in investment opportunities, the fact that the general public has become so greatly interested in the stock-market in the last few years and, finally, the prosperity of the American people, are declared responsible for the vast expansion in odd-lot buying.
>
> Banks throughout the country, mainly small institutions, provide one of the main sources for the odd-lot buying of stocks. The customer of a country bank may want to buy ten shares of a particular stock for investment account. It is usually the case that this bank is the correspondent of a city institution, either in New York or Chicago. The order is sent in to the correspondent, who in turn transmits the instructions to its own broker, who purchases the stock.
>
> The development of airplane express service has tended to speed up delivery of these odd shares, as well as the entire security business generally. When the shares are purchased, and delivered on the following day, they make up part of a bundle of securities that goes to the nearest central distributing point by air express, by railway express, or registered mail. From this central point they are redistributed to the country institution and thence to the customer.



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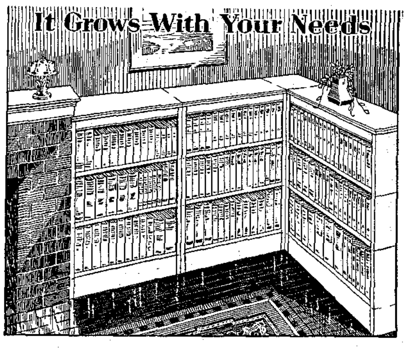

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CURRENT ▾ EVENTS

FOREIGN

October 1.—Foreign Secretary Henderson of Great Britain and Valerian Dovgalevsky of Russia, draft an agreement for the resumption of diplomatic relations between their respective countries.

October 2.—The United Free Church of Scotland and the Church of Scotland formally reunite, thus mending the great schism of eighty-seven years.

The Egyptian Cabinet, headed by Premier Mahmoud Pasha, resigns to prepare the way for new parliamentary elections and to give the people the opportunity to express themselves on the proposed new treaties with Great Britain.

October 3.—Foreign Minister Gustav Stresemann of Germany dies unexpectedly in Berlin. He was fifty-two.

The name of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes is changed to "Kingdom of Jugoslavia" under provisions of a law adopted by the Council and sanctioned by the King.

October 6.—Sir Francis Henry Humphrys is appointed British High Commissioner to Irak.

Dieudonne Costes and Maurice Jacques Bellonte, French aviators who have been missing a week, are reported at Tsitsihar, Manchuria, after having covered 6,158 miles in a non-stop flight from Le Bourget Field, Paris, whence they were journeying to the Far East.

October 7.—Fifty people are reported drowned when the Norwegian steamer *Haakon VII* goes on the rocks at Stav Fiord, on the Atlantic coast of Norway.

DOMESTIC

October 2.—The Senate strikes the flexible provision out of the tariff bill, 47 to 42.

Costa Rica's ratification of the Briand-Kellogg pact for renunciation of war has been deposited in the State Department, Secretary Stimson announces. Fifty-three governments, out of sixty-four invited, now are party to the compact, and nine others have signified their intention to adhere.

Three strikers are killed and twenty wounded when Sheriff Oscar Adkins and eleven deputies break up a picket line in front of the mill of the Marion Manufacturing Company, Marion, N. C.

Out of courtesy to Prime Minister James Ramsay MacDonald of Great Britain, the Senate Naval Affairs subcommittee investigating the propagandist activities of William B. Shearer adjourns until after the departure of the visitor.

The Cooperative Committee for Prohibition Enforcement, is organized in Washington under the chairmanship of Patrick H. Callahan, of Louisville, Kentucky, long nationally known as an official of the Association of Catholics Favoring Prohibition.

Gov. Flem Sampson is acquitted on an instructed verdict of the charge of illegally receiving text-books from companies bidding for Kentucky contracts.

The American Legion, in convention in Louisville, Kentucky, adopts a resolution demanding the Senate investigate all lobbies engaged in "attacking each and every law of the United States dealing with the vital question of national defense." The organizations named include the Federal Council of Churches of Christ, the National Council for the Prevention of War, the American Civil Liberties Union, the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, and others.

October 3.—Seven guards are killed by mutinous convicts in the Colorado State Penitentiary at Canon City, four of them being executed as hostages when the authorities refuse the convicts' demand for safe conduct. This is the fourth prison mutiny on a large scale within recent months.

Bishop John Gardner Murray, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States since 1925, dies while conducting a session of the Bishops' National Convention in St. James' Memorial Church in Atlantic City, New Jersey. He was seventy-two.

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals in Philadelphia holds that the purchaser of liquor may not be punished under the Prohibition law, even if transportation is involved.

Sheriff O. F. Adkins, twelve deputies, and two mill executives are arrested on charges of murder in connection with the killing of four strikers and the wounding of seventeen in Marion, N. C.

Maj. O. L. Bodenhamer, of Eldorado, Arkansas, is unanimously elected Commander of the American Legion. Mrs. Donald MacCrae, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, is elected President of the American Legion Auxiliary.

The Federal Council of Churches and the American Civil Liberties Union invite the investigation of their activities demanded by the American Legion.

October 4.—Prime Minister MacDonald of Great Britain is officially welcomed on his landing in New York, where he announces that he comes to the United States on a mission of peace.

Danny Daniels, leader of the mutiny in the Colorado State Penitentiary, ends it by slaying his three lieutenants and committing suicide, making a total dead of seven guards and five convicts.

October 5.—Maj.-Gen. Smedley D. Butler of the United States Marines Corps tells the National Commission of Law Observance and Enforcement that the Prohibition law is "the grossest piece of class legislation in the country's history.'

October 6.—President Hoover and Prime Minister MacDonald decide to call a five-Power naval conference, to be held probably in London in January.

October 7.—Speaking before the Senate, Prime Minister MacDonald assures his hearers that he stands for naval parity without reserve.

France, Italy, and Japan are invited to join the United States and Great Britain in a naval disarmament parley.

President Hoover authorizes the announcement that Secretary of the Treasury Mellon has promised to remain at the head of the Treasury during the present administration.

Albert B. Fall, former Secretary of the Interior, goes on trial in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia on charges of accepting a $100,000 bribe while holding public office.

Senator Morris Sheppard, Democrat, of Texas, offers a bill to amend the Volstead Law, making it an offense to purchase liquor.

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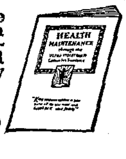

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Box of Sardines.—Polygamy would never work in this country. Think of six wives in a kitchenette!—*Everybody's Weekly.*

Culinary Culture.—The really up-to-date cook-book has a blank page in the back, on which you can write the phone numbers of near-by delicatessens.—*Life.*

Long-Range Student.—BOXING INSTRUCTOR (after first lesson)—"Now, have you any questions to ask?"

BEGINNER (dazed)—"Yes; how much is your correspondence course?"—*Pearson's.*

Path of Discretion.—"Should a husband keep anything from his wife?" asks a writer.

"Enough for lunch and carfare, we should say."—*Boston Transcript.*

Modern Gallantry.—A gentleman is always polite enough to get off and give a lady his seat on the water wagon.—*Life.*

Ye Anciente Hayseede.—Fourteen inns in Surrey are called "The Jolly Farmer." Presumably there was one once.—*Tit-Bits.*

Playing No Favorites.—"Look, mummy, there is daddy going along the street."

"Which side is he walking on?"

"Both sides."—*Lustige Kölner Zeitung (Cologne).*

Pass the Glue.—The doctor told him to take a pickle just before going to bed if he could keep it on his stomach. Next day he told the doctor it rolled off when he turned over.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Dare to Be a Meal Ticket.—HE—"Will you marry me?"

THE HEIRESS—"No, I'm afraid not."

HE—"Oh, come on, be a support."—*Everybody's Weekly (London).*

Instalment Plan.—YOUNG MAN—"How much do I pay for a marriage license?"

CLERK—"Five dollars down and your entire salary each week for the rest of your life."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Always in Training.—"Motoring is surely a great thing. I used to be fat and sluggish before the motoring craze, but now I'm spry and energetic."

"I didn't know you motored."

"I don't. I dodge."—*Montreal Star.*

Pacifist Household.—Little Louise was lost on the street and was brought into the police station. The officers tried in every way to learn her name. Finally one of the officers said:

"What names does your mother call your father?"

"Why," said Louise, very innocently, "she don't call him any name; she likes him."—*The New Outlook.*

The Port You Love to Spy.—"You've heard of Naples, the famous Italian port, haven't you?"

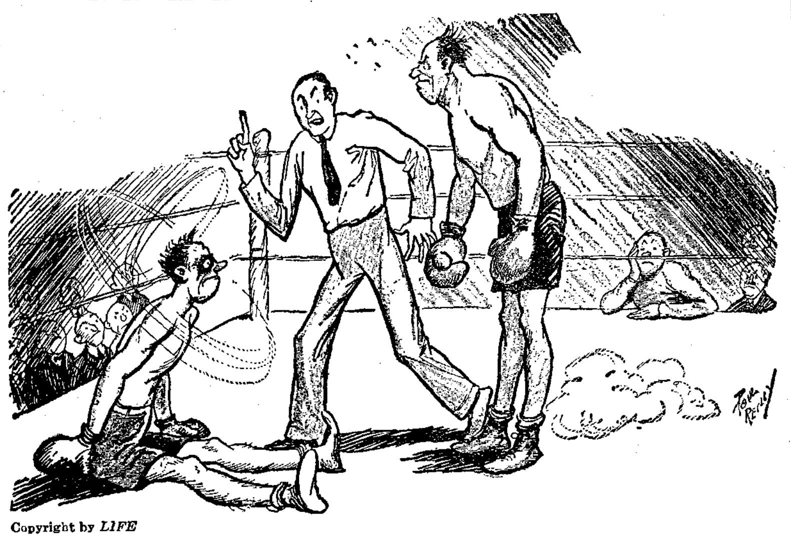
"No; how much is it a bottle?"—*Tit-Bits.*

Genuine Wild Men.—TOURIST (in Yellowstone Park)—"Those Indians have a blood-curdling yell."

GUIDE—"Yes, ma'am, every one of 'em is a college graduate!"—*Buffalo News.*

Hee-Haw!—In the Country—"Landlord, you said there were donkeys for all strangers who wished to ascend the mountain, and I can only see two."

"Wait a moment, sir. When more tourists come, there will be more donkeys."—*Buen Humor (Madrid).*



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THE MAN ON THE BOARDS: "Do you mind if we sit this one out?"
—*Life.*

Relativity.—"Dad, is £5 much money?"

"That depends, my son. When I earn it, it is a lot of money, but when your mother goes shopping with it, it is nothing."—*Lustige Zeitung.*

Chicken-feed.—"I advertised that the poor would be welcome in this church," said the minister, "and after inspecting the collection, I see that they have come."—*Boston Transcript.*

If and When.—An author says some people keep on predicting the end of the world in spite of the fact that they are always wrong. But he must admit that they get a little nearer every time.—*Passing Show.*

So She Made Him Eat Dirt.—They were discussing the disappointed lover.

"I didn't suppose he'd have the sand to propose to you?"

"Oh, he did all right; but he didn't have the dust."—*New Bedford Standard.*

Dictated but Not Read.—During a hold-up in Chicago, according to S. H., a young stenographer was grazed by a bullet. Thinking she was dying she dictated a farewell note. "Write to Johnnie," she whispered. "Give him my true love and best regards. Carbon copies to Harold, Fred, and William."—*Boston Transcript.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Stripping the Philistines.—Unredeemed men's suits, $3, $5 and $8.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Ga-Ga!—She noticed a bitter taste when her mouth, and went toerl7a hmaha.—*Lordsburg (N. M.) paper.*

Too Hot to Be Proud.—Street temperature soared to 103 while the humility was above normal.—*Washington dispatch in a Gainesville paper.*

Why Girls Leave Jobs.—Young Lady Operator-Printer at liberty. Feed presses, set jobs. Good speed and clean proofs on machine. Reason for change, editor's son home from college.—*Publishers' Auxiliary.*

Hot Time in the Old Town.—To-day is fist registration day for Mayoralty election.—*New York Evening Post.*

O. K. for Insomnia.—For Sale—Walnut bedroom suite consisting of china closet, table and four chairs; one 100-pound refrigerator; 1 Washington Heater, one 5-gallon copper kettle.—*Ad in a Maryville (Tenn.) paper.*

Complicated Case.—Marion ——— made a trip to Fort who has been seriously ill with ulcer of Bidwell this morning to visit her father the stomach. His condition is steadily improving.—*Surprise Valley (Calif.) Record.*

Swan Song.—Hughes had wed about a month ago, but the marriage was not announced until this week. After the serenade the party threw him in the lake. He sang and did not come up.—*Jenkins (Ky.) dispatch in the Schenectady Union-Star.*

War Entry.—

GRAF ZEPPELIN PASSES OVER AZORES
Threatens to Bomb Pittsburgh Police Station

—*Banner head-lines in the Scranton Republican.*

Neighborly Frankness.—*The State Journal* recognizes a vital sense of responsibility to the community it has loyally served for seventy-four years. It tries to be a good neighbor in telling the news thoroughly and interestingly without impartiality.—*Ad in the Lansing State Journal.*

Getting Out the Vote.—Democratic Sheriff Candidate Monahan as an undertaker has helped to bury so many of the Norwegian people, republicans and democrats, that they are waiting final orders from Monahan which way they are to vote for the republican offices.—*Pottsville (Pa.) Evening Republican.*